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THE

Merry Fellow.

A

COLLECTION

Of the best

MODERN JESTS
COMIC TALES,
POEMS,
FABLES,

EPIGRAMS,
EPITAPHS,
AND
RIDDLES.



LONDON:

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's Head*, near
Temple-Bar.

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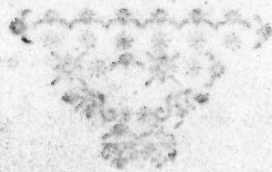
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Of the day

Modern Jests & Epigrams
Comic Tales & Anecdotes
AND
RIDDLES & TABLES



LONDON:
Printed for W. O. Jones, at the 'Merry Fellow' Press,
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THE
CONTENTS.

CHOICE JESTS ————— Page 1

TALES.

January and May	121
The Spinning-Wheel	142
The Wife of Bath	148
The Devil Outwitted	159
A Fairy Tale	165
Basful Ben	170
The Game of Put	178
The Royal Cuckold	180
The Splendid Shilling	192
The Elbow-Chair	196
The Curious Maid	199
The Substitute Father	200
A Fragment	203
The Happy Night	204
The Exorcism	207
The Bad Bargain on both Sides	212
The Button-hole	213
A Modern Visit	214
Simple Simon	216
The Hidden Charm	217
The Odd Nine-Pence	219
Susannah and the Two Elders	223
The Miller of Trompington	ibid
The	

C O N T E N T S.

<i>The Disappointed Damsel</i>	_____	232
<i>The Captain and the Sailor</i>	_____	234
<i>The Merry Cocker</i>	_____	235
<i>The Lout looking for his Heifer</i>	_____	236
<i>The Leaky Vessel</i>	_____	237
<i>The Robber robb'd</i>	_____	242

POEMS, FABLES, &c.

<i>PHILLIS's Wedding</i>	_____	243
<i>The Bag-Wig and the Tobacco Pipe. A Fable</i>	_____	245
<i>The Art of Coquetry</i>	_____	246
<i>PHILLIS ; or the Progress of Love</i>	_____	249
<i>An Imitation of Horace's Invitation of Torquatus to Supper</i>	_____	252
<i>L'Allegro, or Mirth</i>	_____	253
<i>The Rural Lads</i>	_____	257
<i>Miss and the Butterfly. A Fable</i>	_____	259
<i>The Pretty Bar-keeper</i>	_____	262
<i>The Happy Shepherd. From Spencer</i>	_____	263
<i>The Two Beavers. A Fable</i>	_____	265
<i>The Monkey who had seen the World. A Fable</i>	_____	267
<i>The Alley. In Imitation of Spencer.</i>	_____	269
<i>The Spell.</i>	_____	271
<i>The Country Rectar</i>	_____	272
<i>The Trout. A Fable</i>	_____	276
<i>MELESINDA's Misfortune on the burning her Smock</i>	_____	277
<i>The Decision</i>	_____	280
<i>THIRSISS and PHILLIDA. A Pastoral</i>	_____	ibid.
<i>An Epistle from S—— J——, Esq; in the Country, to Lord Lovelace in Town</i>	_____	282
<i>An Invitation to Dinner</i>	_____	287
<i>Fourscore curious EPIGRAMS</i>	_____	289
<i>Nine remarkable EPITAPHS</i>	_____	316
<i>Fifteen puzzling RIDDLES</i>	_____	321
<i>A KEY to the RIDDLES</i>	_____	332

J E S T S,

JESTS, &c.

AN honest bluff Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a bye Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected, the Parson with an erected Crest told him, he was better fed than taught: *Very true, indeed, Sir,* replied the Farmer, *for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

A Gentleman had oft solicited his Wife's Maid for a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll*. But she denied still, saying, He'd hurt her. He told her he would not. She said, If he did, she'd cry out. After all was done; now, says he, my Dear, did I hurt you? *Well, or did I cry out?* says she.

A Clergyman in the North, who had a large Family, and but a very small Living, betook himself to fishing for their Support. It happened once, that the Arch-deacon, on his Visitation, pass'd by the very River where the Vicar was fishing; and seeing him dressed in black, ask'd if he was the Clergyman of the Parish? Yes, Sir, answers the Vicar. Well, quoth Mr. Arch-deacon, and have you here many Souls? *No,* says the Vicar, (intent on his fishing) *very few, but we have Flounders, Gudgeons, and Chubs.*

A Beggar, requesting Charity of a Clergyman, was answered, he had it not: I believe you, Sir, says the Wretch, for I never met with one of your Cloth in my Life that had,

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A Prince laughing at one of his Courtiers, whom he had employed in several Embassies, told him, he looked like an Owl; *I know not*, answered the Courtier, *what I look like; but this I know, I have had the Honour several Times to represent your Majesty's Person.*

A Gentleman visiting a Man of Quality, after a very cheerful Conversation, fell into a sudden Fit of the Spleen; which his Friend perceiving, asked him the Cause of, the Gentleman answered, Alas! Sir, I am the unhappiest of the Sons of Men: I am very sorry with all my Heart, replied the other, to hear you say so, but you are the last Man in the World I should suspect to be the Wretch you describe yourself. Ah! Sir, rejoins the afflicted Gentleman, no Body knows what I endure, I say again and again, that I am the unhappiest of the unhappy. Why, Sir, replies his Friend, I am greatly deceived in you, you see I thought you the very Reverse; nor can I imagine how a Person of so noble a Fortune, managed with Prudence as it is, with a Lady so accomplished and beloved, so wondrous fair and beautiful: He would have proceeded, but was stopped short by the Gentleman: *I allow what you say to be true, Dear Sir, and that is the Misery I complain of, my Wife is fair and has a white -----, and I love a black one; at uttering which Words he burst into Tears, and the other into a loud Laugh.*

A Tinker was crying for Work; one asked him why he did not stop the two Holes in the Pillory? Says the Tinker, *If you'll lend me your Head and Ears, I'll lend you Hammer and Nails, and Work into the Bargain.*

A Fellow walking the Street in a Winter Night, and seeing a handsome Lanthorn hang out, he thought to secure it for himself; but having climbed up, and going to take it, one of the Servants seeing him, asked him, What he meddled with the Lanthorn for? *I crave Mercy*, says he, *I was only going to snuff the Candle, that I might see to go along.*

A certain Nobleman, who has too much Fortitude and Greatness of Soul to be shaken with every Breath, was in Ireland during the late Rebellion in Scotland, and one Morning when it was reported that the Roman Catholics

tholics were about to rise, a Gentleman ran into his Chamber very abruptly, *My Lord, my Lord, we're undone, says he, all Dublin is up. Why what's o'Clock?* says the Nobleman. *Ten, my Lord,* answered the Gentleman. *Why then, truly,* says his Lordship, with seeming Unconcern, *I'll get up myself, for I think every Man ought to be up at Ten o'Clock.*

An elderly Quaker, being joined in the Band of Wedlock, to a brisk Widow of the same Persuasion, as he was entering the Sheets with her on the Wedding-Night, he called out for the Lord to direct him: *Nay, saith Tabitha, the Lord strengthen thee, and I will direct thee.*

Not many Years ago, a temporal Peer, in a very elegant and pathetic Speech, expos'd the Vices and Irregularities of the Clergy, and vindicated the Gentlemen of the Army from some Imputations unjustly thrown upon them: A certain Prelate, irritated at the Nature, as well as at the Length of his Speech, desired to know when that Noble Lord would leave off preaching? The other answered, *The very Day his Majesty makes me a Bishop.*

Some Women resolving to be merry with two Friars, laid a Hog under the Table, and pretended it was one of their dead Husbands, and desired they would sing a Dirge for his Soul. During the Service, the Women tittered and laughed: Which one of the Friars observing, whilst they went into the next Room to laugh out, took up the Cloth, saw the Hog, and that they were imposed on, and therefore carried him off; which the Women seeing, called after them: But they said, *It was a Brother of theirs, and must be buried in the Convent.*

A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said, she had been a great deal farther, and seen more Countries than he. *Nay then, Madam,* replied the Gentleman, *as Travellers; we may lie together by Authority.*

Colonel Bond, who was one of King Charles the First's Judges, died a Day or two before Oliver; and it was every where strongly reported, that Cromwell was dead. No, said a Gentleman that knew better, *he has only given Bond to the Devil for his further Appearance.*

Alphonso, King of *Naples*, sent a *Moor*, who had been his Captive a long Time, to *Barbary*, with a considerable Sum of Money to purchase Horses, and to return by such a Time. There was about the King, a Buffoon or Jester, who had a Table-Book, wherein he used to register any remarkable Absurdity that happened at Court. The Day the *Moor* was dispatched to *Barbary*, the said Jester waiting on the King at Supper, the King called for his Table-Book, in which the Jester kept a regular Journal of Absurdities : The King took the Book, and read, How *Alphonso*, King of *Naples*, had sent *Beltram* the *Moor*, who had been a long Time his Prisoner, to *Morocco*, his own Country, with so many thousand Crowns to buy Horses. The King turned to the Jester, and ask'd, Why he inserted that ? Because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a Prisoner again : But, if he does come, says the King, then your Jest is marr'd : No, Sir, replies the Buffoon, *for if he should return, I will blot out your Name, and put in his for a Fool.*

A certain Clergyman in the West of *England*, being at the Point of Death, a neighbouring Brother, who had some Interest with his Patron, applied to him for the next Presentation ; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the Breach of Friendship, and said, he wanted his Death. No, no, Doctor, says the other, you quite mistake, *'twas your Living I wanted.*

Sir William Davenant, the Poet, who had no *Nose*, going along the *Meuse* one Day, a Beggar-Woman followed him, crying Ah ! God preserve your Eye-Sight, Sir, the Lord preserve your Eye-Sight. Why, good Woman, said he, dost thou pray so much for my Eye-Sight ! Ah ! dear Sir, answered the Woman, if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.

A young Fellow, who had made away with all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloaths, one said to him, Now, I hope you'll own yourself a happy Man ; for you have put an End to all your Cares. How so ? said the Gentleman. *Because*, reply'd the other, *you have nothing left to take care of.*

A Gentleman,

A Gentleman, whose Wife complained a little of his Manhood, consented that she should make Choice of any one, so that it was but one, to do Family Duty in his Stead: She chose the Coachman, a sturdy Fellow, but by some Accident the reverend Chaplain came to suspect the Intrigue that was carrying on by his Patron's Lady, and was resolved to watch her Waters; it was not long before he had an Opportunity, by peeping through a Key-Hole, of being entirely confirmed in his Suspicion, and being a very conscientious Man, he thought it his Duty to acquaint her Husband with it: He told him he could not see him abused in so vile, so abominable a Manner, without letting him know it. *Hush, Hush, Doctor,* said the Gentleman, *the Thing is a Secret; I give my Coachman Twenty Pounds a Year extraordinary for that very Service. Gad take me,* cryed the conscientious Parson, *Why would you not speak to me? I would have done it for half the Money, and have thanked you too.*

A Person of a College put his Horse into a Field belonging to Merton in Oxford, and being often warned of it, took no Notice thereof; the Master of that College sent his Servant to him, bidding him say, if he continued the Trespass, he would cut off his Horse's Tail. Say you so, replied the Person? Go, tell your Master, if he cuts off my Horse's Tail, I'll cut off his Ears. The Servant returned, deliver'd the Message, and was sent back to bring the Person to his Master; who, making his Appearance, the Master said, How now, Sir, what mean you by that Menace you sent me? Sir, said the other, *I threatened you not; for I only said, if you cut off my Horse's Tail, I would cut off his Ears.*

An old Parson was reprehending the Gallants of the Times, saying, Beloved, the Apparel which Men now wear, making them look like Apes in their short Breeches; and the Ladies, forsooth, must have their Gowns daggling half a Yard upon the Ground, a very unseemly Sight: Now, to rectify this Disorder, you Women should take up your Coats; and you Men should let down your Breeches.

Two inseparable Companions of the Guards in *Flanders*, had every thing in common betwixt them ; one was very extravagant, and unfit to be trusted with Money ; hereupon the other was made Purse-bearer, by which he saved but little ; for the former would often pick his Pocket in the Night, to the last Stiver. To prevent which, he bethought himself of a Stratagem, and coming the next Day among his Companions, bragged how he had bit his Comrade. Ay, how ? said they. *Why*, reply'd he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night, and I am sure he'll never look for it there.*

Two Jesuits having pack'd together an innumerable Parcel of miraculous Lies, a Person, who heard them, without taking upon him to contradict them, told them one of his own : That at *St. Alban's* there was a Stone Cistern, in which Water was always preserved for the Use of that Saint ; and that ever since, if a Swine should eat out of it, he would instantly die. The Jesuits hugging themselves at the Story, set out the next Day for *St. Alban's*, where they found themselves miserably deceived. On their Return, they upbraided the Person with telling them so monstrous a Story. *Look ye there now*, said he, *you told me a hundred Lies t'other Night, and I had more Breeding than to contradict you ; I told you but one, and you have rid twenty Miles to confute me, which is very uncivil.*

The old Earl of *B———d*, one of the most facetious Men of his Time, being once in Waiting at Court, made an Excuse one Morning to leave the King, assuring his Majesty he would be back to wait on him before twelve o'Clock,, there being great Occasion for his Attendance. The King had enquired for him several Times, his Lordship having exceeded his Time : At length he came, and going to the Clock in the Drawing-Room, heard it strike One ; at which, being a little enraged, he up with his Cane, and broke the Glafs of the Clock. The King asked him afterwards, What made him break the Clock ? I am sure, says my Lord, your Majesty won't be angry when you hear : Prithee, said the King, what was it ? *Why, Blood, my Liege, the Clock struck first.*

It was a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady, who being ask'd where her Husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a Conspiracy? resolutely answered, I have hid him. This frank Confession drew her before the King, who told her, Nothing but discovering where her Lord was concealed, could save her from the Torture; and will that do, Sir? says the Lady, Yes, replied the King, I have given my Word for it. Then, says she, *I have hid him in my Heart, there you'll find him.* Which surprising Answer charmed her Enemies, and turned aside the King's Resentment.

A Country Fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every Shop he came to, at last looked into a Scrivener's, where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, he could not imagine what Commodity was sold there; but calling to the Clerk, Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? *Loggerheads*, cry'd the other, P faith answered the Countryman, *Then you have a special Trade, for I see you have but one left.*

Joe Haines, the Player, one Morning meeting Tom Durfey, the Poet, in the Street, Tom, who had a very stinking Breath, run his Head into Joe's Face, as most People who have that Imperfection, are apt to do; whereupon Joe begged him to keep at a little more Distance; but Durfey would still be mighty close in his Confabulation; upon which cry'd Joe, nay, then I must stand upon my Defence, so drawing out his Sword, and seeing a Sur-reverence lying under a Wall, he stuck it upon the Point of it, Now, Sir, said he, keeping him at Arm's Length, I can talk to you, and we are pretty much upon a Par.

A Constable whose Name was Nott, being upon the Watch, a jolly Fellow, who had some little Knowledge of him, was brought before him; and then demanding where the Constable was, the other strutting with his Staff in his Hand, said, I am he. You are Nott the Constable, reply'd the other. Then said Mr. Constable Nott, I say I am the Constable; and that you shall find to your Sorrow, if you dare deny my Authority once more. You do not hear me, reply'd the other, deny

deny your Authority; for I say, *you are Nott the Constable.* Well, said the Regent of the Nocturnal Band of Billmen, Take him to the Compter. And the next Morning, it being canvassed before a Justice, and the Constable's Ignorance appearing, in not knowing his own Name when he heard it, he was ordered to pay the Fees, and give the Party he had committed, a Treat of a Guinea, to be Friends with him.

The Lord N---th and G---y, being at an Assembly at the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-market, told Mr. Heidegger, he would make him a Present of 100*l.* if he would produce him an uglier Face than his within a Year and a Day. Mr. Heidegger instantly fetched a Glas, and presenting it to his Lordship, said, *he did not doubt but he had Honour enough to keep his Promise.*

A Person who had rendered himself obnoxious in Trade, was told of some of his Tricks by a Merchant on Change; and being a little nettled at his Reproaches, said, What, Sir, do you call me Rogue? *No I don't call you Rogue,* says the Merchant, *but I'll give you ten Guineas if you'll find any one here, who will say you are an honest Man.*

Lord Falkland, the Author of the Play, called *The Marriage Night*, was chose very young to sit in Parliament; and when he was first elected some of the Members opposed his Admission, urging, *That he had not sowed his wild Oats*; then, reply'd he, *it will be the best Way to sow them in the House, where there are so many Geese to pick them up.*

A young Gentleman of a very good Family, who had only a Pair of Colours in the Guards, had been for some Time in vain soliciting for a Company, till happening to be in a Visit, where her late Grace of Marlbro' had met with an indelible Disgrace, by accidentally breaking Wind backwards, if our bold Son of Mars had not, with great Gallantry, taken the Shame upon himself, and ask'd a thousand Pardons for the pretended Offence he had committed, which quite freed her from the least Suspicion of it: Her Grace was so charmed with the Presence of Mind, and polite Manner in which the young Ensign had brought her off, that she never let
my

my Lord Duke rest, till he had given him the Company he wanted; and upon delivering his Commission to him, *You find, Colonel, said she, It is an ill Wind that blows No-body any Good.*

A worthy old Gentleman in the Country, having employ'd an Attorney of whom he had a pretty good Opinion, to do some Law Business for him in London, he was greatly surpriz'd, on his coming to Town, and demanding his Bill of Law Charges, to find that it amounted to at least three Times the Sum he expected; the *honest* Attorney assured him, that there was no Article in his Bill, but what was *fair and reasonable*: Nay, said the Country Gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three Shillings and Four-pence for going to *Southwark*, when none of my Business lay that Way; pray what is the Meaning of that, Sir? *Oh, Sir, said he, that was for fetching the Chine and Turkey from the Carrier's, that you sent me for a Present out of the Country.*

A Man having a strong Opinion that his Wife had often cornuted him, for an Experiment to find out the Mystery, he cuts off the Spurs of several young Cocks, and with some soft Wax, stuck some upon his Forehead, and came to his Wife; Look here, thou naughty *Woman*, said he, this is the Fruit of your Lewdness. You are an unworthy Man, said she, I ne'er wronged you in my Life. I have now prayed, says he, to *Jupiter*, that I may have so many Horns as thou hast been false, and he has sent me one already. Nay, said she, if it be of *Jupiter's* sending, 'tis in vain to dispute his Register; I must confess, once I did transgress, but it was much against my Inclination, with a lusty young Groom, for which I ask your's and *Jupiter's* Pardon with all my Heart. Then he clapt on another young Horn, and taxed her further. Indeed, said she, I have a very frail Memory, but I perceive *Jupiter* is much in the Right, for I remember another Time, with one of the Brewer's Porters. Well, said he, I will never leave praying to *Jupiter*, till I have compleated the Number of thy Treasons, and I do already feel some more budding forth. Pray Husband, said she, let me beg of you
upon

upon my Knees, leave troubling *Jupiter*, for I know not, but if you continue praying, you may have Horns all over.

A Gentleman in King *Charles* the Second's Time, who had paid a tedious Attendance at Court, in soliciting a Place, and after a thousand Promises, seem'd as far off as ever; at last, resolv'd to see the King himself. When introduc'd, he told his Majesty what Pretensions he had to his Favour, and boldly ask'd for a Place, just then vacant. The King, hearing his Story, told him, the Place was just given away. Upon this, the Gentleman, making very low Obeisance to the King, thank'd him many times over. The King, observing how thankful he was, call'd him again, and ask'd the Reason, why he thank'd him in so extraordinary a Manner, when he had denied his Suit? *The rather, and please your Majesty,* reply'd the Gentleman, *because your Courtiers have kept me here these two Years, and gave me a thousand Put-offs, but your Majesty has saved me all that Trouble, and generously given me my Answer at once.* Gads Fish, Man, says the King, *thou shalt have the Place for thy downright Honesty.*

The French King having a Lady in his private Apartment, commanded that no one should enter till his Majesty gave Orders for his being seen. An Officer happening to come at that Time with an Express, was very importunate to be admitted; but being denied, was obliged to wait till a Lady in Green had come out of the King's Closet: soon after which he was introduced; and enquiring of his Majesty's welfare, the King told him he had been somewhat indisposed, but was then perfectly recovered. The Officer replied, I believe your Majesty was troubled with the *Green-Sickness*, for I saw it go out at the Door.

The King of Sweden being with a very small Number of Men, before a Town of his Enemies, they, in Derision of his Strength, hung out a Goose for him to shoot at: But perceiving before Night, that these few Men had invaded, and set their chief Holds on fire; they demanded of him, what his Intent was? He answered, It was to roast their Goose.

Killegrew,

Killegrew, the famous Jester to King *Charles II.* having been at *Paris* about some Business, went from thence to *Versailles*, to see the *French King's* Court; and being known there to several of the Courtiers who had been at the *English* Court, one of them took occasion to tell the *French King*, that *Killegrew* was one of the wittiest Men in *England*: Upon which, the *French King* desired to see him, which he did: But *Killegrew*, it seems, being out of Humour, or at least seemingly so, spoke but very little; and that little he did speak was so little to the Purpose, that the *French King* told the Nobleman that had commended him for such a Wit, that he look'd upon him to be a very dull Fellow; but the Nobleman assured the King, that (whatever he thought of him) *Killegrew* was a very witty and ingenious Man: Whereupon the King resolv'd to make a further Trial of him, and took him into a Gallery, where there was abundance of fine Pictures; and, among the rest, shew'd him the Picture of *Christ* upon the Cross, and asked him if he knew who that was? But *Killegrew* made himself very ignorant, and answered, No: Why, said the King, I'll tell you, if you don't know; this is the Picture of our Saviour upon the Cross, and that on the Right Side is the Pope's, and that on the Left is my own: Whereupon *Killegrew* reply'd, I humbly thank your Majesty for the Information you have given me; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two Thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.

Mr. *H———n*, one of the Commissioners of the Revenue in *Ireland*, being one Night in the Pit at the Playhouse in *Dublin*, *Monacca Caul*, the Orange Girl, famous for her Wit and Assurance, striding over his Back, he popp'd his Hands under her Petticoats. Nay, Mr. Commissioner, said she, you'll find no Goods there but what have been fairly enter'd.

The late Earl of *S———* kept an Irish Footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making Bulls as the most learned of his Countrymen. My Lord having sent him one Day with a Present to a certain Judge, the Judge in Return sent my Lord half a Dozen live Partridges

tridges with a Letter; the Partridges fluttering in the Basket upon Teague's Back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the Basket, and opened it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the Devil burn ye, said he, I am glad ye are gone. But when he came home, and my Lord had read the Letter, Why, Teague, said my Lord, *I find* there are half a Dozen Partridges in the Letter: Now, Arrah, dear Honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the Letter, for they are all *lost* out of the Basket.

A handsome young Gentlewoman, of a good Family, and small Fortune, was asked, Why she did not apply to be a Maid of Honour? Answered, *That because she could not push for it.*

A Gentlewoman loved a Doctor of Physick, and to enjoy him feigned herself sick; the Doctor being sent for in all Hastē, went up and stay'd with her an Hour. When he came down, her Husband asked him how she did? O, says he, she has had two such extream Fits, that if you had seen but one of them, it would have made your Heart ake.

A Gentleman told *Betty Careless*, upon shewing her Legs, that they were very handsome, and so much alike, that they must needs be *Twins*. But indeed, said she, you are mistaken, for I have had more than one or two *between* them.

A Judge willing to save a Man that stole a Snuff-box, it was valued but at Twelve-pence; but he that lost it, said, the Fashion of it cost him Five Pounds. Oh, says the Judge, *we must not hang a Man for Fashion sake.*

A dignified Clergyman, going down to his Living to spend the Summer, met, near his House, a comical old Chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. So, *John*, says the Doctor, from whence came you? From your House, says Mr. Soot; for this Morning I swept all your Chimneys. How many were there, says the Doctor? No less than twenty, quoth *John*. Well, and how much a Chimney have you? Only a Shilling a-piece, Sir. Why then, quoth the Doctor, you have earn'd a great deal of money in a little Time. *Yes, yes,*

Sir,

Sir, says John, throwing his Bag of Soot over his shoulder, *We Black-coats get our Money easy enough.*

A Countryman sowing his Ground, two smart Fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent Air; Well, honest Fellow, said he, it is your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour: To which the Countryman reply'd, *It is very likely you may truly, for I am Sowing Hemp.*

After the Fire of London, there was an Act of Parliament to regulate the Buildings of the City; every House was to be *three Stories* high, and there was to be no Balconies backwards: A Gloucestershire Gentleman, a Man of great Wit and Humour, just after this Act passed, going along the Street, and seeing a little, crooked Gentlewoman on the other Side of the Way, he runs over to her in great Haste, Lord, Madam, said he, how dare you thus publickly walk the Streets? Walk publickly in the Streets! And why not, pray Sir? answered the little Woman: *Because,* said he, *you are built directly contrary to Act of Parliament; you are but two Stories high, and your Balcony hangs over your House of Office.*

A charitable Divine, for the Benefit of his County, where he resided, caused a large Causeway to be begun; and as he was one Day over-looking the Workmen, a certain Nobleman passing by, said, *Well, Doctor, for all your Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the high Way to Heaven.* Very true, reply'd the Doctor, for if it had, I should have wondered to meet your Lordship here.

Two coming into an Inn, they bid the Hostler give their Horses some Oats; presently one going down, saw the Hostler robbing the Horses, for which chiding him, he returned to his Companion, that had trusted too much in the Hostler's Fidelity: *What,* said his Companion, *have the Horses dined already?* Yes, I believe yours bath, replied he, for as I went down just now, I saw the Hostler taking away.

A Lady being asked how she liked a Gentleman's Singing, who had a very stinking Breath: *The Words* are good, said she, *but the Air is intolerable.*

A Midshipman being in Company with *Joe Miller* and another; who said, that being once in great Dan-

ger at Sea; every body was observed to be upon their Knees but one Man, who being called upon to come with the rest to Prayers: *Not I,* said he, *It is your Business to take Care of the Ship, I am but a Passenger.*

A young Lady of a pretty high Spirit, who was just about entering into the Marriage State, told her Gallant, that she could never bring herself to say *Obeys*; and was resolved she would not. When the Ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat that Word, she was for mincing the matter, and cried, *Honour and bey*. Nay, Madam, said the Parson, you must say *Obeys*, I cannot say you are married, if you do not speak the Words as the Office directs. But still she would only say as she had done before, and the Parson again reproving her: *Let her alone,* Doctor, said the Husband, *let her only say Bey, if she has a Mind to it now, and I will make her cry O at Night.*

A late Archbishop having promised one of his Chaplains, who was a Favourite, the first good Living in his Gift, that he should like, and think worthy of his Acceptance: Soon after hearing of the Death of an old Rector, whose Parsonage was worth about 300 Pounds a Year, sent his Chaplain to the Place to see how he liked it; the Doctor, when he came back again, thanked his Grace for the Offer he had made him; but said, he had met with such an Account of the Country, and the Neighbourhood, as was not at all agreeable to him, and therefore should be glad, if his Grace pleased, to wait till something else fell. Another Vacancy not long after happening, the Archbishop sent him also to view that; but he returned as before, not satisfied with it, which did not much please his Grace. A third Living much better than either of the other becoming vacant, as he was told, the Chaplain was again sent to take a View of that; and when he came back, Well, now, said my Lord, how do you like this Living? What objection can you have to this? I like the Country very well, my Lord, answered he, and the House, and the Income, and the Neighbourhood, but ~~and~~ *But!* replied the Archbishop, what *But* can there be then? *But,*

my Lord, said he, the old Incumbent is not dead, I found him smoaking his Pipe at the Gate of his House,

The late Lord Chancellor *Talbot*, when he was under the Tuition of the Reverend, ——— who used to call him his little Chancellor, one Day replied, that when he was so he would give him a good Living. One happening to fall soon after he was Chancellor, he recollected his old Master, who soon after came to his Lordship, to remind him of his Promise, and to ask him for this Living. ——— *Why really*, said my Lord, *I wish you had come a Day sooner, for I have given it away already; and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;* so putting the Presentation into his Hands, he convinced him he had not forgot his Promise.

A certain Lady, finding her Husband somewhat too familiar with her Chamber-maid, turned her away immediately; *Huffy*, said she, *I have no Occasion for such Sluts as you, only to do that Work which I chuse to do myself.*

A Gentleman disputing about Religion in *Button's Coffee-House*, some of the Company said, You talk of Religion! I'll hold you five Guineas, you cannot repeat the Lord's Prayer; Sir *Richard Steele* here shall hold Stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began, *I believe in G-d*, and so went through the Creed. *Well!* said the other, *I own I have lost; but I did not think you could have done it.*

Amongst some Women that were chattering of their Husbands, *Truly*, said one, *my Husband is the most liquorish Man in the World, for I had a little Pot of Honey sent me by a Cousin out of Hampshire, and I can no sooner turn my Breech but his Nose is in it.*

A worthy Citizen, not far from *Cheapside*, who was himself a little stricken in Years, having married a very pretty young Wife, the Journeyman, a brisk Blade, fancying himself better able to please her than his Master, had often solicited for the last Favour, but she refusing, though, as he thought, but faintly, his Master having Occasion to go into the Country for a few Days, he imagined that might be a proper Opportunity to accomplish his Design; so taking his Time when his Mi-

strefs was in the Kitchen by herself, the Maid being gone out of the Way on some Errand, he told her he would that Night steal softly into her Chamber, when she was in Bed. *If you do,* said she, *beware of yourself, for I will take this great Kitchen Knife up with me into my Bed-Chamber.* At Night the Spark opened the Door very gently, but, remembering the Knife, was afraid to go forward. She hearing him, asked who was there? It is I, answered the Journeyman, and was resolved to come to Bed to you, but that I remember'd the great Knife. *Oh! what a silly Jade was I,* said she, *to leave it in the Kitchen?*

An old Mass-Priest, in the Days of King Henry VIII. reading in *English*, after the Translation of the Bible, the Miracle of the Five Loaves, and Two Fishes: When he came to the Verse of the Number of the Guests, he paused a while, and at last said, they were above Five Hundred. The Clerk hearing him to be out of the Computation, whispered him in the Ear, and told him, it was Five Thousand. *Hold your Tongue, Sirrah,* said the Priest, *we shall never make them believe there was Five Thousand.*

Some Ladies having a Petition to present to the Speaker of the House of Commons, waited at the Door for his going in; at last the Crowd grew so great, that there was hardly any passing by; which one of the Messengers seeing, cried out aloud, *Ladies, pray fall back, and open to the Right and Left, that the Members may go in.*

A Cook leaving his Master, who was very miserable, and sparing of his Diet; when his Master asked him the reason, *Truly Sir,* said he, *I am afraid if I stay here long, I should forget my Trade.*

Three or four roguish Scholars walking out one Day from the University of Oxford, espy'd a poor Fellow near Abington, asleep in a Ditch, with an Ass by him laden with Earthen Ware, holding the Bridle in his Hand; says one of the Scholars to the rest, if you will assist me, I will help you to a little Money, for you know we are bare at present: No doubt of it they were not

long consenting: Why then, said he, we will go and sell this old Fellow's Afs at *Abington*; for you know the Fair is To-morrow, and we shall meet with Chapmen enough; therefore do you take the Panniers off, and put them upon my Back, and that Bridle over my Head, and then lead the Afs to the Market, and let me alone with the old Man. This being done accordingly, in a little Time after, the poor Man waking, was strangely surprized to see his Afs thus metamorphosed: Oh! for God's Sake, said the Scholar, take this Bridle out of my Mouth, and this Load from my Back: Zoons, how came you here, replied the old Man? Why, said he, my Father, who is a Necromancer, upon an idle Thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an Afs; but now his Heart has relented, and I am come to my own Shape again, I beg you let me go Home and thank him: By all Means, said the Crockery Merchant, I do not desire to have any Thing to do with Conjurat-ion; and so set the Scholar at Liberty, who went directly to his Comrades, that by this Time were making merry with the Money they had sold the Afs for: But the old Fellow was forced to go the next Day to seek for a new one in the Fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one: Oh! Oh! said he, *what has he and his Father quarrelled again already?* No, no, *I will have nothing to say to him.*

Two Friends, who had not seen one another a great while, meeting by Chance, one asked the other how he did. He said he was not very well, and was married since he saw him: That is good News, indeed, says he. Nay, not such good News neither, replied the other; for I have married a Shrew: That is bad, said the other. Not so bad neither, said he; for I had two thousand Pounds with her: That is well again, said the other. Not so well neither; for I laid it out in Sheep, and they died of the Rot: That was hard, indeed, said his Friend. Not so hard neither; for I sold the Skins for more Money than the Sheep cost: That made you amends, says the other. Not so much amends neither, said he; for I laid out my Money in a House, and it

was burned: That was a great Loss indeed. Nay, not so great a Loss neither; for my Wife was burned in it.

A Person who had a chargeable Stomach, and who used often to assuage his Hunger at a Lady's Table, having promised one Time or other, to help her to a Husband; at length came to her: Now, Madam, said he, I have brought you a Knight, a Man of Worth and Dignity, one that will furnish out a Table well. Phoo, says the Lady, your mind is ever running on your Belly: No, says he, *it is sometimes running on yours, you see.*

A young Fellow praising his Mistress before a very amorous Acquaintance of his, after he had run through most of her Charms, he came to her majestic Gait, fine Air, and delicate slender Waist: Hold, says his Friend, go no lower, if you love me. But, *by your leave*, says the other, *I hope to go lower if she loves me.*

A Gentlewoman cheapening of a Close-stool, bid too little for it; the Trunk-maker to persuade her to give more, desired her to look on the Goodness of the Lock and Key: *As for that*, says she, *I value not, for I intend to put nothing in it, but what I care not who steals out.*

Gun Jones, who had raised a handsome Fortune from a small Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person who had known him for some Time, was asked, how he could have the Impudence to give himself such Airs to one who had known him seven Years ago, when he had hardly a Rag to his A--e? You lye, Sirrah, reply'd Jones, for seven Years ago, I had nothing but Rags to my A---e.

A Gentleman having bespoke a Supper at an Inn, desired the Landlord to sup with him. The Host came up, and thinking to pay a greater Compliment than ordinary to his Guest, pretended to find Fault with the laying of the Cloth, and took the Plates and Knives, and threw them down Stairs. The Gentleman resolving not to baulk his Humour, threw the Bottles and Glasses after them; at which the Host surprized, enquired the Reason of it. Nay, nothing, replied the Gentleman, *but when I saw you throw the Plates and Knives down, I thought you had a mind to sup below.*

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An old Gentleman who had married a fine young Lady, being terribly afraid of Cuckoldom, took her to Talk one Day, and asked her if she had considered what a crying Sin it was in a Woman to cuckold her Husband? Lord, my Dear, said she, what do you mean? I never had such a Thing in my Head, nor never will. No, no, replied he, *I shall have it in my Head, you will have it somewhere else.*

A young Lady who had been married but a short Time, seeing her Husband going to rise pretty early in the Morning, said, What, my Dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself. No, my Dear, replied the Husband, *I will get up and rest myself.*

A plain Country Fellow, born in *Essex*, coming to London, which Place he had never seen before, as he walked in a certain Street, not a great Way from *Mark-Lane*, spy'd a Rope hanging at a Merchant's Door, with a Handle to it; and wondering what it meant, he takes it in his Hand, and play'd with it to and fro; at length, pulling it hard, he heard a Bell ring; it so happened that the Merchant being near the Door, went himself, and demanded what the Fellow would have. Nothing, Sir, said he, I did but play with this pretty Thing which hangs at your Door. What Countryman are you, said the Merchant? An *Essexman*, an't please you, replied the other. I thought so, replied the Merchant, for I have often heard say, that if a Man beat a Bush in *Essex*, there presently comes forth a Calf. *It may be so,* replied the Countryman, *and I think a Man can no sooner ring a Bell in London, but out pops a Cuckold.*

Dr. Radcliffe, who was not the humblest Man in the World, was sent for by Sir Edward Seymour, who was said to be one of the proudest; the Knight received him while he was dressing his Feet, and picking his Toes, being at that Time troubled with a *Diabetes*; upon the Doctor's entering the Room, he accosted him in this Manner: So, Quack, said he, *I am a dead Man, for I piss sweet.* Do you? replied the Doctor, *then prithee piss upon your Toes, for they stink damnably;* and so turning round on his Heel, went out of the Room.

A noble Duke, who stammered so much that he was obliged to have a Servant stand behind him to repeat what he said, asked a Clergyman at his Table, by way of Joke, if he knew what was the reason that *Balaam's Ass* spoke? The Clergyman not understanding him, the Servant repeated what his Grace had said, to which the Parson pleasantly answer'd, that *Balaam* stuttered, and his *Ass* spoke for him.

Two *Oxford* Scholars meeting on the Road with a *Yorkshire* Hostler, fell to bantering him, and one of them told the Fellow he would prove him to be a Horse or an *Ass*. Well, said the other, and I can prove your Saddle to be a Mule. A Mule! cry'd one of them, how the De'il can that be? *Because*, replied the Hostler, *it is something between a Horse and an Ass.*

A Man in *Flanders* dream'd one Night that he was a Cuckold, so he went to a Priest to desire him to confess his Wife, especially in that Point: *Well*, says the Priest to him, *because you are my loving Friend, I will lend you my Gown and Hood, and you shall take her Confession yourself.* This very Priest had lain with this Man's Wife several times: So while he was waiting for his Wife's coming, the Priest went and told her the Intrigue, and that her Husband was to take her Confession; so when she came, after asking her many simple Questions, she confessed that she had only lain with three Men, that was a young Man, an old Man, and a Fryar, so he came home, as he thought undiscovered. As he was at Work, he would often be crying, *the young Man, the old Man, and the Fryar*: Troth, Husband, I believe the Priest has told what I confessed to him, and I did indeed confess to him, for I did so, that *I lay with a young Man, an old Man, and a Fryar; and yet these three are but one; for I lay with you when you was a young Man, and I lie with you now you are an old Man, and are not you the Fryar which I made my Confession to?* Therefore all these three were only you, my dear Husband. Is it so, my honest and chaste Wife? Well, by my faith, thou hast given me such Satisfaction in Point of thy Honesty, that I should be both Fool and Knave to question it any more.

A Country Fellow being to be catechised (who was an Apprentice) the Parson asked him, What's your Name? *John*, says the Fellow. Who gave you that Name? says the Parson. My Godfathers and Godmothers, &c. says the Fellow. Well said, says the Parson; And what did your Godfathers and Godmothers do for you? Says *John*, Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promise to do something for me when I come out of my Time.

One Captain *Broughton*, (who lived by his Wits) visiting a Friend in the Tower about Dinner-time, his Friend being absent, in his Walk, he saw divers Dishes of Meat and Bottles of Wine carried up to a Lord's Lodging, and immediately after followed the Guests, among which the Captain puts in with the rest, and sits down to Dinner, where he eat and drank freely; but the Lord often had an Eye upon this Stranger, and seeing him very familiar, after Dinner he enquired of his Guests, whose Relation he was? Which the Captain hearing, boldly salutes him in these Words, My Lord, do you not know me? No indeed, Sir, said the Lord. Quoth the Captain, Sure you do, my Lord; for *you and I have been in all the Prisons in England*. How? (said the Lord) I never was in any but this of the Tower in my Life. *True, my Lord* (answered the Captain) *and I have been in all the rest*. At which Jest the Lord and his Company laughed heartily, and told him he was welcome.

A Fellow stood staring at a Lady in a Balcony, at which she retired; says he, What, does the Sun offend you, Madam? Yes, says she, the Son of your Father and Mother.

A Country Curate being to examine his young Catechumens one *Friday* in *Lent*, and the Bell tolling for Prayers, he was oblig'd to leave a Game of *All-fours* unfinished; telling his Antagonist, he wou'd soon dispatch his Audience, and see him out; and for fear any Tricks shou'd be play'd with the Cards in his Absence, he put them in his Cassock. On asking one of the Children how many Commandments there were, and the Boy not readily answering, one of the Cards dropp'd

dropp'd out of his Sleeve. However, he had the Presence of Mind to bid the same Boy pick it up, and tell him what Card it was, which he readily did; then turning to the Parents, said, *Are ye not ashamed to pay so little Regard to the eternal Welfare of your Children, as not to teach them their Commandments? I suspected your Negligence, and brought this Card with me to detect your Immorality in teaching your Children to know their Cards before their Commandments.*

*Henry the Fourth, of France, being addicted to the Love of other Women, besides his Queen, was sharply reproved by a rich Abbot his Confessor; which the King seem'd to take very well, and invited him that Day to dine with him, where the Abbot fed very heartily upon a Dish of roasted Partridges. The King observing this, asked him, Why he did not eat of some other Dishes which he thought better? The Abbot told the King nothing could be better to him than roasted Partridges, for it was his beloved Dish above all others. The next Day the King caus'd the Abbot to be arrested for high Treason, and committed close Prisoner to the Bastile, with a strict Command to the Keeper to let him have no Meat but Partridges; which at first pleased the Abbot, but having been fed with nothing but that Diet for a Week together, he began to nauseate it. At eight Day's End, the King sent for him, under the Pretence of examining him; and having urged him to a Confession of the Treason he charged him with, the Abbot pleaded his Innocence, and confessed Nothing: Well, said the King, since you are so obstinate, you must e'en go to Prison again; To which the Abbot replied, I beseech your Majesty if I must still be confined, that I may be ordered some other Diet. Why, what Diet have you? said the King. Nothing, said the Abbot but Partridges. Why, said the King, you told me that was the Diet you loved above any Thing in the World. 'Tis true, I do so, says the Abbot; but to be always fed with Partridges, makes me loath it, and desire other Diet. Very well, replied the King, *It is just so with me, my Lord, I love my Queen above all Women in the World, but my Lord, always the Queen, always the Queen,**

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Queen, this is too tiresome, and makes me sometimes desire Change of Diet, as well as you do; and so laughing at the Abbot, set him again at Liberty.

A *Westminster* Justice taking Coach in the City, and being set down at *Young Man's* Coffee-House, *Charing-Cross*, the Driver demanded Eighteen Pence as his Fare. The Justice asked him if he would swear that the Ground came to the Money. The Man said, he would take his Oath on't. The Justice replied, *Friend, I'm a Magistrate*; and pulling the Book out of his Pocket, administered the Oath, and then gave the Fellow his Six-pence, saying, *He must reserve the Shilling to himself for the Affidavit.*

A Youth standing by while his Father was at Play, and observing him to lose a good deal of Money, burst out in Tears; his Father asked the reason why he wept, *Oh! Sir*, said he, *I have heard that Alexander the Great wept, when he was told his Father Philip had conquered a great many Towns, Cities and Countries, fearing he would leave him nothing to win; but I weep for fear you should leave me nothing to lose.*

Two quibbling Scholars travelling towards London, overtook a Country Yeoman going the same Journey, and kept Company with him; and they all coming to their Inn at Night, the Scholars asked the Countryman what they should have for Supper? But he, not curious, referred it to them, who (intending to put a Jest upon him) bespoke a large Capon and two Pigeons. The Yeoman, who had fasted all Day, began to think long for Supper; the Cloth being spread, the Meat came up, and Grace being said, one Scholar took one Pigeon upon his Trencher, and the other the other. The Countryman seeing they carved him none, took the Capon upon his Trencher, and fell to cutting and flashing of it, and eat as fast as he could, which made the Scholars look somewhat angry; but he took little Notice of it, saying, *Gentlemen this Supper is very equally ordered, every one a Bird.*

A young Parson lost his Way in a Forest, and being very cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor Cottage, and desired any Lodging or Hay-loft to lie in, and some
Fire

Fire to dry him; the Man told him, he and his Wife had but one Bed, and if he pleased to lie with them he should be welcome. The Parson thanked him, and accepted of it. In the Morning, the Man rose to go to Market, and meeting with some of his Neighbours, he fell a laughing. They asked him what made him so merry about the Mouth? Why, said he, I can but think how sham'd the Parson will be when he awakes, to find himself left a-bed with my Wife.

A Fellow and a Wench being taken in comical Circumstances in a Pound, and brought before a Justice of Peace; but both averring their Innocence, the Justice called the Wench aside, and promised her, if she would confess, she should go free for that Fact; upon which she owned the Truth, and the Fellow was sent to Prison: But upon taking her Leave, the Justice called the Wench back again, and asked her, What the Fellow gave her? If it please your Worship, said she, *Half a Crown.* Truly, Woman, answered he, *that does not please me; and though for the Fact you have confessed, I have acquitted you, as I promised; yet I must commit you for such Extortion, as taking Half a Crown in the Pound.*

The Deputies of Rochelle attending to speak with Henry IV. of France, met with a Physician, who had renounced the Protestant Religion, and embraced the Popish Communion, whom they began to revile; the King, hearing of it, told the Deputies he would advise them to change their Religion too; *For it is a dangerous Symptom,* said he, *that your Religion is not long liv'd when the Physician has given it over.*

One asked an extravagant young Spark, why he would sell all his Land? He said, *Because he was taking his Journey towards Heaven, and he should never come there till he had left the Earth.*

The late Sir Robert Henley, having received a Commission constituting him Captain of the *Eleanor* Fireship, was the same Evening going home to his Lodgings, when a fine Madam meeting with him in the Street, earnestly intreated the Favour of a Glass of Wine; the Baronet cursing her for a silly Whore, said, *He was well content with one Fireship in one Day.*

Dr. Halley, travelling in the North of Scotland, could not see a House or Tree in riding a great many Miles, nothing but Desolation and Barrenness every where presenting to his View, not a Beast nor a Bird to be seen, till at last he cast his Eyes on a Crow that was perched on a Stump of an old Tree, gnawing with great Violence, as if famishing for want of Food; which the Doctor observing, could not help saying, *Kaw, Kaw, Kaw and be damned, if you'll stay in such a Country as this, when you have Wings to fly away.*

Alonso Cartilio being informed by his Steward, that his Income would not hold Way with his Expence; the Bishop asked him, whence it chiefly arose? The Steward told him, from the Multitude of his Servants. The Bishop bid him make a List of such as were necessary, and such as might be spared: Which he did; and the Bishop taking occasion to read it before most of his Servants, said to his Steward, *Well, let these remain, because I have need of them; and these also, because they have need of me.*

A Gentleman being sent for to the Sign of the Horns in Cateaton-Street, and coming accordingly, but not knowing the House, asked of a young Man that stood at the Door, *Pray where is the Sign of the Horns?* (The Gentleman at the same Time stood under the Sign) upon which the Lad replied, *Sir, you cannot well see them, but they are directly over your Head.*

One praying in St. Paul's Cathedral, his Hat was stolen from him; of which he complained to the Standers by, *You should have watched, said one, as well as prayed.*

A drunken Fellow having sold all his Goods, to maintain himself at his Pot, except his Feather-bed, at last made away with that too; when being reproved for it by some of his Friends; *Why, said he, I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my Bed.*

I happened once, since these great Hoops were in Fashion, to be at a Christening, when a Lady, who had more Vivacity than Discretion, began to rally a little Gentleman in Company, about the Marriage of his Friend, who, it seems, was also a very little Man. *It is surprizing to me, says the Lady, that Miss **** who*

we all know to be a Girl of good Sense, should ever think of such a diminutive Animal ; why I could hide fifty of them under my Petticoat. — Madam, quoth the Gentleman, I don't doubt but you have had an hundred there before now.

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quakers Meeting, heard the Friend that was holding forth, speak with great Emotion against the ill Consequence of giving the Lye in Conversation, and therefore, he advised, when any Man was telling a Tale that was not consistent with Truth, or Probability, to cry Twang, which could not irritate People to Passion, as the Lye would. Afterwards digressing into the Story of the great Miracle, of 5000 being fed with five Loaves of Bread, &c. he told them, that they were not such Loaves as were used now, but were as big as Mountains ; at the hearing of which, the Tar uttered with a loud Voice, Twang. What, says the Quaker, Dost thou think I lye ? Friend. No, says Jack, but I am thinking how big the Ovens were that baked them.

One of great Family and no Wealth, married a very rich Widow ; says one, *This is like a Black Pudding ; the one brought Blood, the other Suet and Oatmeal.*

Two Men meeting, one asked the other why he looked so sad ? I have very good Reason for it, answered the other, Poor Jack Such-a-one, the greatest Crony and best Friend I had in the World, was hang'd but two Days ago. What had he done ? said the first. Alas, replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like Occasion ; he found a Bridle in the Road, and took it up. What, answered the other, hang a Man for taking a Bridle ! That's hard indeed. Ay, said he, *but to tell the Truth of the Matter, there was a Horse tied to the other End of it.*

An arch Boy, belonging to one of the Ships of War at Portsmouth, had purchased of his Play-fellows, a Magpye, which he carried to his Father's House, and was at the Door feeding it, when a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who had an Impediment in his Speech, coming up, T---T---T---Tom, says the Gentleman, *can your Mag T---T---Talk yet ?* Ay, Sir, says the Boy, *better than you, or I'd wring his Head off.*

A young Gentleman walking along *Paul's Church-yard*, was taken so short that he must of Necessity exonerate either in the Street or his Breeches; so makes no more ado, but turns his Face to the Wall, and his t'other End directly down *Ludgate*. A modish young Citizen was handing along a squeamish young Lady, who, surprized to be so impudently stared at backward, hides her Face, and would by no Means be persuaded to stir one Step further: This atrocious Affront, made the Lover draw near the Gentleman, and thus accost him: What Reason, thou nasty Devil, could tempt thee to do this? If you must needs sh--- in the open Street, could you not have turned your Face? *Thank you for that, i' faith, why that's the Way to be seen; for every Body knows my Face, but no Body knows my A---e;* at which comical Reply off walks the Lover as much out of Countenance as his Mistress.

An old Woman, who had a very handsome Daughter, had a great Jealousy and Fear, that one Mr. *John Turner*, a young Fellow in the Neighbourhood, had a great Mind to be too busy with her; and, as she apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, she caught them in the very Fact upon the Bed in the Garret; upon which she halloo'd out, with a dismal Groan, *O! John Turner! John Turner!* No, I think, Mother, said he, She lies very well already.

A proud Parson and his Man, riding over a Common, saw a Shepherd tending his Flock, and having a new Coat on; the Parson asked him in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat? the same, said the Shepherd, that cloathed you, the *Parish*. The Parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little Way, and then bade his Man go back, and ask the Shepherd if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted a Fool. The Man going accordingly to the Shepherd, delivered his Master's Message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his Master wanted a Fool. *Why, are You going away then?* said the Shepherd. No, answered the other. *Then you may tell your Master,* replied the Shepherd, *his Living won't maintain Three of us.*

A Person in Company railing against a Gentleman lately deceased, one of them, to vindicate him, said, he did not think him so very bad, as he had been represented, adding, *To my Knowledge, Sir, he was very charitable, and Charity, you know, covers a Multitude of Sins. Faith, Sir, so it ought,* said the first, *for he had a Multitude to cover.*

Says a tall Gentleman going along with a little Man, The People won't gaze so much at a Pigmy, because I am in your Company: *Yes,* says the little Man, *they will gaze the more, to see me have an Ass in my Company and not ride.*

A jealous-pated Fellow, going to Sea, pictured a Lamb on his Wife's Belly, and staying out a long Time, she began to have an itching Desire; and her Friend visiting her, copied the Lamb, and put a Pair of Horns upon the Head of it. When her Husband came home, he wondered at the Horns: Why what is it, Husband? said she. Why, Horns, said he. O lack, Husband, said she, 'tis two Years since you went, and by that Time all Lambs have Horns.

A Gentleman in Company complaining that he was subject to catch Cold in his Feet; another not overloaded with Sense told him, that might easily be prevented, if he would follow his Directions; I always get, said he, a thin Piece of Lead out of an *India Chest*, and fit it to my Shoe for this Purpose: *Then, Sir,* says the former, *you are like a Rope-Dancer's Pole, you have Lead at both Ends.*

Czar Peter, when he was in *Holland*, hearing there was a Man then in Confinement, who had been three Times tortured, but in vain, to make him discover his Accomplices; and being amazed at his Fortitude, had the Curiosity to see him. He accordingly went to his Cell, and discovering who he was to the Prisoner, told him he was surprized how any Man could have the Courage to suffer what he had done, and was still likely to do, when by a Confession he might free himself; at the same Time desired he would tell him for his own Satisfaction, whether he had any Accomplices

plices or not, and promised, on the Word of a King, that it should never go any farther. The Prisoner looking at the Czar with a steady Countenance, said in a solemn Manner, *Can your Majesty keep a Secret?* The Czar replied, Yes, I can. *And so can I,* says the Prisoner.

A drunken Blade reeling out of a Tavern, on his Way homeward, found his Heels, scorning to carry him any further, fairly tripped themselves up, and laid him in the Kennel; where he took a pleasant Nap, 'till the Watchmen coming their Rounds, found him snoring, and awaking him, told him he must come before the Constable. Gad, tell the Constable, you Puppies, said he, that he has nothing to do with me, for I belong to the Scavenger.

Charles, King of Sweden, a great Enemy to the Jesuits, when he took any of their Colleges, would hang the old Jesuits, and send the young ones to the Mines, saying, Since they wrought so hard above Ground, he would try how they could work under Ground.

A Company of Gamesters falling out at a Tavern, gave one another very scurvy Language: At length those dreadful Messengers of Anger, the Bottles and Glasses flew about like Hail-Shot; one of which mistaking its Errand, and hitting the Wainscot, instead of the Person's Head it was thrown at, brought the Drawer rushing in; who cried, D'ye call, Gentlemen? *Call Gentlemen,* says one of the Standers by, *no they don't call Gentlemen, but they call one another Rogue and Rascal as fast as they can.*

A certain great Man having a good Living vacant, by the Death of a former Incumbent, was solicited by many of the neighbouring Clergymen of great Learning, for the next Presentation, all whom he refused, because they could not inform him who was *Melchisedeck's* Father. A young Fellow of a College in Oxford, hearing this, came to the great Man, and asked it for himself. Sir, says he, if you can tell me who was *Melchisedeck's* Father, you may stand a good Chance, *That I'll do instantly,* replied the young Gentleman, *and who was his Mother too.* So, putting his Hand in one Pocket, pulls out a Purse of Guineas, saying, There is

his Father, my Lord ; then turning his Hand to the other Pocket, took another Purse, and this, my Lord, is his Mother, says he. *Well*, answered his Lordship, *this is something to the Purpose I confess ; let me only count the Syllables of their Names, and if they are right, you shall have the Living.*

A grave old Country Blade coming before a Judge, and taking his Oath on a Cause, he was bid to have a Care what he swore, lest he went to the Devil : I fear not that, replied he, by Way of Retort, for I have given him my eldest Son, and he ought to be content with one out of a Family. How's that ? says the Judge, pray explain yourself. *Why, truly, I have made him a Lawyer, and you know the Devil was a Lawyer from the Beginning.* A Lyar you mean, says the other. I know not, replied he, what Distinction there may be made at London, but I'm sure by sad Experience, *we in the Country know no Difference between a Lawyer and a Lyar.*

A brisk young Sempstrefs having outwitted many an airy Fop, and sparkish Gallant, was at last outwitted herself in this Manner : A Town-Shift in very good Habit, coming into her Shop, cheapened and bargained for a considerable Parcel of Linen : and then pausing---said, Oh ! I had like to have forgot one Thing ; I want a Shirt of the largest Size ; it is not for myself, but for one as big again. She thereupon shewed him several : But he complained they were too strait : She then shewed another ; which he seemed to like, saying, Pray, Madam, do me the Favour to slip it on over your own Cloaths ; which, to please and humour so good a Customer, she did : Then he turned her about to see how it sat, fastened privately the hinder Lappets with two large Pins, through all her Cloaths, to the hinder Part of her Smock ; then snatching the Linen he had bargained for, off the Counter, out he ran : She thereupon followed him, crying, stop him ! stop him ! and hastily going to pull the Shirt over her Ears, as ashamed to pursue him in such a Garment, *she with it drew up all her Cloaths, and exposed her naked Posteriors to the Public ; and so ran on, still pulling to get off the Shirt ; whilst some*

ome Matrons, who supposed her to be mad, stopped her, sensible that she ought to be covered behind ; which gave the Sharper an Opportunity to run clean off with his Booty.

Master *Jabny*, sitting one Summer's Evening on the Green with his Mother's Chamber-maid, among other little Familiarities, as kissing, pressing her Bubbies, and the like, took the Liberty unawares, to satisfy himself whereabouts she tied her Garters, and by an unlucky Slip, went farther than he should have done. At which, the poor Creature blushing, cried, *Be quiet, Mr. John, I'll throw a Stone at your Head else.* *Ay, Child,* said he, *I'll sling two at your Tail if you do.*

A Parson and Clerk having a Mind for a Whet before Service began, went to a Tavern, but drinking rather too much, the Pastor, while his Deputy was singing a Psalm, fell fast asleep in his Pulpit. The Clerk observing it, and willing to excuse him, sung the Psalm twice over ; but finding the faithful Shepherd still sleeping, jogged him, and said, *Sir, it is out.* To which the Parson loudly answered, *Why then fill another.*

Mr G----n, the Surgeon, being sent for to a Gentleman who had just received a slight Wound in a Rencontre, gave Orders to his Servant to go Home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain Plaister ; the Patient turning a little Pale, *Lord, Sir,* said he, *I hope there is no Danger.* Yes, indeed is there, answered the Surgeon ; *for if the Fellow don't set up a good pair of Heels the Wound will heal before he returns.*

A Countryman driving his As by St. James's Gate one Day, which was dull and restive, he was forced to beat it very much ; a Gentleman coming out of the Gate, chid the Fellow for using his Beast so cruelly : *Oh! dear Sir,* said the Countryman, *I am glad to find my As has a Friend at Court.*

A cowardly Servant having been hunting with his Lord, who had killed a wild Boar ; the Fellow seeing the Boar stir, betook himself to a Tree ; upon which his Master called to him, and asked him what he was afraid of, the Boar's Guts were out? *No Matter for that,* said he, *his Teeth are in,*

A poor ingenious Lad, who was a Servitor at *Oxford*; not having wherewithal to buy a new Pair of Shoes, when his old ones were very bad, got them capped at the Toes, upon which being bantered by some of his Companions, *Why should they not be capped*, said he, *I am sure they are FELLOWS*.

Some unlucky *Westminster* Scholars, under Dr. *Busby*, besmeared the Stairs leading to the School, with something that shall be nameless: The Doctor, as was designed, fouled his fingers very much in it; which so enraged him, that he cried out, he would give any Boy half a Crown, to discover who had a Hand in it. An arch Boy immediately told him, for that Reward he would let him know who had a Hand in it. Well, said the Doctor, I will certainly give you the half Crown if you tell me the Truth. *Why, then, Sir*, answered the Boy, *you had a Hand in it, look at your fingers else*.

A Person advising a Lady in Town to marry a Country Gentleman; to recommend the Match in the stronger Terms, told her, it would be more convenient for her, because his *Concerns* in the Country joined to her's. *Ay*, says the Lady, *but his CONCERNS shall never join to mine in the City*.

The late facetious Mr *Spiller*, being at the Rehearsal, on a *Saturday* Morning, the Time when the Actors are usually paid, was asking another, whether Mr. *Wood*, the Treasurer of the House, had any Thing to say to them that Morning: No, Faith, *Jemmy*, answered the other, I am afraid there is no *Cole*, which is a cant Word for Money. By *G--d*, said *Spiller*, *if there is no Cole, we must burn Wood*.

An amorous young Fellow making very warm addresses to a married Woman. Pray, Sir, be quiet, said she, I have a Husband that will not thank you for making him a Cuckold. No, *Madam*, replied he, *but you will I hope*.

A poor Man who had a termagant Wife, after a long Dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last Word, told her, that if she spoke one more crooked Word, he would beat her Brains out: *Why, then, Rams Horns*, you Rogue, said she, *if I die for it*.

A certain Lady at *Whitehall*, of great Quality, but very little Modesty, having sent for a Linen-Draper to bring her some *Hollands*; as soon as the young Fellow entered the Room, O, Sir, said she, *I find you are a Man fit for Business, for you no sooner look a Lady in the Face, but you have your Yard in one Hand, and are lifting up the Linen with the other.*

One asking a Painter how he could paint such pretty Faces in his Pictures, and yet get such homely Children? *Because*, said he, *I make the first by Day-light, and the other in the Dark.*

A Country Fellow getting into a Gentleman's Orchard one Night, with a Design of robbing a Mulberry-Tree, had not long been in it, before one of the Men and one of the Maids came just under the Place where he was, which made him lay as snug as he could till the Business they came about was over; when the Chamber-Maid began to give Vent to those Fears which the Fury of her Appetite would not admit into her Thoughts before. Lord *John*, said she, now you have had your filthy Will, what if I should prove with Child, who will take Care of it? There is one above, replied *John*, I hope, will provide for it. *Is there so*, said the Countryman, *but I'd have you to know, that if I provide for any Body's Bastard, it shall be one of my own begetting.*

A certain ancient Dutchess having had a Present made to her of a fine Stallion, going the next Day into her Stable-Yard, ordered him to be brought out for her to see; and then would needs have a Mare brought to him: The Groom asking her which? *Old Bess*, said she. Lord, Madam, answered the Groom, that will be to little Purpose; *Old Bess* is too old to be with Foal. No Matter for that, cried she, it will refresh the poor old Creature.

An old Lady being at Table, and mumbling a Piece of Brawn that was very horney, for a long Time; at length by its Elasticity, it jumped out of her Mouth upon the Plate of a young Gentleman, who sat on the opposite Side of the Table; but he not seeing from whence it came, quickly eat it up. Good Lord, said the old Lady, what a fine thing it is to be young and have one's Teeth,

Teeth, I have been mumbling and tumbling that Piece of Brawn in my Mouth this half Hour to no Purpose, and that young Gentleman has chewed and swallowed it in a Moment.

A Gentleman happening to turn up against a House to make Water, did not see two young Ladies looking out of a Window close by, till he heard them giggling; then looking towards them, he asked what made them so merry? O! Lord, said one of them, *a very little Thing will make us laugh.*

When the late Lord L---ch---re and Ca---d---n had a Rencontre in the Upper Park, the first coming Home to his Lady, told her what had happened, and said, He was sure he was touched by my Lord Ca---d---n's Sword; and stripping himself, desired her to look if he had no Wound or Prick about him; upon which the good Lady, searching very diligently, told him, *She saw but one, and that was a very small one, at the Bottom of his Belly.*

A Gentleman asked a Lady at Tunbridge, who had made a very large Acquaintance among the Beaus and pretty Fellows there, what she would do with them all? Oh! said she, they pass off, like the Waters: *And pray, Madam,* replied the Gentleman, *do they all pass the same Way.*

A Vigorous young Officer, who made Love to a Widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his Arms. Hey dey, said she, what do you fight after the French Way, take Towns before you declare War? No, Faith, Widow, said he, but I should be glad to imitate them so far as to be in the Middle before you could resist me.

Joe Miller happening to be caught, by one of his Friends, in a very familiar Posture with a Cook-Wench, who was exceedingly ugly, was pretty much rallied by them for the Oddness of his Fancy. *Why look ye, Gentlemen,* said he, *although I am not a very young Fellow, I have a good Constitution, and am not yet, I thank Heaven, reduced either to Beauty or Brandy to whet my Appetite.*

An under Officer of the Customs at the Port of Liverpool, running heedlessly along the Ship's Gunnel, happened

happened to tip over-board and was drowned; being soon after taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summoned to sit on the Body: One of the Jurymen returning home, was called to by an Alderman of the Town, and asked what Verdict they brought in, and whether they found it *Felo de se*? *Ay, ay*, says the Jurymen, shaking his Noddle, *he fell into the Sea sure enough.*

An ignorant Clown, who had the Reputation of being a great Scholar in the Country, because he could Write and Read, coming to *London*, and enquiring into all the strange Things he saw, at last, read on a Sign-Post, *Here are Horses to be let, 1752.* *Jesu*, said he, *if there are so many Horses in one Inn, how many are there in the whole City!*

The famous *Buchanan* being at Dinner where the Soup was exceeding hot, burnt his Mouth, and at the same Time breaking Wind backwards: *It was well for you*, said he, *that you made your Escape, for I should have burnt you alive if you had staid.*

The Bishop of *D-----m* had a slovenly Custom of keeping one Hand always in his Breeches; and being one Day to bring a Bill into the House of Peers relating to a Provision for the Officers Widows, he came with the Papers in one Hand, and the other, as usual, in his Breeches; and beginning to speak, I have something in my Hand, my Lords, said he, for the Benefit of the Officers Widows ---- Upon which the Duke of *Wh---n* immediately interrupting him, asked, *In which Hand, my Lord?*

The famous and facetious *Francis Rabelais* followed the Cardinal of *Lorrain* to *Rome*, and attended on him as his Physician. This Prelate being gone to pay his Duty to the new Pope *Gregory XIII.* was, according to Custom, admitted to the Honour of kissing his Holiness's Toe. *Rabelais*, who was present, appearing surprized and shocked at the sight of so base an Action, got hastily out of the Room, and went away. The Cardinal, being returned home, asked him in a Passion, What made him run away thus, and not stay till he had presented him to the Pontiff, with the Gentlemen of his Retinue? *I crave your Eminency's Pardon*, answered he;
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but seeing you, who are a Cardinal, a great Prince, and my Master, kiss the Pope's Toe, I thought the greatest Honour that could fall to my Share, would be to kiss his Holiness's Arse.

A Man on his Death-bed bequeathed all he had to his three Sons: To the first he gave all his Land, for he said he had been very dutiful; but the Son hoped his Father would live to enjoy it all himself: To the second he gave all his Money and Goods, for he had been dutiful also; but this Son also hoped his Father would live and enjoy it all himself: And to the third he said, 'Thou hast been a Villain, a Rogue, and a Vagabond; I first give thee to the Benefit of the Stocks, to keep both thy Legs warm; and the next to *Bridewell*, where thou shalt dine upon free-coast with Mr. *Lastrington* every Day; and then I bestow the Gallows upon thee at last. Truly, Father, says he, *I thank you, but I hope you will live to enjoy them all yourself.*

Two Comedians being on the Stage, the one asked the other where they should meet? who at the same Time looking up to the Gallery, and espying a young Fellow's Hand under a Wench's Petticoats; *why we'll meet*, cried he, *at the Sign of the Hand and Placket:* The Fellow perceiv'd the Discovery, and bashfully withdrew his Hand; *Nay*, says the Actor, *Friend, if you take away the Sign, we shall never find the House.*

The French Ambassador dining with King James, the King in Mirth drank a Health to him, saying, *The King of France drinks a Health to the French King:* Upon which the Ambassador replied, *My Master is a good Lieutenant; for he holds France well for your Majesty.* No, says the King, *He holds it from me.* Truly, Sir, said the Ambassador, *it is no farther from you than it was.*

An Irishman, whom King Charles II. had some Respect for, being only an inferior Servant of the Household, one Day coming into the King's Presence, his Majesty asked him how his Wife Did? who had just before been cut for a *Fistula* on her backside. I humbly thank your Majesty, replied *Teague*, *she is like to do well, but the Surgeon says, It will be an Eye-sore as long as she lives.*

A little Gentleman going to a Friend's House, found himself too short to reach the Knocker ; at last, seeing a very tall Fellow come by, begged him to do it for him ; which, though very unwillingly, he did, at the same Time muttering, *Damn it, what are little Fellows like you, made for ?* The other smartly replied, *To be served by tall ones like you.*

A wild young Gentleman married a discreet and virtuous young Lady ; who, to reclaim him, ordered it to be given out at his Return from his Travels, that she was dead and buried ; in the mean Time, placed herself in Disguise, so as to be able to observe how he took the News ; and finding him still the same gay, inconstant Man, she appeared to him as her own Ghost, at which he being not in the least dismayed, she at length discovered the Fraud ; at which he seemed exceedingly surprized. A Person standing by, said, *Why, Sir, do you seem more afraid now, than before ?* *Don't wonder at that,* said he, *most Men are more afraid of a living Wife than a dead one.*

A Country Gentleman having married a buxom Widow, a few Weeks after Marriage, found it necessary to withdraw from the Business of Love for a little while ; but not caring to let his Wife into the Secret, he procured a Subpœna to be sent him, to attend as an Evidence at one of the Courts in *London* ; which, he shewed her, took his leave and with seeming Regret, set forward on his Journey, and was absent about a Month. A few Days after his Return home, as he and his Lady were looking out at a Window at their Cows grazing in a Field adjoining ;, *My Dear,* said he, *what is become of the Bull which used to be so brisk among the Cows here ?* *Oh ! Child,* says she, *he is subpœna'd, I suppose, to the other End of the Field.*

King Charles the First, being once going to Dinner, when the Chaplain in Waiting was out of the Way, he commanded *Archee* his Jester to say Grace ; which he immediately performs thus : *All Glory be to God on high, and little Laud to the Devil.* At which all the Courtiers smiling, because it reflected upon *Land*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who was a little Man, the King told *Archee*

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that he would give an Account of him to his Grace the Archbishop: And what will you do then? says the King. O, says *Archee*, I will hide myself where he shall never find me. Where's that? says the King. *In the Pulpit*, says *Archee*, for I am sure he never comes there.

A Lieutenant of a Man of War, getting Leave of his Captain to spend a Month or two in Town, lodged in a House where there were two Sisters, to the Eldest of which he made his Addresses; but Matters not being brought to a Conclusion, before his Time was expired, he was obliged to leave his Lady, and return to his Ship. He had not been many Weeks on board, before he received a melancholy Letter from his Mistress, in which she told him, that the Fruits of their Love now began to appear; and that, if he did not come and perform his Promise, her Reputation was gone. Among her other Complaints, she told him, that nothing vexed her so much as the Reproaches of her Sister, who, upon the slightest Occasion, says she, calls me nothing but Where; *whereas, to my certain Knowledge, she would have been a Whore too, if she had not miscarried.*

In Flanders, by Accident, a *Flemish* Tyler falling from the Top of a House upon a Spaniard, killed him, tho' he escaped himself. The next of the Blood prosecuted his Death with great Violence against the Tyler; and when he was offered pecuniary Recompence, nothing would serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Whereupon the Judge told him, That if he did urge that kind of Sentence, it must be, *That he should go up to the Top of the same House, and from thence fall down upon the Tyler.*

One of the Mendicant Fryars in France, and his Ass loaded with Provisions which he had collected, crossing a Ferry, the poor Beast, with the Weight of his Load, and the Coldness of the Season, trembled and shook exceedingly. One in the Boat, thinking to be witty, told the Fryar, *his Brother there trembled*. Ay, says the Fryar, if you had a Cord round your Neck, Irons at your Feet, and a Man of my Profession at your Elbow, you would tremble too.

A Shentleman of *Wales*, seeing one with a large Pomkin in his Hand, said, *Was beseech bur tell bur what bur has got there ?* Why a Mare's Egg, you Fool, replied the other. *And was bur get a Colt out of it, was think bur ?* Yes, replied the other. *Then bur was want one, if bur will sell bur one.* Yes, saith the other. *Then Cot, Cot, bur will give bur a Groat for it.* Content, said the other. So the Money was laid down, the Pomkin delivered, and the *Welchman* trudged up a Hill with it : But the Stalk breaking, it fell, and rolling down, struck against a Bush, out of which started a Hare ; which the *Cambro-Briton* seeing, and thinking his Mare's Egg had brought forth, run after her, crying, *Stop bur Colt, stop bur Colt ;* but Puss, not minding his Clamour, kept on her Way, and the Pomkin rolling into a Thicket, lay undiscovered ; so that to his great Fretting and Disappointment, he went home discontented, without either, to tell the strange Adventure.

A Minister being deprived for Non-Conformity, said to some People, *it should cost a hundred Men their Lives ;* some who understood this as to his being a turbulent Fellow, that would move Sedition, complained of him ; but, upon his being examined, he said, his Meaning was that he would practise Physick.

One was tried for having five Wives at once, four of whom it was proved he was lawfully married to : Then the Judge asked him, *Why he married so many ?* He said, It was only to make Trial among so many, to find one good one, with whom he might spend the rest of his Life. Truly, says the Judge, I am sure you will find none such in this Life, therefore I shall take Care that you may go and seek one in another ; and so condemned him.

Two rich Men being tired out with a tedious Law-Suit, at last they agreed to refer it to a Justice of Peace ; the Plaintiff (who had the Equity of the Cause on his Side) presented the Justice with a new Coach ; and the Defendant did the like with a Couple of Horses. The Justice approving of the Horses better than the Coach, gave it for the Defendant. The next Day, the Plaintiff asked him, *Why his Coach went out of the right*

Way? O, says the Justice, I could not possibly help it, for the Horses drew it so.

An arch Prisoner, who had an unfavourable Countenance, being brought to the Bar to be tried for Horse-stealing, the Judge immediately cried, Oh! here's a noted Villain, I am sure! Why, Sirrah, I can see the Rogue in your Face. *Ay, my Lord, says the Fellow, I wonder at that, for I never knew my Face was a Looking Glass, till your Lordship saw yourself in it.*

A Merchant-Ship being severely tossed in a Storm, and all the Crew despairing of Safety, betook themselves to Prayers, except one Mariner, who was all the while wishing to see two Stars; Oh! said he, that I could see two Stars, or but one of them. He made so frequent Repetition of these Words, as to disturb the Meditation of the rest. At length, one of the Crew asked him what two Stars, or what one Star-he meant? To whom he replied, *Oh! that I could see the Star in Cheapside, or that in Coleman-Street, I care not which.*

Mr. Prior, when Ambassador, being at one of the French Opera's at Paris, and seated in a Box with a Nobleman he was free with, who, as usual in France, sung louder than the Performer, burst into bitter Invectives against the last; upon which his Lordship gave over to inquire the Reason, adding, that the Person he exclaimed against so fiercely, was one of the finest Voices they had. *Yes, replied his Excellency, but he makes such a horrid Noise, that I cannot have the Pleasure to hear your Lordship.*

A Scotch Bagpiper travelling into Ireland, opened his Wallet by a Wood-side, and sat down to Dinner; he had no sooner said Grace, than three Wolves came about him. To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, till his Provision was all gone; at length, he took up his Bagpipes, and began to play; at which the Wolves ran away. *The De'el saw me, says Sawney, an I had ken'd ye loved Music so well, you should have had it before Dinner.*

A Country Farmer was observed never to be in good Humour when he was hungry, which caused his Wife to watch carefully the Time of his coming home, and
always

always to have Dinner ready on the Table. One Day he surprized her, and she had only Time to set a Mess of Broth ready for him. He, according to Custom, began to open his Pipes, and maunder over it, forgetting what he was about, and burnt his Mouth to some Purpose. His Wife, seeing him in that Condition, comforts him in the following Manner: *See how it is now; had you kept your Breath to cool your Pottage, you had not burnt your Mouth, John.*

A Usurer having lost an hundred Pounds, promised ten Pounds Reward to any that should bring it him. A tender-conscienced Man finding it, brought it to him, demanding the ten Pounds. But, he to baffle him, alledged, there was a hundred and ten Pounds in the Bag, when lost; tho' upon breaking open the Seal, there appeared no more than an hundred. The Man arrested him for his Promise, and it coming to be tried before a Judge of *Nisi Prius*, it appearing that the Seal had not been broken open, nor the Bag ripped, says the Judge to the Defendant, the Bag you lost had a hundred and ten Pounds in it, you say? Yes, my Lord, says he. Then, replied the Judge, according to the Evidence given in Court, this cannot be your Money, for here was but a hundred Pounds: *Therefore the Plaintiff must keep it till the true Owner comes; and you must look for your hundred and ten Pounds where you can find it.*

A young Curate, with more Pertness than Wit or Learning, being asked in Company, How he came to take it into his Head to enter into the Ministry of the Church? Because, said he, the Lord had Need of me. *That may be*, replied a Gentleman present, *for I have often read that the Lord had once need of an Ass.*

A City-Serjeant had an Action against a Gentleman at the Suit of a Taylor: He espies the Gentleman (but had forgot the Taylor's Name) and told him he had an Action against him: At whose Suit? says the Gentleman. Why, at his Suit that made your Suit, replied the Serjeant.

A very ignorant, but very foppish young Fellow, going into a Bookseller's Shop with a Relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing

his Cousin look into a particular Book, and smile, asked him, What there was in that Book, that made him smile? Why, answered the other, this Book is dedicated to you, Cousin Jack. Is it so? said he, pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had that Honour done me: Upon which taking it into his Hand, he found it to be *Perkin's Catechism*, dedicated to all *ignorant Persons*.

In the latter End of *Queen Elizabeth's* Reign, there was a great Rumour of an Invasion, and mustering both Horse and Foot about *London*, insomuch that the Realm was terribly affrighted; but all coming to nothing, a Country Gentleman then in *London*, asked a Friend of his, *To what End* all that mustering in *London* and *Middlesex* was? *To what End*, quoth the other, *why to Mile-End*, for there was the *General Muster*. And to what End were all the Barges and Lighters sent down to stop the Passage of the *Thames*? *To what End*, quoth he, to *Gravesend*. Ay, but says the Gentleman, *To what End* was the *Hurley Burley* by Land and Water? *To what End*? quoth the other. Marry, as far as I can understand, to no End at all.

A Jury having given 1500 *l.* Damages against Sir *R-----* *H-----ly*, for criminal Conversation with a Gentleman's Wife; as the Defendant was going out of Court, he cried, *Damn these twelve Appraisers, they have confoundedly over-valued my Pastime*.

An *Irish* Gentleman, being met by two of his Acquaintance in *St. James's Park*, who observing he had a new Coat on, that fit very awkwardly upon him, asked him how his Taylor came to make it so badly? To which the *Dear Jey* answered, *That he was so unfortunate as not to be at Home when his Taylor took Measure of him*.

A Gentleman, not so remarkable for his Oeconomy, as his Wit and Humour, was one Day rallying the late *Peter Walters* on his Avarice. For my Part, quoth the Gentleman, I don't know any Difference between a Shilling and a Six-pence; for when one is changed, it is gone, and so is the other. *Ab*, says Peter, *my old Friend, you may not know the Difference between a Shilling*
and

and Six-pence now, but believe me you will when you are worth Eighteen Pence.

One of the Prisoners having escaped out of the Tower in the Year 1715, a Gentleman, frighted out of his Senses, ran to King George I. to acquaint him of this News; and begged his Majesty would tell him what he could do in this Case. Really, Sir, says the King, for your Part, I do not know what you can do; but, for the Prisoner's Part, I think he could not have done better than he has done.

One telling another he had so excellent a Gun, that it went off immediately at Thieves coming into the House, although it was not charged. How the Devil can that be? says the other. *Because*, said he, *the Thief carried it off; and what was worse, before I had Time to charge him with it.*

Some rattling young Fellows from London, putting into a Country-Inn, seeing a plain, rough-hewn Farmer there; says one of them, You shall see me dumb-found that Countryman:----So, coming up to him, he gives his Hat a Twirl round, saying, *There's half a Crown for you, Countryman.* The former, after recovering a little from his Surprize, reared his Oaken Towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome Drubs on the Shoulder, saying, *I thank you for your Kindness, Friend, there are two Shillings of your Money again.*

One good Housewife who was a notable Woman at turning and winding her old Rags, was recommending her Dyer to another, as an excellent Fellow in his Way: That's impossible, said the other, for I hear he is a great Drunkard, and beats his Wife, and runs in every body's Debt. What then? said the First, he may be never the worse Dyer for all these Things. No, answered the other, *Can you imagine so bad a Liver can die well?*

One sent his Man to a Lawyer for Advice without a Fee, but was slighted; then his Master went, and gave him his Fee: O, now, says the Lawyer, I understand you. When he came home, he chid his Man for not telling the Business right: O, Sir, says he, *I had not my Instructions in my Pocket.*

A Lady seeing the Sheriff of a County, who was a very handsome young Gentleman, attending the Judge, who was an old Man; a Gentleman standing by, asked her which she liked best, the Judge or the Sheriff? The Lady told him, the Sheriff. Why so? said the Gentleman: *Because, answerd she, though I love Judgment well, I love Execution better.*

A young Gentleman, playing at Questions and Commands with some very pretty young Ladies, was commanded to take off a Garter from one of them; but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her Petticoats, ran away into the next Room, where was a Bed: Now, Madam, said he, tripping up her Heels, *I bar squeaking. Bar the Door, you Fool,* cried she.

A Gentlewoman who thought her Servants always cheated her when they went to *Billingsgate* to buy Fish, was resolved to go thither one Day herself; and asking the Price of some Fish, which she thought too dear, she bid the Fish-Wife about half what she asked. Lord, Madam, said the Woman, I must have stole it to sell it at that Price, but you shall have it, if you will tell me what you do to make your Hands look so white. Nothing, good Woman, answered the Gentlewoman, but wear *Dog Skin Gloves*. *D--mn you for a lying B--h,* replied the other, *my Husband has worn Dog Skin Breeches these ten Years, and his ----- is as brown as a Nutmeg.*

A Gentleman in the Country who had three Daughters, discoursing one Evening on rural Affairs, and the Nature of Vegetation, asked one of his Daughters what Plant or Herb grew fastest? The young Lady replied, *Asparagus*; then he asked the Second, she answered, *A Pompion, or Gourd*: And when the same Question was put to the Youngest, she replied, *The Pommel of a Saddle*; which very much surprizing the old Gentleman, he desired to know what she meant, and how she could make it out? Why, said she, when I was one Day riding behind our *John*, and the Ways being so rough that I was afraid I should fall off, he cried, *Miss, put your Hand about my Waist, and take hold of the Pommel of the Saddle*; and I am sure, Pappa, when I first took hold

hold of it, it was not much bigger than my Finger; and, in less than a Minute, it was thicker than my Wrist.

A Justice of Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse, riding between *London* and *Hampstead*, said to some Gentlemen who were with him, do you see what a beautiful Horse that proud Parson has got? I'll banter him a little. *Doctor*, said he, *you do not follow the Example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an Ass. Why, really, Sir,* replied the Parson, *the King has made so many Asses Justices, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride on.*

A Country Farmer going cross his Grounds in the Dusk of the Evening, espy'd a young Fellow and a Lass very busy near a Five-Bar-Gate, in one of his Fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, said the young Man, *No Harm, Farmer, we are only going to prop-a-gate.*

A certain Doctor having raised a pretty Fortune by irregular Practice, was desirous of purchasing a Coat of Arms to adorn his Chariot, and accordingly asked a Friend's Advice, what he had best have for them? *Oh! Doctor*, said he, *nothing will suit you better than three Ducks, and let the Motto, if you please, be Quack, Quack, Quack.*

A certain Poet and Player, remarkable for his Impudence and Cowardice, happening many Years ago to have a Quarrel with Mr. *Powel*, another Player, received from him a smart Box on the Ear; a few Days after, the Poetical Player, having lost his Snuff-Box, was making strict Enquiry if any body had seen his Box. *What*, said another of the Theatrical Punsters, *that which George Powel gave you the other Night?*

A young Woman having newly dined, in the Heat of Summer, desired her Husband to tumble with her upon the Bed; he perceived her Meaning, but being as full of Ice, as she was of Fire, told her the *Dog-days* were very unwholesome for that Recreation. At Night, being in Bed, she desired her Husband to lie closer, for though, said she, there be *Dog-days*, yet I never heard of *Dog-nights*.

Two Gentlemen talking together busily, a Beggar importuned them very much for an an Alms: They chid him often, but he did not stir: At last one of them let a great Fart. Says the Beggar, bless your Worship's Arse; upon which he gave him Six-pence: *You see, Sir,* says the Beggar, *it is an ill Wind that blows no Body Good.*

A Gentleman asked a Shepherd, whether a River he came to was to be passed over or not? Yes, says he; but going to try, flounced over Head and Ears; Why, you Rogue, said he, did not you tell me it might be passed over? Truly, Sir, said he, I thought so; *for my Geese go over and back again every Day.*

A Captain chatting amorously with his Landlady, whom he mightily liked, to give a Hint of his Design, bethought himself of clapping a Guinea on one of his Eyes, and staring her full in the Face with the other. The Doxy presently taking his Meaning, Sir, said she, *Love is not blind of one Eye, but of both.*

Emilia, says one, give her her Due, has the best Reputation of any young Woman in Town, who has Beauty enough to provoke Detraction: I grant you, replies another, her Virtue and Discretion are sufficient to keep her from being corrupted by any Thing but a Husband. How! a Husband, says the former. Yes, a Husband, answered the other, *--- I have known many a Woman make a Difficulty of losing a Maidenhead, who have made none afterwards of making a Cuckold.*

The Foreman of a Jury thought fit to desire some of the Witnesses in the Cause before him, to be re-examined: One of the Judges told him, he gave the Court a great deal of unnecessary trouble about what he believed he did not understand. Yes, but I do, says the honest Man, as well as your Lordship: Pray tell me then, says the Judge, the Meaning of *Mortgager* and *Mortgagee*? With all my Heart, replies the Countryman, for Example, *If I nod at you I am the Nodder, if you nod at me again, your Lordship is the Noddee.*

Two Country Attorneys overtaking a Gentlewoman in *Fleetstreet*, were greatly surprized at the Oddity of her Dress. One of them said to his Friend, he would take the

the

Liberty to ask her what she called it; it was to no Purpose that his Companion urged the Probability of being thought rude, and meeting with a Repulse. *Willful* however would do it, he was determined; so making one of his best Bows, I beg Pardon, Madam, for the Freedom I take in desiring to know the Name of your Habit. You are a very impertinent Blockhead to ask such a Question, says the Gentlewoman. No Offence, I hope, Madam, replied the Attorney, I am a Countryman, Madam, and just going out of Town, and my Wife always expects I should bring her an Account of the newest Fashion, which occasioned my enquiring what you called this that you wear. It is a Sack, said she, (in a great Pet) *I have heard* (rejoins the Attorney, heartily nettled at her Behaviour) *of a Pig in a Poke, but never heard of a Sow in a Sack before.*

Some Men and their Wives, who all lived in the same Street, and on the same Side of the Way, being merry-making at a Neighbour's House, said one of the Husbands. It is reported that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds but one: His Wife soon after being a little thoughtful, What makes you sad, my Dear? said her Husband, I hope you are not offended at what I said. No, replied she, *I am only considering who that one can be in our Row that is not a Cuckold.*

Two City Ladies meeting at a Visit, one a Grocer's Wife, and the other a Cheesemonger's (who perhaps stood more upon the Punctilio of Precedence, than some of their Betters would have done at the Court End of the Town) when they had risen up and took their Leaves, the Cheesemonger's Wife was going out of the Room first, upon which the Grocer's Lady, pulling her back by the Tail of her Gown, and stepping before her, No, Madam, said she, *nothing comes after Cheese.*

A Lady's Age happened to be questioned, she affirm'd it was but forty, and called to a Gentleman, who was in Company, to deliver his Opinion. Cousin, said she, do you believe I am right, when I say, I am but Forty? I am sure, Madam, said he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten Years.

A young buxome Baggage, with a Candle in her Hand, was set upon by a Hot-spur, who by all Means must have a Bout with her; but she vowed, if he meddled with her, she would *burn* him: Will you so, says he, *I'll try that, and thereupon blew the Candle out, thinking himself safe from the Threat; however, not long after, he found she was as good as her Word.*

An old Fellow, having a great Itch after his Neighbour's Wife, employed her Chamber-maid in the Affair. At their next Meeting, he enquired what Answer her Lady had sent him? Answer! says the Girl, why she has sent you *this* for a Token, giving him a smart Slap on the Face. *Ay*, cried the old Fellow, rubbing his Chops, *and you have lost none of it by the Way.*

A Country Fellow being sent to a notorious Bawdy-House, formerly in *Salisbury-Court*, and having remember'd to forget his Errand, when he came into the Neighbourhood, he said, he wanted a *Bedfordshire* Woman, but had forgot her Name. ----- Forgot her Name, said one, then who the Devil should tell you any thing of her? Now you Name the *Devil*, said the Fellow, you have brought it into my Head, it is the Sign of the *Angel*: *Nay*, answered another, *if you had named the Devil at first we had sent you thither.*

Tom P-----, a good honest Fellow, but with very little Manners, being one Day at Dinner at Lord *L-----*'s, several Ladies being at Table, my Lord told him, that Mr. *Such-a-one*, naming a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, had taken something very ill of him, and would take an Occasion, he heard, to resent it. Mr. *Such-a-one*, replied *Tom*, may kiss my A-----, Upon such a coarse Expression, the Ladies all started, and my Lord cried, *Fie, Tom*, I thought you would not have used such a Word before Ladies. Why, my Lord, said *Tom*, A---an't Bawdy, is it? *No*, said my Lord, *but it is within half an Inch of it.*

A Person had two very ungracious Sons, the one robbed him of his Money, the other of his Goods: His Neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, *He might sue the County, for he had been robbed between Son and Son.*

A Woman once prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape ; Upon the Trial, the Judge asked if she made any Resistance ? *I cried out, and please you my Lord. Ay, says one of the Witnesses, but that was nine Months after.*

A Proctor of Oxford, met a Maid at Twelve o'Clock at Night ; and asked her what she was : She said, a Scholar : What a Scholar in Woman's Apparel ! said he. Yes, said she, I have answered under Batchelor already.

Two Countrymen, who had never seen a Play in their Lives, nor had any notion of it, went to the Theatre in Drury-Lane, when they placed themselves snug in the Corner of the Middle Gallery ; the first Musick played, which they liked well enough ; then the Second and Third, to their great Satisfaction : At length the Curtain drew up, and three or four Actors entered to begin the Play ; upon which one of the Countrymen cried to the other, *Come, Hodge, let's be going, mayhap the Gentlemen are talking about Business.*

Daniel Purcel, the famous Punster, meeting with a Friend on the 30th of January, being King Charles's Martyrdom, they went to the Salutation Tavern on Holborn-Hill, where finding the Door shut, they knocked. One of the Drawers peeping through a little Wicket, ask'd, what they would please to have ? Have ! says Daniel, open your Door, and draw us a Pint of Wine. The Drawer answered, his Master would not allow of it, for it was a Fast. *D---n your Master,* replied he, *for a precise Coxcomb ; is he not contented to fast himself, but must make his Doors fast too ?*

A Gentleman sitting by Mrs. W-----ff-----n at Lord Lovat's Trial, took Notice to her of FANNY M-----'s being at a little Distance from them, O, says she, I suppose FANNY has an Eye upon the whole House of Commons, And I dare answer for her, Madam, replied the Gentleman, *if she has, her Eye is no bigger than her Belly.*

A Philosopher carrying something hid under his Cloak, an impertinent Person asked him, What he had under his Cloak ? To which the Philosopher answered, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

F

A Gentleman

A Gentleman having a very pretty Woman to his Wife in a certain Country Place, could not forbear being a little jealous of her having too great an Intimacy with, or at least casting too favourable an Eye upon a young Captain in the Neighbourhood, and being obliged to go a Journey from Home, for two or three Days, his Head ran so much upon the Captain and his Wife, that after he had got four or five Miles, the dirtiest and roughest Part of the whole Way, he calls to his Man, and orders him to go back to his Wife, and tell her, that for some particular Reasons, he desired she would not see the Captain in his Absence. The Man was very much displeased at being sent back again thro' the Dirt on such an idle Errand, and having a little more Discernment than his Master, knew the forbidding a Woman to do a Thing, was oftentimes the readiest Way to egg her on to it, resolved not to carry the Message: But when he came Home, his Lady with great Surprise, asked him the Reason of his Return so soon, and if his Master was come to any Hurt? He answered her No, but that he had sent him back with a very odd Message to her, and could not imagine the Meaning of it: He desires, said he, Madam, of all Love and Kindness, that you will not ride upon our great Dog *Ball*, during his Absence. Ride upon *Ball*! cried she, the Man's mad sure! Well, well, you may tell him, I shall hardly disobey his Commands.

But the Man was no sooner out of Sight, but she calls to her Maid, and tells her of the ridiculous Orders her Husband had sent her; and that *Harry* came back four or five Miles upon no other Account; for my Part, continued she, such a Thing would never have come into my Head, if he had not taken such Pains to have put it there, and now, methinks, I long to ride upon *Ball*. Do you think he can carry me, *Betty*? I shall never be easy till I try.

The Maid, who was always ready to assist her Mistress in any Thing, to gratify her Inclinations, told her, she would go and bring the Dog to her, and that she verily believed he could carry her.

Ball

Ball being brought forth, and his Mistress mounted on his Back, begun to curvet and prounce round the Hall, but unfortunately threw his Rider with her Head against the Frame of the great old-fashioned Table, which gave her such a Cut in the Forehead, that she was obliged to have it plaister'd and bound about with a Linen Cloth, which she could not get well enough to leave off before her Husband returned, who enquiring with great Concern into the Occasion of it; *Why, what did you send me Word for*, said she, *that I should not ride upon Ball?* The Man, who stood close by his Master, whispered in his Ear, *Better so, Sir, than worse.*

A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money: The Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the Money. Didst thou tell the Master, said the Lawyer, that I was not running away? Yes, Sir, answered the Boy, but he bad me tell you *that he was.*

Dr. *Sewel*, and two or three more Gentlemen, walking towards *Hampstead*, on a Summer's Day, were met by the famous *Daniel Purcell*, the Punster, who was very importunate to know upon what Account they were going thither. The Doctor merrily answered him, *To make Hay.* Very well, replied the other, you will be there at a very convenient Season, the Country wants *Rakes.*

Lady C----- and her two Daughters, having taken Lodgings at a Leather Breeches Maker's in *Piccadilly*, the Sign of the *Cock and Leather Breeches*, was always put to the Blush, when she was obliged to give any Body Directions to her Lodgings, the Sign being so odd; upon which, my Lady, a very good Sort of a Woman, sending for her Landlord, a jolly young Fellow, told him, she liked him and his Lodgings very well, but must be forced to quit them on Account of his Sign; for she was ashamed to tell any body what it was. Oh dear Madam! said the young Fellow, I would do any Thing rather than lose so good Lodgers; I can easily alter my Sign: So I think, replied my Lady, and I will

tell you how you may please both me and my Daughters ; *Only take down your Breeches, and let your Cock stand.*

A Gentleman saying one Day at Table, that he could not endure a Breast of Mutton : You said so the other Day, cried another, of a Breast of Veal. Very True, answered the First, I do not love the Breast of any Thing but a Woman, and that goes against my *Stomach*.

A young Fellow in the Country, after having an Affair with a Girl in the Neighbourhood, cried, What shall we do, *Bess*, if you prove with Child ? O ! very well, said she, for I am to be married To-morrow.

Mr. *Dryden* once at Dinner, being offered by a Lady the Rump of a Fowl, and refusing it, the Lady said, Pray, Mr. *Dryden*, take it, the Rump is the best Part of the Fowl. *Yes, Madam*, said he, *and so I think it of the Fair.*

A certain Lady of Quality sending her *Irish* Footman to fetch home a Pair of new Stays, strictly charged him to take a Coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them : But a great Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow returned with the Stays dropping wet ; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said, He had obeyed his Orders. How, then, answered the Lady, could the Stays be wet, if you took them into the Coach with you ? *No*, replied Teague, *I know my Place better, I did not get into the Coach, I rode behind, as I always used to do.*

A young Fellow riding down a steep Hill, and doubting the Foot of it was boggish, called out to a Clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the Bottom. *Ay*, answered the Countryman, it is hard enough at the Bottom, I'll warrant you : But in half a Dozen Steps the Horse sunk up to the Saddle-Skirts, which made the young Gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. Why thou Whoreson Rascal, said he, to the Ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the Bottom ? *Ay*, replied the other, *but you are not half Way to the Bottom yet.*

A French

A *French Marquis*, being one Day at Dinner at the late *Roger Williams's*, the famous Punster and Publican, was boasting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Fashions, particularly the *Ruffle*, which he said, *Was de fine Ornament to de Hand, and had been followed by all de other Nations.* *Roger* allowed what he had said, but observed at the same Time, *That the English, according to Custom, had made great Improvement upon their Invention, by adding the Shirt to it.*

There was an Execution of five Malefactors, and a Surgeon obtained one of the Bodies to be dissected. The Body was conveyed to his House, though not so privately, but some of the Populace got notice of it; and the Widow of the Deceased was soon informed where the Corps of her late Husband lay. The Woman came immediately to the Surgeon's House, attended with a clamorous Retinue, to rescue the Body of her Husband from the Terrors of Anatomy. The Surgeon thinking she might be mistaken, suffered her to go into the Garret to view the Corps. She immediately threw herself upon the Body, embracing and kissing it, with the utmost Signs of Grief and Fondness; and was forced from it, with great difficulty. In the mean Time, the Family being apprehensive of Mischief from the unruly *Posse* without, they gave the poor Woman a Shilling to assuage her Passion, and send her away in a better Temper. Hereupon, her Countenance instantly changed; she spit in her Hand; put the Money into her Pocket; and said, *It was the only Shilling she had ever got by him, since her Marriage.*

A simple Bumpkin, coming to *London*, was very much taken with the Sight of a Chair, or Sedan, and bargained with the Chairman to carry him to a Place he named. The Chairmen, observing the Curiosity of the Clown to be unsuitable to the Meanness of his Habit, privately took out the Bottom of their Chair, and put him into it; so that when they took up, the Countryman's Feet were upon the Ground; and to make the better Sport, if any Place was dirtier in the Way, than the rest, that they chose to go through. The Country-

man not knowing but others were carried, or rather driven in the same Manner, coming to his Lodgings, gave them their Demand. Returning into the Country, he related what rare Things he had seen in *London*, and how he had been carried in a Sedan: Sedan! quoth one, What is that? *Why*, said he, *like our Watch-house, only it is covered with Leather; but were it not for the Name of a Sedan, a Man might as well walk on Foot.*

The Duke of *Ossuna*, Viceroy of *Naples*, passing by *Barcelona*, and being willing to make use of the Right he had to release some of the Slaves, went aboard the Admiral's Galley; and passing through the Crew of Slaves, asked divers of them, What their Offences were? Every one excused himself upon several Pretences; one saying, that he was put in out of Malice; another, by the Bribery of his Judge; but all of them unjustly. Among the rest, there was one sturdy little black Man: The Duke asked him what he was in for? *My Lord*, said he, *I cannot deny but I am justly put in here; for I wanted Money, and took a Purse hard by Tarragona, to keep me from starving.* The Duke, with a little Staff he had in his Hand, gave him two or three Blows on the Shoulders, saying, *You Rogue, What do you do amongst so many honest, innocent Men? Get you out of their Company.*

A Gentleman being prickt for High Sheriff, who, by reason of some Indisposition, desired to get off from the Office; his Wife enquiring into the Matter, asked a Gentleman concerning it. *Alas, Madam*, said he, *your Husband is prickt by the King, and it cannot be altered.* *Why, Sir*, said she again, *doth the King's Prick always stand?*

One meeting *Bonner*, that had been once Bishop of *London*, said, *Good morrow Bishop quondam; whereupon he presently replied, Adieu Knave semper.*

An honest Man being out of Town, his Neighbour brought home a Pair of Panniers he had borrowed, and lay with his Wife to make him amends: But he coming home sooner than they expected, disturbed their Embraces, and forced his Wife to hide her Gallant in one of the Panniers, as it was made fast to a Cross-beam in the Room. The good Man being a little in drink,

drink, as soon as he came in, he would have a Candle; his Wife fearing this would discover her Gallant, was very much against it; but forced by the Threats of her Husband, at last lighted one, and desired him with kind Speeches and Embraces, to make haste to Bed. This Kindness so enflamed her Husband, that he would fain be at her, even before he was undressed: At last, she helped him to Bed with great Diligence, that her Gallant might not be seen where he was sitting, with one Leg in one Pannier, and the other in the other: Her Husband said, *Sweetheart, I have been married to thee these two Years, and yet never saw what I had to do with.* As he was looking earnestly with a Candle, and viewing it well, the Fellow on the Beam, who had never seen one before, leaned farther and farther, to get a Sight of it, till at last he fell down Panniers and all. The good Man, much affrighted, cried aloud, *Who is there?* to which the other replied, *'Tis a Neighbour, I am come to bring home your Panniers.* *A pox on you,* says he, *you need not have been in such haste.*

An Apprentice of London being brought before the Chamberlain by his Master for the Sin of Incontinency, even with his own Mistress: The Chamberlain gave many Christian Exhortations, and at last, mentioned and pressed the Example of *Joseph*, when his Mistress tempted him with the like Crime. *Ay, Sir,* said the Apprentice; *but if Joseph's Mistress had been as handsome as mine is, he could not have forborn.*

Sir B--ch--r W--y, in the Beginning of *Queen Anne's* Reign, and two or three more drunken Tories, reeling Home from the *Fountain-Tavern* in the Strand, on a Sunday Morning, cried out, *We are the Pillars of the Church.* *No,* by *G---d*, said a Whig, that happened to be in their Company, *you can be but the Buttresses, for you never come on the Inside of it.*

A Country Parson having divided his Text under two and twenty Heads; one of the Congregation was getting out of the Church in a great Hurry; but a Neighbour pulling him by the Sleeve, asked him whither he was going? *Home for my Night-Cap,* answered he, *for I find we are to stay here all Night.*

The

The *French Tyrant* having in a vain-glorious Boast caused the following Verses to be inscribed on a Marble Pillar at *Versailles*, to tell the Greatness of his Actions to future Ages, viz.

*Una Dies Lothoror, Burgundus Hebdomas una,
Una Domat Batavos Luna; Quid Annum agit?*
In *English* thus.

*Lorrain a Day, a Week Burgundy won,
Flanders a Month; What would a Year have done?*

Which being seen by Lord *Wilmot*, the late ingenious Earl of *Rocheſter*, he preſently wrote underneath,
*Lorrain you ſtole, by Fraud you got Burgundy,
Flanders you bought; and Gad you'll pay for't one Day.*

A Lady told a ſimple Gentleman that his Wit was pretty. Why ſo? ſays he. Becauſe, ſays ſhe, you have ſo little, and all that's little is pretty.

Count *Gondemar*, the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* here, in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, ſent a Compliment to the Lord *St. Alban's*, whom he lived in no good Terms with, wiſhing him a merry *Eaſter*. My Lord thanked the Meſſenger, and ſaid he could not requite the Count better, than by wiſhing him a good Paſſ-over.

Two Brothers coming to be executed for ſome enormous Crime, the Eldeſt was turned off firſt, without ſpeaking one Word. The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Croud, who liſtened attentively, expecting he would make ſome Confefſion. Good People, ſays he, my Brother hangs before my Face, and you ſee what a lamentable Spectacle he makes. In a few Minutes I ſhall be turned off too, and then you will ſee a Pair of Spectacles.

Two Sharpers of the Town accidentally meeting, ſays one, Come, Jack, ſince we are ſo happily ſtumbled upon one another, let us take a Pint together? A Match, ſays the other; and ſo they went into a Tavern. But drinking about for a while, when they came to examine their Pockets, they found themſelves deceived, one thinking the one had, and the other thinking the other had Money enough to pay the Charges, when, indeed, both of them could make but eight Farthings. Hang

it then, says the Inviter, we may as well be in for a great deal as a little ; so they called lustily till it came to a Crown ; then looking out at the Window, as if they had been viewing the Descent, says one to the other, *I have it now.* Upon that, knocking, and desiring to speak with the Master, up he came : *Sir, says one, we came hither about a Mathematical Business, to measure from your Window to the Ground : I have laid upon 13 Foot 9 Inches ; my Friend upon 13 Foot ; and you are to be Judge, that I slip not this Line till he goes down to see whether from this Knot (shewing it him) which is just so much, it reaches to the Ground.* The Vintner was content. The other Sharper being below in the Street, cried, *It did not reach by 11 Inches.* Pray, *Sir,* says he that was above, to the Vintner, *hold it here, till I step down and see, for I cannot believe him.* So down he went, telling the Drawer, he had paid his Master ; and away they both scowered, *leaving the String for their Reckoning.*

A Cooper beat his Wife for pissing in Bed ; one desired him to be more moderate, for she was the weaker Vessel. Therefore, says he, I hoop her to make her hold Water the better.

A termagant Sempstress coming to dun a young Fellow at his Lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his Landlady hear ; she began to open her Quail-Pipes at a great Rate, but was presently seized with a Fit of Coughing. Lord, says she, I have got such a Cold, I can hardly speak. Nay, as to that, says he, I don't care how softly you speak. Don't tell me of speaking softly, says she, let me have my Money, or I will take the Law of you. Do, says he, *then you will be forced to hold your Tongue, for the Law allows no Body to scold in their own Defence.*

A Senator who is not esteemed the wisest Man in the House, has a Custom of shaking his Head when another speaks ; which giving Offence to a particular Person, he complained of the Indignity. Hereupon, one who had been acquainted with the first Gentleman from a Child, as he told the House, assured them it was only the Effect of an ill Habit : *For,* says he, *though he often shakes his Head, there is nothing in it.*

One

One *Dun*, that kept the *Mermaid Tavern* in *Corubill*, being himself in a Room with some witty Gallants, one of them (who it seems knew his Wife) too boldly cried out in a fantastic Humour, I'll lay five Pounds there is a Cuckold in Company. It is *Dun*, says another.

Dr. *Bentley* shewing a young Lady the fine Library in *Trinity College*, and amongst the rest of the Books, his own Writings curiously bound, asked the Lady how *she* liked the Binding? The Lady answered, They were extremely handsome, but she chose rather to have his *Works in Sheets*.

A Lieutenant-Colonel in an *Irish* Regiment in the *French* Service, being dispatched by the Duke of *Berwick* from *Fort-Keil* to the *French* King, with a Complaint of some Irregularities which had happened in the Regiment; his Majesty, with some Emotion, told him the *Irish* Troops gave him more Uneasiness than all his Forces besides. Sir, replied the Officer, *all your Majesty's Enemies make the same Complaint*.

An Author, reading his Tragedy to a Friend of his, who was a Proctor, when he had gone through three Acts, asked him his Opinion? Why, really, says the Proctor, this third Act is so full of Distress, that I do not see how you can possibly heighten it in the following ones; and then consequently your Play grows flat. O, says the Author, let me alone for that, for I intend in the very next Act to put my Hero into the Spiritual Court.

A Sailor having been a three Years Voyage, his Wife came to welcome him home, with a Kinchin of about half a Year old in her Arms: At the Sight of which he grew crusty, saying, he thought she had been an honest Woman, than to serve him such a Trick. Why, says she, did not you force me to do it, by staying longer than your Promise? I could not help that, says he; nor could I this, said she: For one Night leaving my Chamber-door open, between sleep and awake, I found myself boarded a-stern, and thought it had been thee, my Dear, that came stealing in to surprize me; but being more vigorously attacked than usual, I something doubted, and softly said to myself, *I pray God it be*
John!

John ! Well, said he, if it happened against thy Will, I freely forgive thee : Come, let us kiss and be Friends ; but be sure to be more cautious how you leave your Door open another Time, for this is a slippery World we live in, I must tell you that.

A clownish Gentleman courted a young Lady ; and the Marriage being agreed upon, he espied a pretty Mare a grazing, which he would have into the Bargain ; but the Gentleman being unwilling to part with his Mare, the Match broke off. A Twelvemonth after, this formal Wooer meeting the Lady at a Fair, would fain have renewed his old Acquaintance ; but she, pretending Ignorance at first, said, she did not know him : No, said he, do not you know me ? Why, I was once a Suitor to you. *I cry you Mercy, Sir,* said she, *now I remember you, you came a wooing to my Father's Mare, and she is not married yet.*

A Gentlewoman delighting in Plurality of Lovers, chanced to admit to her Embraces two Gentlemen who loved one another intirely, but were unacquainted with each other's Intrigue : One of them having lain with this Gentlewoman one Night, lost his Ring in the Bed, which the other found in it the Morning after ; the Day following the first sees it on his Friend's Finger ; and after a great many Arguments about it, they came to understand one another's Intrigue : The Man who lost it demands his Ring, the other refuses ; at last, it was agreed that it should be left to the next Comer-by, who should have the Ring ; it chanced to be the Husband of the Woman, who, hearing the whole Matter, adjudged the Ring should belong to him who owned the Sheets : *Marry then,* said they, *for your excellent Judgment, you shall have the Ring.*

A good-humoured Wife abusing her Husband on his mercenary Disposition, told him, that if she was dead, he would marry the Devil's eldest Daughter, if he could get any Thing by it. That is true, replied the Husband, but the worst of it is *one cannot marry two Sisters.*

A Country Fellow, ditching by the Way-side, happened, as some Persons were riding along, to see a Hundred Pound Bag drop out of a Portmanteau ; which he

care-

carefully took up and carried to his Wife, without opening. She knowing him to be a soft-headed Fellow, and fearing he would discover it, threw it aside, saying, What do ye bring this Pudding-bag of Dirt to me for? You might as well have stopped a Gap with it. Truly, Sweetheart, says he, I found it, and thought it might have been worth something, but if it ben't, it is but my Labour lost. Come, come, says she, you are simple, and must go to School, to learn to read and write, and then you may get into a better Employment. E'en what you will, Sweetheart, said he. So the old Blade was sent to learn his Hornbook; till by the Childrens laughing at him, he grew weary of it, and returned to his former Business. The Parties who had lost the Money, upon their Return from *London*, enquired all along the Road, if any such Bag was taken up, and remembering they had seen this Man at Work, asked him; who answered, yes; and his Wife had it at home. So home they went with him; but the Woman stiffly denied it, saying he was foolish and phrensicall, and sometimes talked idly, and therefore they ought not to give Credit to what he said: But they insisting on it, she desired them to ask him when it was that he found it? Why, replied he, *among all the Days in the Year, I very well remember, it was the Day before I first went to School.* At this they fell a laughing, and thinking indeed he was crack-brained, departed, satisfied with what the Woman had told them.

A poor Gentleman that had trifled away his Estate, being in Company with some merry Citizens, one would needs pass a Joke upon him, saying, Though Citizens are for the most Part younger Brothers, and the Elders Gentlemen, who carried away the Estate, and were bred up highly in Learning; yet many Times the Citizens outwitted them, and got their Lands: To which the Gentleman replied, *That it was not their Wit, but Providence ordered it so; for, says he, we get your Children, and you get our Estates; and it is fit the Land should descend to the right Heirs.*

A Gentleman having Occasion for a Smock for his Mistress, and but little Money to buy one with, applied

to a Pawnbroker, and asked him if he had ever a *Smock* to sell, who told him he had no *Smock* but several *Shifts*; and being asked the Difference, the Pawnbroker told him, *That they were Smocks before they came to him, but when brought to him they were Shifts*: Which the Gentleman admitted, but said, *They were bad Shifts*.

A Clergyman, who was inclined to write Notes on *Shakespeare's Plays*, carried a Specimen of his Performance to a certain Actor, and desired his Opinion. Sir, says the Player, I wonder People will not mind their own Affairs: *You may spoil your own Bible, if you please; but pray let ours alone.*

A Fellow going to the Gallows, his Wife along with him, being half-way, he desired her to trouble herself no farther, but to go home; and, says he, if I don't come home before Eleven o'Clock, you need not expect me, but go to Bed. To which she answered, *Nay, dear Husband, now I have seen you thus far on your Way, faith I will see you hanged before I leave you.*

A Man of mean Fortune married a handsome Woman of a great Estate, who kept a Gallant: And one Day being in private with him, she told him how greatly she loved him; but the Husband over-hearing her, bid him not to believe her, for, says he, she has told me the same Story these seven Years.

The Reverend Mr. *Brodie* preaching one Day at a Kirk in *Edinburgh*, on Hell Torments, in extreme cold Weather, represented them to be intolerable, by the Excess of Cold they suffered there. One of his Congregation, after Sermon, took upon him to ask the Reason of his so doing, when all the eminent Divines had preached it up to be the Reverse. O, Sir, said he, *I had good Reason; for if I had told them it was hot, I should have had them all run away to Hell to warm themselves.*

A Man who had the Character of a great Penitent, used to divert himself now and then by beating his Wife. One of his Neighbours, being offended at this Act of Cruelty, asked him, How he could reconcile this Sort of Behaviour with that Repentance he so much professed? To which the good Man made answer, You must

must know, Neighbour, I have a very bad Memory, and therefore take this Method to rub it up; for whenever I beat her, she is sure to reproach me with all the Ill I ever did in my Life.

A merry Fellow going along the Streets, espied a Maid going before him, who with one Hand held up her Cloaths behind to keep them from the Dirt: He comes up to her, and says, Sister, will you let a Lease of your Tail, you have it in your own Hands? *Ay, Sir, says she, if your Nose will turn Tenant.*

A Doctor of Physic, being newly married, was very kind to his Wife, and riding down into the Country, he would oftentimes turn his Face backwards, and take a Kiss of her, which occasioned these Verses:

*The Doctor to avoid all further Strife,
Riding before, turn'd back to kiss his Wife;
And was not then the Doctor wondrous kind,
Riding before to kiss his Wife behind.*

A Gentleman came to a Widow's House, who presented him with a Cup of Small Beer; and coming a Week afterwards, she salutes him with another Cup of the same Beer, saying, Sir, I dare not commend the Beer to you, for indeed it is dead; to which he replied, *Really, Madam, that may very well be, for it was very weak when I was here last.*

An honest Highlander walking along Holborn, heard a Voice cry, *Rogue, Scot, Rogue, Scot*; his Northern Blood being fired at the Insult, he drew his broad Sword, looking round him on every Side, to discover the Object of his Indignation; at last he found that it came from a Parrot, perched on a Balcony within his Reach: But the Generous Scot, disdaining to stain his trusty Blade with such ignoble Blood, put up his Sword again, with a sour Smile, saying, *Gin ye were a Man as ye're a green Gense, I would split your Weam.*

A Gentleman who had a Suit in Chancery, was called upon by his Counsel to put in his Answer, for fear of incurring Contempt. Why, said the Gentleman, is not my Answer put in? How should I draw your Answer, says the Lawyer, till I knew what you could swear? *Pox on your Scruples,* replied the Client, *do your Part as a*

Lawyer

Lawyer, and draw a sufficient Answer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and swear to it.

A grave, noble Peer made a Visit one Morning to the honourable John Sp---r, who received him sitting in an Elbow Chair, quite naked: There were loud Complaints made in the Town of the Indecency of the Action, besides the Disrespect shewn to a Person of such high Quality: Mr. Sp---r said, *That he thought he had paid him the greatest Compliment, by receiving him in his Birth-day Suit.*

A young Man married an ill-tempered Woman, who, not contented though he was very kind to her, made continual Complaints to her Father, to the great Grief of both Families. The Husband being no longer able to endure this scurvy Humour, banged her soundly: Hereupon she complained to her Father, who understanding well the Perverseness of her Humour, took her to Task, and laced her Sides handsomely too; saying, *Go and commend me to your Husband, and tell him I am now even with him, for I have cudgelled his Wife, as he hath beaten my Daughter.*

A young Lady, married to a very wild Spark, who had made away with a plentiful Estate, and was reduced to some Streights; said very innocently to him one Day, *My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly.* D---me, Madam, replied he, *how can that be, when we make so many every Day.*

A young Widow, who was not deformed, having lately buried a reverend old Husband, called old Simon, had been so used to a Bed-fellow, that she could not sleep without one; but could brook the Thoughts of none but her dead Husband; and for his Sake she ordered a Carver to make a Statue of Wood, as near his Figure as he could; which every Night, being well warmed, had a Shirt and Night-cap put on, and was laid by her Side in Remembrance of her dear Husband, that she might at least embrace him in Effigy. This Trade she had still drove ever since the Death of her Husband, and would by no means admit the Courtship of any Suitors. At length a young Gentleman who had a great Passion for her, had, by the Intercession of some

Guineas, prevailed with her Maid to lay him one Night in the Place of old *Simon*. The Widow coming to Bed to him, and casting her Hand over her dear Statue, felt, she thought, a more agreeable Warmth than usual; nay, she fancied that it was alive, and had Motion; she was not affrighted at it (which was wonderful) but by Degrees came closer and closer to her Side-mate, till at length they came *very close together*; by which she perceived it was not her wooden Bedfellow: In the Morning the Maid called at the Chamber-door as she used to do; Madam, what will you please to have for Dinner? She replied, Roast the Turkey that I sent in Yesterday, boil a Leg of Mutton and Colliflowers, and get a good Dish of dried Fruit: Madam, said the Maid, I think we have hardly Billets enough for a quick Fire. *You may burn Old Simon, quoth she, burn Old Simon.*

An *Irishman* being at a Tavern, where the Cook was dressing some Carp, observed some of them move after they were gutted and put into the Pan; which much surprizing *Teague*, said he, *Of all the Christian Creatures I ever saw, this same Carp lives the longest after it is dead.*

One Mr. *Man*, Master of a Ship called the *Moon*, used to be very familiar with a Gentlewoman; whose Husband taxing her with another Gentleman, she swore she knew him no more than she did the *Man* in the *Moon*.

A young Spark dining one Day at a Friend's House, promised a Lady to meet her in the Afternoon; but being obliged to stay and play at Cards, he sent his Man with an Excuse to the Lady, and whispered him that when he came back, he might deliver his Message aloud, as if he came from a Gentleman. Accordingly, away went his Servant, and being called in on his Return, Well, said his Master, was the Gentleman at home? Yes, Sir, answered the Man. And what said he? replied the Master. That it was very well, for he was engaged this Evening. And what was he doing? *Putting on his Hood and Manteel to go to the Play, Sir,* said the Footman.

One that had the looking after a Chapel, gave a great Charge to the rest, to let in none of the Crowd, before the great Persons were come and seated; thereupon going into

into the Vestry, and looking into the Chapel, he espied a great many People; at which, being angry, he said to one of the Vergers, *I am afraid you will be turned out of your Place, for you have filled the Chapel full of People, before any body comes in.*

The Lord Jefferies pleading at the Bar, before he was made a Judge; a Country Fellow giving Evidence against his Client, pushed the Matter very strongly: *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, called out to the Fellow, Harkee, you Fellow in the Leather Doublet, What have you for swearing? *Faith*, Sir, replied the Countryman, *if you had no more for lying, than I have for swearing, you might e'en wear a Leather Doublet too.*

In the great Dispute, between South and Sherlock, the latter, who was a perfect Courtier, said, his Adversary reasoned well, but he barked like a Cur. To which the former replied, *Fawning was the Property of a Cur, as well as barking.*

A Puritan going into a Cheesemonger's Shop to buy Cheese, when the Master gave him a Taste, he put his Hat before his Eyes to say Grace. Nay, says he, I see instead of tasting my Cheese, you intend to make a Meal of it.

Certain Country Clowns being very familiar with their Minister, one of them, being an unmannerly Fellow, and illiterate, giving him no other Terms than *Goodman Parson*, without any additional Title, was reprehended by one of the most knowing amongst them, who told him, he ought to call him *Pastor*: Why so? replies the Fellow. Because, says he, *Pastor* is as much as *Shepherd*, or the *Head of the Sheep*. The other thanked him for his Counsel, and promised he would not commit the like Incivility again: But presently after, having the Cup in his Hand, drinks to him, and says, *Master Sheep's Head, here's to you, Sir*; thinking he had made Amends for his former Simplicity.

A Gentleman being in a Crowd, a Thief picked his Pocket; his Man being behind him, (and hur was a *Welchman*) drew out hur Knife, and cut the Thief's Ear off, saying, *Give hur Master hur Purse, and hur will give hur hur Ear again.*

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A Country Fellow in *Charles* the Second's Time, selling his Load of Hay in the *Hay-market*, two Gentlemen, who came out of the *Blue Posts*, were talking of Affairs; one said, That Things did not go right, the King had been at the House, and *prorogued* the Parliament. The Countryman coming home, was asked, What News in *London*? *Odd's-heart*, said he, *there is something to do there, the King has, it seems, berogued the Parliament sadly.*

A Chaplain at the Hospital in *Flanders*, attending a Soldier at the Point of Death, desired another Soldier that stood by, to come and join in Prayer; to which he answered, *No, Sir, I thank you, mine is only an Ague.*

One losing a Bag of Money of about 50 *l.* between the *Temple-Gate* and *Temple-Bar*, fixed a Paper up, offering a Reward of 10 *l.* to those who took it up, and should return it: Upon which the Person who had it, came and writ underneath to the following Effect, *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my Loss.*

A Clergyman of great Openness and Sincerity, being made one of the King's Chaplains, the Queen told him, that she was very glad that so honest a Man, and one that would not be afraid to speak the Truth, was come to Court; and at the same Time begged that he would, without any Scruple, tell her her Faults. Upon which, the Doctor, without any Ceremony, charged her with being covetous. Well, Doctor, says she, now tell me another. No, quoth the Doctor, *your Majesty must mend that first.*

A Lady walking with Mr. *Bacon* in *Gray's-Inn Walks*, asked him, Whose was that Piece of Ground that lay under the Wall? He answered, theirs. Then she asked him if those Fields beyond the Walks were theirs too? He answered, Yes, Madam, as you are ours, *to look on, but no more.*

A drunken Rake, that made it his constant Practice to lie in Bed every Sunday, was sharply reprehended for it by a Clergyman; the Beau answered, *That he was sorry a Person of the sacred Function understood the Scripture no better, when the Sabbath was appointed for a Day of Rest.*

Michael

Michael Angelo, in his Picture of the last Judgment, in the Pope's Chapel, painted, among the Figures in Hell, that of a certain *Cardinal*, who was his Enemy, so like, that every Body knew it at first Sight: Whereupon the *Cardinal* complaining to Pope *Clement the VII.* of the Affront, and desiring it might be defaced: *You know very well*, said the Pope, *I have Power to deliver a Soul out of Purgatory, but not out of Hell.*

A modest Gentlewoman being compelled by her Mother to accuse her Husband of Insufficiency; and being in the Court, humbly desired of the Judge, that she might write her Mind, and not be obliged to speak it, for Modesty's Sake: The Judge gave her that Liberty, and the Clerk was immediately ordered to give her Pen, Ink, and Paper; whereupon she took the Pen without dipping it into the Ink, and made as if she would write. Says the Clerk to her, Madam, there is no Ink in your Pen. *Truly, Sir*, says she, *that is just my Case, and therefore I need not explain myself any further.*

A *Romish Priest*, on a fast Day, going to officiate at a Convent of Nuns, received by the Way a Present of a live Carp, which he fixed, as well as he could, under his Cassock. The Women perceiving an unusual Motion about his Middle, expressed great Signs of Surprise; but the holy Priest, desirous to remove all Occasions of Scandal, addressing himself to them, and holding aside his Garment, said, *Good Sisters, I pray you be not offended, behold, it is nothing but FISH.*

A Gentleman named *Ball*, being about to purchase a Cornecy in a Regiment of Horse, was presented to the Colonel for Approbation, who being a Nobleman, declared he did not like the Name, and would have no *Balls* in his Regiment. *Nor Powder neither*, said the Gentleman, *if your Lordship could help it.*

A young Gentleman, after a very great Misfortune, came to his Mistress, and told her, he was reduced even to the Want of five Guineas. To which she replied, I am glad of it, with all my Heart. Are you so, Madam, adds he, suspecting her Constancy: Pray, why so? *Because*, said she, *I can furnish you with five Thousand.*

A Lady

A Lady seeing a Gentleman dance, found Fault with him, and said, He straddled too much. *Oh, Madam,* replied the Gallant, *if you had that between your Legs that I have, you would straddle a great deal more, I dare say.*

A Gentleman reprehended a certain Lawyer for tarrying so long in the Country from his Wife, saying, That in his absence, she might want due Benevolence. *Why, Sir,* replied the Lawyer, *I shall give it her in full Measure, when I return; and put the Case any one owed you a hundred Pounds, whether had you rather have it all together, or Shilling by Shilling? That is very true indeed,* replied the other, *I would rather have my Money all together; yet it would vex you if your Wife in your absence should want a Shilling.*

A Gentleman told his Lady of Pleasure she was very fruitful. How can that be, Sir, said she, since I never had any Children? *That is nothing, Madam,* said he, *nevertheless you bear many.*

A notable Strumpet having given her Footman a new Livery, it was his fortune as he went on an Errand, to meet a Gentleman that knew his Lady; who calls after him, desiring to know whom he served; the Footman told him, such a Lady. *A Lady!* quoth the other, *she is a damn'd Whore.* The Footman in Vindication of his Mistress's Honour, drew; but the Gentleman, more expert at his Weapon, soon disarms him, kicks him into the Kennel, and spoils his Livery. The Footman coming home in that Pickle, tells his Lady how it came; saying, he hoped, that since in Vindication of her Ladyship's Honour, he had hazarded his Life, she would be pleased to give him a new Livery. *Be gone, you Rogue,* said she, *I shall have enough to do, to give you a new Livery for every one that calls me Whore.*

Sir George Rook, when he was a Captain of Marines, was quartered at a village, where he buried a pretty many of his Men; at length the Parson refused to perform the Ceremony of their Interment any more, unless he was paid for it: Which being told the Captain, he ordered six Men of his Company, to carry the Corpse of the Soldier then dead, and lay him upon the Parson's Hall.

Hall-Table. This so embarrassed the Priest, that he sent the Captain Word, *If he would fetch the Man away, he would bury him and all his Company for nothing.*

The Dutchess of Newcastle, who wrote Plays and Romances in King Charles the Second's Time, asked Bishop Wilkins, How she should get up to the World in the Moon, which he had discovered; for as the Journey must needs be very long, there would be no Possibility of going through with it without resting on the Way? *Oh, Madam,* said the Bishop, *your Grace has built so many Castles in the Air, that you cannot want a Place to bait at.*

A Man and his Wife being in Bed together; towards Morning, Madam pretending to be much out of Order, desired to lie on her Husband's Side. The good Man, to humour her, came over, but made some short Stay in the Middle. About half an Hour after she wanted to come on her own Side of the Bed again: The good Man obliged her a second Time; but not content with this, a little while after she would needs change Places again. How can it be? said the Husband: Why can't you come the same Way you did before? answered the Wife, *No, by my Troth,* replied he, *I would rather go five Miles about.*

One was saying that Women would bear Malice longer than Men. Why so? said another. I had a Scuffle, says he, with a Girl once, and she remembered me for it *nine Months after.*

A Man was reproached by another with Barbarity in beating his Wife so severely as he often did; Go, you are a Fool and ignorant of the Scriptures, says he, else you would know that it is a Proof of my Love for her, otherwise I would not be at the Trouble; for, *he that the Lord loveth he chastiseth,* and so do I.

King Charles the Second coming from Newmarket, through Shoreditch to London, observing a Wall or Bank lately made there of Horns, as is common in that Road, bid Rochester, who was in the Coach with him, take Notice of it. *Ay, Sir,* said he, *the Citizens seems to have been laying their Heads together to mend the Way against your Majesty came by.*

A Gamester

A Gamester owed a Gentleman, a Friend of his, Five Pounds; and having lost all his Money, sent to borrow of him Five Pounds more by the Token that he owed him already Five Pounds. *Pray,* says the Gentleman, *bid your Master send the Token, and then I will send the Five Pounds.*

The Duke of Buckingham, one Day making his Complaint to Sir John Cutler, a rich Miser, of the Disorder of his Affairs, asked him, What he should do to prevent the Ruin of his Estate? *Live as I do,* my Lord, says Sir John. *That I can,* says the Duke, *when my Estate is gone.*

A Farmer, who had a very great Name in the Country for his Dexterity in manly Exercises, such as Wrestling, Throwing the Bar, and the like, drew upon himself many Occasions to try his Skill with such as came far and near to challenge him: Among the rest, a conceited Fellow rode a great Way to visit this Champion; and being told, that he was in his Ground behind the House, he alighted, and walked with his Horse in his Hand, till he came where he found him at Work; so hanging his Horse on the Pails, he accosted him thus: That having heard of his Fame, he was come forty Miles to try a Fall with him. The Champion, without more Words, came up to him, and closing with him, took him upon such an advantageous Lock, that he pitched him clear over the Pails; and with a great deal of Unconcern, took up his Spade and fell to work again. The Fellow getting upon his Legs again, as nimbly as he could, called to speak with him. Well, says the Champion, have you any more to say to me? *No, no,* replied the Fellow, *only to desire you will be so kind to throw my Horse over after me.*

The Roman Catholicks make a Sacrament of Matrimony, and in Consequence of that Notion, pretend that it confers Grace. The Protestant Divines do not carry Matters so high, but say, This ought to be understood in a qualified Sense; and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as that, generally speaking, it brings Repentance, which every Body knows is one Step towards Grace.

A certain

A certain Lady to excuse herself for a Frailty she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate Friend of her's, *Lord! how is it possible for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpicked, when every Fellow has got a Key to it!*

A Gentleman in the Country having the Misfortune to have his Wife hang herself on an Apple-Tree, a Neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a Cyon of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard; *For who knows,* said he, *but it may bear the same Fruit.*

A Lady perceiving her Maid to be with Child, asked her, Who was the Father of it? Indeed, Madam, said she, my Master. And where did he get it, said the Lady? In your Chamber, Madam, answered the other, after you were gone to Bed. And why did not you cry out, said the Lady? *Indeed, Madam,* replied the other, *I made no Noise for fear of awaking you.*

A Butcher in Smithfield, that lay on his Death-Bed, said to his Wife, My Dear, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I advise you to marry our Man John, he is a lusty strong Fellow, fit for your Business. *Oh, dear Husband,* said she, *if that is all, never let it trouble you, for John and I have agreed that Matter already.*

One who had married a light-heeled Wife, instead of an innocent Country Girl, which he took her for, was severely rallied, upon the Discovery, by his Acquaintance. Among the rest, a young Lady having been very severe with him, he called to her Lover, who was present, saying, Take off your Wasp, I'll have a Fly-flap else. --- *You will have Occasion for it,* says she, *your Wife has been blown upon.*

A Fellow hearing the Drums beat up for Volunteers for France, in the Expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed himself. On his Return he was asked by his Friends, What Exploits he had done there! He said, *That he had cut off one of the Enemy's Legs;* and being told, it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his Head: *Oh,* said he, *you must know his Head was cut off before.*

Daniel

Daniel Purcel, who was a Nonjuror, was telling a Friend of his, when King George the First landed at *Greenwich*, that he had a full View of him. Then, said his Friend, you know him by Sight? *Yes*, said *Daniel*, *I think I know him, but I cannot swear to him.*

A Poet going over *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, one, who pretended to be a poor maimed Soldier, begged his Charity. The Poet asked him by what Authority he went a Begging? I have a Licence for it, answered the Soldier, *Licence*, said the Poet! *Lice thou may'st have, but Sense thou can'st have none, to beg of a Poet.*

A certain Lieutenant of a Man of War, under the Command of the late Lord *Torrington*, fighting in the Engagement with the *Spaniards* in the *Mediterranean*, had one of his Arms shot off within a few Inches of his Shoulder; and while the Surgeon was dressing it could not forbear laughing: One standing by, asked him the Reason. *Why*, said he, *I have often wished that a certain Part about me was as long as my Arm, and now I believe it is three or four Inches longer.*

When *Oliver* first coined his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read this Inscription on one Side, *God with us*: On the other, *The Commonwealth of England*. *I see*, said he, *God and the Commonwealth are on different Sides.*

A very grave Person being carried before a Magistrate, for having a little Thing as big as a Bastard laid to him: One that was passing by, asked, What was the Matter? Only, says another, yon old Gentleman is apprehended upon Suspicion of *Manhood*. *Manhood!* says the former, What! has he committed Murder? *Quite contrary*, replied the other; *he has committed Fornication, and got a Subject, not killed one.*

When *Rabelais*, the greatest Drole in *France*, lay on his Death-Bed, he could not help jesting at the very last Moment; for having received the extreme Unction, a Friend coming to see him, said, He hoped, he was prepared for the next World: *Yes, yes*, replied *Rabelais*, *I am ready for my Journey now; they have just greased my Boots.*

A Gentleman

A Gentleman riding over *Salisbury Plain*, when it rained very hard, set up a Gallop, and passed by another, whose Horse stood still : A little surprized at this Sight, he asked the Reason of it ; *Zoons*, said the other, *who the De'il but a Fool would ride in all this Wet ?*

Tom Warner, the late Publisher of News-Papers and Pamphlets, being very near his End, a Gentlewoman in the Neighbourhood sending his Maid to enquire how he did, he bid the Girl tell her Mistress, that he hoped he was going to the *New Jerusalem*. *Ay, dear Sir*, said she, *I dare say the Air of Illington would do you more Good.*

Some Gentlemen one Day boasting of their Ancestors, an arch Wag standing by, said he believed he was one of the ancientest Family of any of them, and could trace his Pedigree in a lineal Descent from King *Lud*. *Ay*, says one of them, how do you make that out ? *Why*, *Sir*, said he, *it was my Misfortune to be put into Ludgate for a Debt of fifty Shillings, and I made my Escape down a Rope.*

The Marquis of *Grance* being just returned from the Army, went to wait upon the King at the *Louvre* in his Riding-Dress, all dusty : Two Marshals of *France* meeting him in the Anti-chamber, in that dirty Condition, What a Pickle you are in, said they to him smiling, *Why* you look like a Groom. *Right, Gentlemen*, answered the Marquis, *just ready to curry you both very handsomely.*

A Gentleman one Day going to Court, was asked by another at the Palace, Where he was going, and whether he wanted a Post ? *No, no, Sir*, replied the former, *if I did, I would take you.*

As some Fishermen were drawing the River at *Chelsea*, Mr. *Bacon* came thither in the Afternoon, and offered to buy their Draught : They were willing for thirty Shillings. Mr. *Bacon* offered Ten. They refused it. *Why* then, says Mr. *Bacon*, I will be only a Looker-on. They drew, and caught nothing. Says he, Are you not mad Fellows, that might have had an Angel in your Pocket to have made merry withal, and now you must go home with nothing ? *Ay*, but, says the Fishermen,

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we had Hopes to make a better Gain of it. *Hope is a good Breakfast, says he, but a bad Supper.*

A Gentleman complaining of a Misfortune, said, it was along with that drunken Sot his Man, who could not keep himself sober. *With respect to your Worship, said the Fellow, I know very few Sots that do keep themselves sober.*

An honest, good-natured Host near *Basingstoke*, who did not care for troublesome Guests, had one Evening a Coach and Six come in pretty late. The Travellers soon began to call about them, to ask what he had for Supper; to examine the Beds, &c. and at length the Squire enquired how far it is to the next Inn on the Road, *It is but a little Way, Sir, not half a Mile, says the Landlord, and if you will go I shall be obliged to you, and my Man shall light you for nothing.*

A Lady of the West-Country gave a great Entertainment to most of the polite Gentlemen thereabouts, and among others, Sir *Walter Raleigh* was one. This Lady, though otherwise a stately Dame, was a notable Housewife; and in the Morning early, she called to one of her Maids, and asked her, If the Pigs were served? Sir *Walter Raleigh's* Chamber joined to the Lady's, so that he heard her; a little before Dinner, the Lady coming down in great State, into a Room full of Gentlemen, as soon as Sir *Walter Raleigh* set Eyes upon her, *Madam,* said he, *are the Pigs served?* The Lady answered, *You know best whether you have had your Breakfast.*

Queen *Elizabeth* seeing a Gentleman in her Garden, who had not felt the Effects of her Favours so soon as he expected, looking out of her Window, said to him in *Italian*, *What does a Man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of Nothing?* After a little Pause, he answered, *He thinks, Madam, of a Woman's Promise.* The Queen shrunk in her Head, but was heard to say, *Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you: Anger makes dull Men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

A Gentleman near Seventy, who was blessed with a polite Education, and a fine Genius, but was very wavering and unstable in his Disposition, was reproached for it by one of his Acquaintance, who told him he ne-

ver

ver held to any Resolution. *Faith, Sir, said he, you are much mistaken. I have resolved not to kiss the Girls so much as I formerly did, and I am sure I shall hold to that.*

A Scrivener's Man reading a Bill of Sale to his Master, said, *I do demise, grant, and to farm let all my Lands, &c.* but on a sudden the Cough took him; at which his Master bid him *read on with a Pox*; he reads, *to you, your Heirs, and their Heirs for ever.*

An Arch-Critic observing that most of our modern Play-wrights were *Plagiaries*, and stole from *Corneille, Racine, Moliere*, and other *French Authors*. One of the Company asked him from whence the immortal *Shakespeare* had pilfered? Why, truly, says he, not having the Fear of Heaven before his Eyes, he has sacrilegiously stolen from that sacred Goddess Nature, in all her Works.

A Cobler was sitting in his Shop a singing merrily; his Song was this, *Tamerlain was, and he was; and Tamerlain was, and he was*; and continued so singing and nothing else, many Times together; which a Gentleman that past by took Notice of, and said to the Cobler, *Prithee, Friend, What was he? Why, says the Cobler, as arrant a Fool as yourself for ought I know.* Sirrah, says the Gentleman, you are a Rascal; come out, and I will kick you. *No, Sir, says he, it is no Matter, I thank you for your Love as much as if I had it, but I don't want kicking.* Sirrah, says the Gentleman again, come out and I will give you a Kick. *No, Sir, says he, you need not trouble yourself, I will not come if you will give me two.*

One was saying, that his Great Grand-father, and Grand-father, and Father, died at Sea. Quoth another, who heard him, if I were you, I would never go to Sea. Why said the other, where did your Great Grand-father, and Grand-father, and Father die? He answered, in their Beds: Then said the First, *and if I were you, I would never go to Bed.*

A Tryal for Lands being pleaded before a Chancellor, the Council on both Sides set forth their Limitations in Questions by the Plat. One Council pleaded, *My Lord, we lie on this Side*; and the other

said, My Lord, we lie on this Side. Nay, says the Chancellor, if you lie on both Sides, I'll believe neither of you.

An extravagant young Fellow, rallying a frugal Country 'Squire, who had a good Estate, and spent but little of it, said, among other Things, I'll warrant you, that Plate-button'd Suit was your Great Grand-Father's. *Yes*, said the other, *and I have my Great-father's Lands too.*

A harmless Country Fellow having commenced a Suit against a Gentleman that had beat down his Fences, and spoiled his Corn; when the Assizes grew near, his Adversary bribed his only Evidence to keep out of the Way: Well, says the Fellow, I am resolved to go up to Town, and the King shall know it. The King know it, says his Landlord, who was an Attorney, prithee what Good will that do you, if the Man keeps out of the Way? *Why, Sir*, says the poor Fellow, *I have heard you say the King could make a Man A P E E R at any Time.*

A great *Epicure* making a Visit to a Nobleman of his Acquaintance, found him playing at Back-gammon with his Chaplain; the Clergyman leaving the Room, the Gentleman asked his Friend, how he could be so mean, as to sit playing with his Chaplain? swearing, for his Part, he would rather play with his Cook. Why then, says the Nobleman, you would do the very same Thing for which you censure me; for as you make a God of your Guts, your Cook is your Chaplain.

A Gentleman invited to his Table many Guests, and provided for them divers Dishes of Meat; amongst the rest there being a Leg of Mutton, one in the Company fell so homely to work with it, that he pared off all the Flesh, and laying it in Scraps in the Dish, called to a Servant to break the Bone for him; which one perceiving that sat next the Gentleman who had invited them, jogged him, and shewed him how uncivilly the Party had behaved himself; whereupon the Gentleman a little moved, yet unwilling to be too plain, began a Tale to the whole Table, thus: I was, quoth he, not long since with a Friend of mine that much delighted in Hunting, and after our Sport, coming home, he would needs see

his Dogs fed before he would eat any Thing himself ; which I laboured to dissuade him from, in regard he was in a very fine, new white Sattin Suit, which amongst the Dogs must receive some Hurt, but rather willed him for that Time to suffer some of his Servants to do it ; all would not prevail, but into the Yard where the Dogs were kept, he went ; whither he was no sooner come, but one of the Dogs that was all Mire and Dirt, fell to ramping on him ; and albeit the Dog spoiled his new Suit, yet he rebuked not the Dog, but on the contrary cherished him ; which I perceiving, said to my Friend, Sir, what do you mean to suffer a scurvy Dog to spoil such a Suit as that is ? *Alas!* replied my Friend, *What would you have me do to him ? you see as well as I he is but a Puppy.* Which was immediately applied by all present, to him that had so spoiled the Mutton.

A certain Lady standing by a fat young Gentlewoman, when her Stays were lacing on, took Occasion to joke her upon the Largeness of her Shape. The Girl replied, *Madam, I can only wish it as slender as your Ladyship's Reputation.*

A Gentleman having brought his Friend down into his Cellar, his Friend observing there was no Seat to sit on, asked the Reason of it. *Because,* says the other, *I will have no Man that comes here, drink any longer than he can stand.*

Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say of a passionate Man who suppressed his Anger, *That he thought worse than he spoke ;* and of an angry Man that would vent his Passion in Words, *That he spoke worse than he thought.*

A merry Wag at Wolvecot near Oxford, met a Countryman who was going thither with a Goose to sell ; but he had agreed with a Comrade of his to say it was an Owl : So they argued a good while together ; at last, says the Wag, *We will be tried by the next Man we meet :* Content, says the Countryman, *and if he says it is a Goose then you shall give me half a Crown for the Goose, and I will keep it.* Content, says the Wag. So going on, they met, as by Accident, his aforesaid Comrade ; and after some Debate, they got the Goose. So the Countryman

as he went along, began at last to think he was cheated, and was resolved to study for a Revenge : Accordingly about a Week after, he came to *Oxford* again, and brought a Pot of supposed Honey with him to sell; the same Wag spying him in the Market, asked him how he sold his Honey ? He said it was Sir-reverence ; t'other said it was Honey ; but the Man said, it was Turd ; and so they argued a long while ; at last he bought it of him, saying, *Let it be what it will, I will buy it.* But when he came to open it, he found what the Man said was true, only the Top for an Inch deep was covered with Honey. Thus the Countryman was quit with him, the Case being *All-Turd*.

One being very jealous, came suddenly Home, and found one busy with his Wife ; says he, Friend, I thank thee, I have feared this a long Time, but now I find it true, it hath eased me of a great deal of Trouble ; I will be jealous no more.

An impudent, ridiculous Fellow, being laughed at by all who came into his Company, told some of his Acquaintance, That he had a happy Quality of laughing at all who laughed at him. *Then*, said one of them, *you lead the merriest Life of any Man in England.*

When Sir Richard Steele was sitting up his great Room in *York-Buildings*, which he intended for publick Orations, he happened at a Time to be pretty much behind-hand with his Workmen, and coming one Day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Rostrum*, and make a Speech, that he might observe how it could be heard ; the Fellow mounting, and scratching his Pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in Truth he was no Orator. Oh ! said the Knight, no Matter for that, speak any Thing that comes uppermost. *Why here*, Sir Richard, says the Fellow, *we have been working for you these six Weeks, and cannot get one Penny of Money : Pray when do you design to pay us ?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough ; and cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I do not admire your Subject.

A young

A young Woman in France whose Brother had embraced the Protestant Religion, was convicted of having a Bastard Child, and was obliged to do publick Penance. The Priest, after a severe reprimand, warned her, that as she had made a Reparation for her own Crime, she would never fall into her Brother's. *Oh, Sir, said she, I would rather commit that Fault a thousand Times, than be once guilty of my Brother's.*

A Traveller coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, in a very cold Night, stood so near the Fire, that he burnt his Boots. An arch Wag, who sat in the Chimney-corner, cried out to him, Sir, you'll burn your Spurs presently. *My Boots you mean, I suppose,* says the Gentleman. *No, Sir,* replied the other, *they are burnt already.*

Some Scholars on a Time, going to steal Conies, by the Way they warned a Novice amongst them to make no Noise, for Fear of spoiling their Game: But he no sooner espied some, but he cried out aloud, *Ecce Coniculi multi.* Whereupon the Conies ran with all Speed into their Burrows; upon which his Fellows chiding him; *Who the Devil,* says he, *would have thought that the Conies understood Latin?*

A Gentleman riding near the Forest of *Which-wood*, in *Oxfordshire*, asked a Fellow, What that Wood was called? He said, *Which-wood, Sir.* Why that Wood, said the Gentleman. *Which-wood, Sir.* Why that Wood, I tell thee; he still said *Which-wood.* I think, says the Gentleman, thou art as senseless as the Wood that grows there. *It may be so,* replied the other, *but you know not Which-wood.*

A certain Priest in a rich Abbey in *Florence*, being a Fisherman's Son, caused a Net to be spread every Day on a Table in his Apartment, to put him in Mind of his Original. The Abbot dying, this dissembled Humility procured him to be chosen Abbot: After which, the Net was used no more. Being asked the Reason, he answered, *There is no Occasion for the Net now the Fish is caught.*

One telling his Friend he was a Cuckold-----If I had not known it, replied he, *I should have been angry with you for telling me on't.*

An *Englishman* and a *Welchman* disputing in whose Country there was the best living; said the *Welchman*, There is such noble House-keeping in *Wales*, that I have known above a Dozen Cooks employed at one Wedding Dinner. *Ay*, answered the *Englishman*, *that was because every Man toasted his own Cheese.*

A Drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn for a Quartern of Gin, to an Alehouse, the Man of the House refused to take it. *What a Pox*, said the Fellow, *will neither my Word, nor the Word of God pass with you?*

A Gentleman having sent for a Carpenter's Servant to knock a Nail or two into his Study, the Fellow after he had done, scratched his Ears, and said, He hoped the Gentleman would give him something to make him drink. *Make you drink*, says the Gentleman, *there is a pickle Herring for you, and if that don't make you drink, I will give you another.*

An *English* Gentleman travelling to *France*, had made Choice of an Abbot, as wicked as himself, for the Companion of his Pleasures. One of his Countrymen told him, *That though the Abbot and he differed about the Way to Heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the Devil together.*

When the famous Mr. *Ferguson*, of facetious Memory, was taken up for being concerned in the Plot, and brought before the Earl of *N---m*, then Secretary of State, to be examined; Look you, Mr. *Ferguson*, says his Lordship, I intend to be very brief with you; I will only ask you one short Question or two. To which he tenaciously replied----*I shall be as short as your Lordship, for I will not answer one of them*; and so went to Newgate.

A Man with a great Beard, coming through *Thames-street*, there was a Stop of Carts: He standing near a Cart-Horse, the Horse took his Beard for a Truss of Hay, and snapt at it. A Pox take you, says he, *Who made you a Barber?*

Says a Man (having a Candle in his Hand) By this Candle, Wife, I dreamed this Night, that thou madest me a Cuckold. She having a Piece of Bread in her Hand,

Hand, said, By this Bread but I did not. Eat the Bread, said he. No, says she, eat you the Candle, you swore first.

A Citizen of *London*, went to *Ludgate* to visit a poor Kinsman, a Prisoner there, and spying an old Acquaintance of his, cries, *Lord, Jack, how cam'st thou here?* He replied, *A blind Man might have come here as well as I, for I was led between two.*

In a Town where there had been a remarkable Slaughter of Maidenheads, and as great a Propagation of Horns, by a small Body of *Red Coats*, which had been quartered there; one was saying, That he wondered why the Women were so fond of Soldiers! Phoo, says another, I don't wonder at it; the Gentlemen in *Red*, and their Brethren in *Black*, have, for many Ages, been in Possession of the Sex; the latter for their Secrecy, and the other from the heroic Performances they may expect from them. *In fine*, adds he, *Women are like Mackarel, bait but a Hook with a Piece of Scarlet Cloth, and you infallibly take them.*

A plain Country Yeoman bringing his Daughter to Town, said, for all she was brought up altogether in the Country, she was a Girl of Sense. Yes, says a pert young Female in the Company, *Country Sense: Why, Faith, Madam*, says the Fellow, *Country Sense is better sometimes than London Impudence.*

A young Lady, with a great Fortune, having bestowed herself on a wild young Fellow: *Well*, says the old Lady her Aunt, *for all you were so eager to have him, you will have your Belly full of him in a little Time, I'll warrant you.*

Two Country Attornies overtaking a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to break a Joke upon him, asked him, Why his Fore-Horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The Waggoner knowing them to be Limbs of the Law, answered them, *That his Fore-Horse was a Lawyer, and the rest were his Clients.*

An amorous young Fellow, who designed a Favour to a Neighbour's Wife, the Chambermaid came running in, and told them her Master was at the Door. 'Sdeath, said the Lover, can't I get through the Parlour Window?

dow? *No, no,* replied the Girl, *there are some Iron Bars; but if you will run up three pair of Stairs, you may jump out of the Garret Window easy enough.*

A certain Lord would fain have persuaded a Dependant on his Lordship to marry his cast-off Mistress; for though said he, she has been a little used, when she has got a good Husband she may turn. *Ay, but my Lord,* replied the other, *she has been so much used, that I am afraid she is not worth turning.*

A Gentleman who had been a great Traveller, would oftentimes talk so extravagantly of the wonderful Things he had seen Abroad, that a Friend of his took Notice to him of exposing himself as he did to all Companies, and asked him the Meaning of it? Why, says the Traveller, I have got such a Habit of Lying since I have been Abroad, that I hardly know when I lye, or when I speak the Truth, and should be very much obliged to you, if you would tread upon my Toe at any Time, when I am likely to give myself too much Liberty that Way. His Friend promised he would; and accordingly, not long after, being at a Tavern with him and other Company, when the Traveller, amongst other strange Things, giving an Account of a Church he had seen in *Italy*, that was above two Miles long, he trod upon his Toe, just as one of the Company had asked, How broad that same Church might be? Oh, said he, not above two Feet. Upon which, the Company bursting into a loud Laugh; Zounds, said he, *if you had not trod upon my Toe, I should have made it as broad as it was long.*

A Scotch Pedlar, being very much distressed for a Lodging, came at last to a Hut, where with some difficulty he prevailed upon the Host to put him to Bed to a Couple of Countrymen, that were just gone in before. They were fast asleep, and Sawney thrust in between them, in Hopes of warming himself. His Bedfellows being jolly Fellows, the Bed none of the largest, and the Night very cold, they endeavoured to keep as much in the Middle of it as possible, which made them squeeze the poor Scot extremely, who was very uneasy in his Post, and wanting to do what no Body could do for him, and

and being unwilling to get up, lest they should refuse his Entrance again, ply'd his Water-Engine on him that was in the Front; at which the Fellow awakened, and asked the Pedlar what he was about. *Husb*, says Sawney, *you are well off, for I am doing the other Thing upon the other.*

An unfortunate *Levite*, some Years since, having an Intrigue with a Butcher's Wife, and being caught in Bed with her by her Husband, had his Head cleft by him. When the Butcher was brought upon his Trial for the same, neither the reverend Auditors who attended the same, a due Regard to the Cloth, or an Apprehension of the Carnage it might produce, could hinder the Judge from directing the Jury to call the Crime only *Manslaughter*. This so provoked the weak Spirit and Patience of a holy Brother, then present, that he cried out in the Court, *Here's a fine World! If these Things be suffered, there will be no living for us.*

An old Man who had married a young Wife, complained to a Friend, how unhappy he had always been. *When I was young*, said he, *I went abroad for want of a Wife; and now I am old, my Wife goes abroad for want of a Husband.*

One telling another that he had once such an excellent Gun, that it went off immediately upon a Thief's coming into the House, although it was not charged. How the Devil can that be, said the other? *Because*, said the First, *the Thief carried it off, and what was worse, before I had Time to charge him with it.*

One observing a crooked Fellow in close Argument with another, who would have dissuaded him from some inconsiderable Resolution, said to his Friend, *Prithee let him alone, and say no more to him, you see he is bent upon it.*

One seeing a kept Whore, who made a very great Figure, asked, What Estate she had? *Oh*, said he, *a very good Estate in Tail.*

A Gentleman galloping furiously over plowed Lands towards *Tame*, meeting one, says he, *Is this the Way to Tame?* Ay, says he, your Horse, if he be as wild as the Devil.

A certain

A certain great Man, who had been a furious Party-Man, and most notorious for changing Sides, by which he obtained a Coronet, was soon after at Cards at a Place where Lady T-----nd was, and complaining in the Midst of the Game, that he had a great Pain in his Side. I thought your Lordship had *no Side*, said she. Yes, but I have, answered my Lord, and *Back-Side* too. *Have you so?* replied my Lady, *every Body knows your Wife has one.*

A Parson in the Country, taking his Text in St. Matthew, Chap. viii. ver. 14. *And Peter's Wife's Mother lay sick of a Fever*, preached for three Sundays together on the same Subject. Soon after, two Country Fellows going cross the Church Yard, and hearing the Bell toll, one asked the other, who it was for? *Nay, I can't tell; perhaps*, replied he, *it is for Peter's Wife's Mother, for she has been sick of a Fever these three Weeks.*

A Gentleman meeting his Godson, asked him whether he was going? To School, replied the Boy. That's well, said he, there is Sixpence for you, follow thy Learning apace; *I may live to hear thee preach my Funeral Sermon.*

Two Ladies just returned from Bath, were telling a Gentleman how they liked the Place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been ill and found great Benefit from the Waters. But pray what did you go for? said he to the second. *Mere Wantonneſs*, replied she. And pray, Madam, said he, *did it cure you?*

A melting Sermon being preached in a Country Church, all the Congregation fell a weeping but one Man; who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? *Oh*, said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

Mr. T-----s C-----r, the Comedian, coming one Day to his Father, begged him to let him have a hundred Pounds, which would make him perfectly easy in his Affairs. Why, *The*, said the Father, it is very strange you cannot live upon your Salary, your Benefit, and other Advantages; when I was your Age, I never spent any of my Father's Money. *I do not know that*, answered the Son, *but I am sure you have spent a great many Hundred Pounds of my Father's Money.*

A French

A *French* Courtier who was a little suspected of Imbecility, one Day meeting with the Poet *Berferand*, who had often jeered him : Sir, said he, for all your silly Jests, my Wife was brought to Bed of a Boy two Days ago. Faith, replied *Berferand*, I never questioned your Wife.

It was said of one, who remembered every Thing he lent, and nothing he borrowed, that he had lost half his Memory.

A certain Musician, who had a very bad Voice, as he was singing one Day, took Notice of a Gentlewoman, who fell a crying ; and imagining the Sweetness of his Melody had awakened some Passion in her Breast, he began to sing louder, and she to weep more bitterly. He had no sooner ended his Song, but going to the Lady, he asked her Why she cried ? Oh ! said she, I am the unfortunate Woman, whose Ass the Wolves devoured yesterday, and no sooner did I hear you sing, but I thought of my poor Ass, for surely, never were two Voices more alike.

A certain *Teaguelander* being upon a Journey, in his Way, chanced to light on a small Pig ; says he to the Pig, *Little Pig wilt thou come and live wid me a Month*. The Pig cried, a-week, a-week, a-week, a-week, four times : *Den bee Chreesht*, says Mac, *dat ish a Month, for four Weeks make a Month* : But poor Mac was taken up for stealing the Pig, and carried before a Justice, to whom he made this Defence, *Mr. Justice, on mee Shalwasbion, de Pig did promise to live wid me a Month, but if de Man will have him sooner, here is de Pig for him*.

An extravagant young Fellow, being accused by one of his Friends, of mismanaging his Estate, saying I am sorry to see you carry yourself so ; for I see you have all the Qualities of a Prodigal. Nay, said the other, *prithée don't say so, for I never yet sed with Swine*. True says he, but the Reason was, because no body would trust you with their Swine.

A *Gascon* Officer, who had served under *Henry IV.* of France, not having received any Pay for a considerable Time, came to the King, and confidently said to him, Sir, three Words with your Majesty, *Money or Discharge*.

Four with you, answered his Majesty, *Neither one nor t'other.*

One having been very extravagant, writ to his Father to supply him with Money, and used all Means, but not being able to prevail, he very ingeniously wrote him Word he was dead, and desired him to send up Money to pay for his Funeral.

A Countryman seeing a Coach run along, asked a Gentleman that galloped after, what Whirling-house that was ? He said a Coach. And I pray, what Lady is that sits in it ? It is the Queen of Hearts, says he. I thought so, says the Fellow, because I saw the *Knave of Clubs galloping so fast after.*

A merry Fellow told a Batchelor of a strange Dream he had of him the Night before ; for, says he, I thought you was dead, and that I saw you behind Hell-door, leading of a great Ape ; and that *Lucifer* coming in, and seeing you, asked, What that old Fellow did there ? The Devil that attended you, told him you were an old Batchelor, and had never lost your Maidenhead : To which *Belzebub* replied, Turn him out again, thou dost him Wrong ; dost not see his Son in his Hand there, so like him, that any one may know who was his Father.

A Countryman enquiring the Way to *Newgate*, an arch Fellow, who heard him, said he would shew him the Way presently. *Do but go cross the Kennel*, says he, *to yon Goldsmith's Shop, and move off with one of those Silver Tankards, and it will bring you thither presently.*

A Gentleman having an *Irish* Footman, gave him a Letter to bring an Answer to it, he having omitted to do it before ; the Footman found out the Person, and told him, *he had a Letter to him from his Master.* Where is it ? says the Gentleman ; give it me. *No, be Chrest, dear Jey*, says he, *I must have an Answer to it.*

A Country Fellow thatching of a House, had an arch Boy to serve him with Straw : A large Hog coming by them, turned up his Snout as if he were listening ; says the Thatcher to the Boy, What does the Hog think now ? O, says the Boy, I warrant, he is hatching Mischief ; so while the Man was busy at his Work upon the Ladder

der, the Boy hunted the Hog under it, and jostling against it, down comes the Ladder, Man and all: Pox on you, says he to the Hog, 'it is true as the Boy said, you were hatching of Mischief indeed, for I think my Shoulder-bone is out; and if ever I thatch any more Houses, I will make my Bargain they shall tie up their Hogs.

An *Irish* Fellow, vaunting of his Birth and Family, affirmed, that when he came first to *England*, he made such a Figure, that the Bells were rung through every Town he passed to *London*. Ay, says a Gentleman in Company, *I suppose that was because you came up in a Waggon with a Bell-team.*

A Fellow that was notoriously known to have been in an *Insurrection*, was brought before a Justice of Peace: *Sirrah*, says the Justice, *you shall be hanged, if the Law will do it; you are a notorious Rogue; I remember you ever since the last Resurrection.*

Some pleasant Raillery once passing in the Court of Requests at *Westminster*, between the late Lord *Oxford*, and the late Alderman *Parsons*, the Earl, amongst other Things, said, *Prithee, Mr. Alderman, let me come and take a bit of Mutton with you; I hear you keep a good Table, but where the Devil stands your House? Oh! Sir*, replied the Alderman, *very nigh Tower-Hill, where Thousands, as well as myself will be heartily glad to see you.*

Queen *Elizabeth* having taken Notice of the Duke de *Villa Medina's* gallant Behaviour at a Tournament, told him one Day, that she would absolutely know who his Mistress was: *Villa Medina* excused himself a-while, but at last yielding to her Curiosity, he promised to send her her Picture. The next Morning he sent her a Packet; wherein the Queen finding nothing but a small Looking-Glass, presently understood the *Spaniard's* Meaning.

Dr. *Hickringal*, one of King *Charles* the Second's Chaplains, whenever he preached before his Majesty, was sure to tell him of his Faults, and scold severely from the Pulpit; his Majesty, one Day walking in the Mall, observed the Doctor before, and sent to speak to him. Doctor, said the King, what have I done to you, that

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you

you are always quarrelling with me ? I hope your Majesty is not angry with me, replies the *Doctor*, for telling the Truth. No, no, says the King ; but I would have us be Friends for the future. Well, well, says the *Doctor*, I will make it up with your Majesty on these Terms: *As you mend, I will mend.*

A notorious Claret-drinker in *London*, had a fiery red Nose, but Hands as white as a Lilly ; which a Gentlewoman taking Notice of, said to him, *Pray, Sir, tell me what you do with your Hands to make them look so White, seeing your Nose is so extream Red.* O, Madam, says he, I lay my Hands every Night between my Wife's Legs. I pray then, Sir, said she, *let me advise you to lay your Nose there in the Room of your Hands, till it comes to be of the same Colour.*

A young Lady being sick, a Physician was sent for, to feel her Pulse ; she very coy, and loth to let him touch her naked Skin, pulled her Shift-sleeve over her Hand : which the Doctor observing, took the Corner of his Coat, and laid it over her Shift-sleeve ; at which a Lady there present being surprized, O, Madam, said he, a *Linen Pulse must always have a Woollen Physician.*

A Gentlewoman being on Horseback, and having a Hole in her Dust-gown, a Country Fellow, seeing it, says, *Mistress, Mistress, you have got a Hole in your A---e, I know it, says she, and you may come and put your Nose in it.*

A decayed Gentleman came to one, who had been his Servant, to borrow Money, and received for Answer, *Lord, Sir, What do you trouble me for ? I have no Money to lend. I am sure you lie, says the Gentleman, for if you was not rich, you durst not be so saucy.*

One wooing a Widow, told her he had three Qualities, which she must be acquainted with, before he married her : The first was, *That when he went abroad and came home, he should be angry without a Cause.* The second, *He must eat his Meat alone.* And the third, *That he should lie with her but once a Month.* If this be all, says she, I care not : As for the first, whereas you say you shall be angry without a Cause, *I will take Care to give you Cause enough, fear not.* For the second, in eating

ing your Meat alone, *do, and spare not, but it shall be after I have dined.* And for your lying with me but once a Month, take your Course ; *If you will not, another shall, for in that Time I shall have a Month's Mind to another.*

A Driver chanced to overturn his Cart far from any Assistance, and was forced to stand by, till he could find somebody coming that Way to help him ; at length a Parson came, who thinking to put a Joke upon the poor Carter, said, How now, Carter, what, I see you have killed the Devil. Yes i'faith, Master, quoth he, and I have waited two Hours for a Parson to bury him, and now you are come very seasonably.

Two Gentlemen, the one named *Woodcock*, and the other *Fuller*, walking together, happened to see an Owl ; says the last, that Bird is very like a *Woodcock*. *You are wrong*, says the first, *for it is Fuller in the Head, Fuller in the Eyes, and Fuller all over.*

A Gentleman stammering much in his Speech, laid down a winning Card, and then said to his Partner, how fa-ay ye now, was not this Ca-ca-card pa-assing we-well la-a-aid ? Yes, says the other it was well laid ; but it *did not need half that cackling.*

A busy Impertinent, entertaining *Aristotle* the Philosopher with a tedious Discourse, and observing he did not much regard him, made an Apology, that he was afraid he had interrupted him. *No, indeed*, replied the Philosopher, *you have not interrupted me, for I have not heard one Word you have said.*

A Gentleman, suspected to be a Roman Catholic, was convened before a Justice of Peace, who bid him call the Pope, Knave : Sir, says he, should I call him Knave whom I never saw ? But if I knew him *as well as I do your Worship, I would call him so a thousand Times.*

An elderly Lady was telling a Daughter, a Girl of Sixteen, of the abominable Lewdness and Wickedness of the Age, and what Debaucheries were daily practised by vicious Men, who made Use of Violence as well as Art, to satisfy their brutal Appetites ; and how Swords and Pistols had been put to Women, threatening them with immediate Death, if they refused their unlawful

Embraces ; and then asked Miss, if it should ever happen to be her Fate to meet with such a Trial, how she should behave ? Says the Girl, *Life is sweet, Mamma.*

It being proved on a Trial at *Guild-Hall*, that a Man's real Name was *Inch*, who had taken the Name of *Linch* ; *I see*, said the Judge, *the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who, being allowed an Inch has taken an L.*

The Duke of ----- asked a Friend, who he thought had undertaken the most difficult Task, Mr. *W---st---n*, in his Attempt to find out the *Longitude*, or Mr. *Lisle*, in his Attempt to find out the *Philosopher's Stone* ? The Friend answered, he could not tell which was the most arduous Work of the two, but he was sure he himself had engaged in a more difficult Affair than either of them. What is that, said his Grace ? *Why I have been these six Years endeavouring to prevail with you to pay your Debts.*

A Soldier in Time of War, found a Horseshoe, and it stuck at his Girdle : A little after comes a Bullet, and hits just upon it : *Well*, says he, *I see a little Armour will serve, if it be right placed.*

Some Repartees strictly speaking, ought not to be put on a Footing with Jest, because for their Readiness of Thought, are much better. Of this Sort, was the Answer made by Sir Robert Sutton to the late King of Prussia, on his asking him at a Review of his tall Grenadiers, if he could say an equal Number of *Englishmen* could beat them ? *No, Sir*, replied Sir Robert, *I will not pretend to say that, but I believe half the Number would try.*

Old G-----, the rich Miser of Gloucestershire, going Home one Day, between *Wickavarr* and *Badminton*, the Way being greasy, after a Shower of Rain, his Foot slipt, and he fell off a high Bank into a wet Ditch, where he was almost smothered. A Countryman, who knew his Character, coming by, he begged him for God's Sake, to help him. Ay, said the Countryman, *Give me your Hand. Give* being a Word that old G----- had a great Aversion to, cried out, *I thank you honest Friend, I will lend you my Hand with all my Heart. I have often heard*, said the other, *that you would never give any Thing in your Life, so lie there and be d---d ;* and on he walked.

An

An ingenious young Gentleman, at the University of *Oxford*, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the Heads of the Colleges, at *St. Mary's*, and having formerly observed the Drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this Place of the Scripture for his Text. *What cannot ye watch one Hour?* At every Division he concluded with his Text; which, by Reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the Pulpit, often awak'd him: This was so noted among the Wits, that it was the Talk of the whole University, and with all it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complained to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who willing to redress him, sent for this Scholar up to *London*, to defend himself against the Crime laid to his Charge; when he arrived, he gave so many Proofs of his extraordinary Wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King *James*. After some Excuses, he condescended; and coming into the Pulpit, begins, *James the First, and the Sixth, Wa-ver not*; meaning the First King of *England*, and the Sixth of *Scotland*. At first the King was something amazed at the Text, but in the End was so well pleased with his Sermon, that he made him one of his Chaplains in Ordinary. After this Advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to *Oxford* to make his Recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take Leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter Part of the Verse of the former Text, *Sleep on now and take your Rest*: Concluding his Sermon, he made his Apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, *where-as I said before, which gave Offence, What! cannot you watch one Hour?* I say now, *Sleep on and take your Rest*; and so left the University.

A Country Fellow subpoena'd for a Witness upon a Trial on an Act of Defamation, being sworn, the Judge bade him repeat the very same Words he had heard spoken: The Fellow was loath to speak, but hummed and hawed for a good Space; till being urged by the Judge, he at last spoke: *My Lord*, said he, *you are a Cuckold*. The Judge, seeing the People laugh, called to him, and bade him speak to the Jury, *there were twelve of them*.

When

When Sir *Cloudesty Shovel* set out on his last Expedition, there was a Form of Prayer composed by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, for the Success of the Fleet, in which was this unlucky Expression, *That he begged God would be a Rock of Defence to the Fleet*; which occasioned the following Lines to be made upon the Monument set up for him in *Westminster-Abbey*, he being cast away in that Expedition, on the Rocks called, *The Bishop and his Clerks*.

*As Lambeth pray'd, such was the dire Event,
Else had we wanted now this Monument;
That God unto our Fleet would be a Rock,
Nor did kind Heav'n the wise Petition mock;
To what the Metropolitan said then,
The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd, Amen.*

A Gentleman living in *Jamaica* not long ago, had a Wife not of the most agreeable Humour in the World; however, as an indulgent Husband, he had bought her a fine Pad, which soon after gave her a Fall that broke her Neck. Another Gentleman in the same Neighbourhood, blessed likewise with a Termagant Spouse, asked the Widower if he would sell his Wife's Pad, for he had a great Fancy for it, and he would give him what he would for it. No, said the other, *I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shall not marry again.*

A young Maid coming fresh out of the Country, was courted by a Person of Quality, who she understood was infected by the foul Disease. My Lord paid his constant Devoirs to her, and promised her Marriage; which she refusing, some of her Friends asked her, Why she, who was meanly born, would not marry one that would not only enrich her, but enoble her Blood; *I will not, says she, corrupt my Flesh, to better my Blood, for any Lord in Christendom.*

Bully Dawson was over-turned in a Hackney Coach once, pretty near his Lodgings, and being got on his Legs again, he said, It was the greatest Piece of Providence that ever befel him, for it had saved him the Trouble of bilking the Coachman.

The

The late Sir *John Task*, was a famous Wine-Merchant, and sold great Quantities of that Liquor; but was supposed to make it chiefly without much of the Grape, therefore Alderman *Parsons* meeting him one Day, saluted him with the Name of Brother *Brewer*. I deal in Wine, said Sir *John*, Mr. Alderman, and am no *Brewer*. Yes, by G---d, replied the other, but I know you are, and can brew more by an Inch of Candle, than I can with a Chaldron of Coals.

A Journeyman Shoemaker having a great kindness for his Mistress: his Master being out of Town, he importuned her to let him lie with her; but she said no, faintly. When Night came, he gets into his Mistress's Bed before she came, and draws the Curtains close about him. She not knowing of him, undrest and got into Bed, Which she had no sooner done, but she felt something stir. Who is there, said she? It is I, Mistress, said he. O you Rogue, you Dog, how dare you offer such a Thing? Sirrah, I will have you made an Example. Well, well, says he, I am sorry I have offended you, don't be angry with me, and I will be gone. Nay, says she, you did not hear me bid you begone. Now you are here, you may stay; but if ever you offer to do such another Thing, I protest, as I am an honest Woman, I will tell your Master.

King *Henry* the VIIIth appointing a Nobleman to go an Embassy to *Francis* I. at a very dangerous Juncture, he begged to be excused, saying, such a Threatning Letter to so hot a Prince as *Francis* I. might go near to cost him his Life. Fear not, says old *Harry*; if the French King takes away your Life, I will revenge it by taking off the Heads of many Frenchmen now in my Power. But of all these Heads, replied the Nobleman, there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.

A Beggar asking Alms under the Name of a poor Scholar, a Gentleman to whom he applied himself, asked him a Question in *Latin*. The Fellow shaking his Head, said, He did not understand him: Why, said the Gentleman, did not you say you were a poor Scholar? Yes, replied the other, a poor one indeed, Sir, for I do not understand one Word of *Latin*.

Mr.

Mr. *E---ll---s*, the Painter having finished a very good Picture of *Fig* the Prize-Fighter, who had been famous for getting the better of several *Irishmen* of the same Profession, the Piece was shewn to old *Johnson* the Player, who was told at the same Time, that Mr. *E---ll---s* designed to have a Metzotinto Print taken from it, but wanted a Motto to put under it. Then said old *Johnson*, I will give you one: *A Fig for the Irish*.

Zelim, the first of the *Ottoman* Emperors that shaved his Beard, his Predecessors having always worn it long, being asked by one of his *Bashas*, why he altered the Custom of his Predecessors? Answered, *Because you Bashas shall not lead me by the Beard as you did them*.

Two Gentlemen having Words in a Tavern, at length fell to fighting with their Canes; a Stander-by, observing one of them to strike his Antagonist over the Head, while the other only belaboured the Sides and Shoulders; after the Fray was over, asked the latter, why he did not strike over the Head also? *Oh, Sir*, said he, *if I had struck him over the Head I should have broke my Cane*.

A Gentleman had a blind Harper playing before him while it was pretty late; at last he commands his Man to light him down Stairs: To whom the Servant replied, Sir, the Harper is blind: Why you ignorant Loggerhead, says his Master, has not he the more need of Light?

When poor *Daniel Button* died, one of his punning Customers being at his Burial, and looking on his Grave, cried out, *This is a more lasting Button-hole, than any made by a Taylor*.

A few Days before the Battle of *Fontenoy*; a Party of Hussars, who were foraging, met with a Party of *French* Horse, who came to reconnoitre, upon which a Skirmish ensued; but the *French* being soon put to flight, were pursued by the Hussars. The *French* Officer, richly dressed, and better mounted than the rest, soon left them all behind, except one Hussar, who having a good Horse under him, kept close at his Heels. When the Officer thought he was out of Danger, he looked back, and finding he had but one Enemy to contend with, he boldly

boldly turned his Horse, and fired at him ; but the intrepid Hussar advanced, without touching his Pistols, though his Antagonist had fired twice. The *Frenchman*, having no more Powder and Balls, surrendered himself Prisoner: And as they were returning, the Officer told him, he was a bold Fellow; and asked him, why he did not fire in his own Defence? To which the Hussar pleasantly replied, *It was for your Coat I followed you so close, and perhaps, had I fired, I should have made a Hole in it.*

A Living of 500*l.* *per Annum* falling in the Gift of the late Lord Chancellor T--b--t, Sir R---W--- recommended one of his Friends as very deserving of the Benefice, whom his Lordship approved of. In the Interim, the Curate, who had served the last Incumbent many Years for poor 30*l.* *per Annum*, came up with a Petition, signed by many of the Inhabitants, testifying his good Behaviour, setting forth, that he had a Wife and seven Children to maintain, and begging his Lordship would stand his Friend, that he might be continued in his Curacy; and, in Consideration of his large Family, if he could prevail with the next Incumbent to add 10*l.* a Year, he should for ever pray. His Lordship, according to his usual Goodness, promised to use his utmost Endeavours to serve him; and the Reverend Gentleman, for whom the Living was designed, coming soon after to pay his Respects, my Lord told him the Affair of the Curate, with this Difference only, that he should allow him 60*l.* a Year instead of 30*l.* The Parson, in some Confusion, replied, He was sorry that he could not grant his Request, for that he had promised the Curacy to another, and could not go back from his Word. *How!* says my Lord, *have you promised the Curacy, before you was possessed of the Living?* Well, to keep your Word with your Friend, if you please, I will give him the Curacy, but the Living, I assure you, I will give to another. And saying this, he left him. The next Day the poor Curate coming to know his Destiny, my Lord told him, That he had used his Endeavours to serve him as to the Curacy, but with no Success, the Reverend Gentleman having disposed of it before. The Curate with a deep

deep Sigh, returned his Lordship Thanks for his Goodness, and was going to withdraw; when my Lord calling him back, said, with a Smile, *Well, my Friend, it is true, I have it not in my Power to give you the Curacy; but if you will accept of the Living, it is at your Service.* The Curate almost surprized to Death with Joy, in the most moving Expressions of Gratitude, returned his Lordship Thanks, whose Goodness had in a Moment raised him and his Family from a necessitous Condition, to a comfortable State of Life.

A Lady, who had a Mind, she told another, to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young Fellow she did not like, said, she could not tell how to provoke him, he was so very assiduous and submissive. 'Slife, said her Friend, I would spit in his Face. *Alas,* replied she, *that won't do, when Men are sawning like Lap-Dogs, they will take that as a Favour.*

A poor, dirty Shoe-Boy going into a Church, one Sunday Evening, and seeing the Parish Boys standing in a Row upon a Bench to be catechized, he gets up himself, and stands in the very first Place; so the Parson of Course beginning with him, asked him, *What is your Name?* Rugged and Tough, answered he; *Who gave you that Name?* says Domine: *Why the Boys in our Alley,* replied poor Rugged and Tough, *the Lord d---n 'em.*

The Reverend Mr. W---n, the famous Astronomer, had made a Calculation that the World would be at an End in fifteen Years, and some time afterwards offering to dispose of an Estate, he asked the Gentleman who was about it, thirty Years Purchase; upon which, the Gentleman in a very great Surprize, demanded how he could ask so many Years Purchase, when he very well knew the World would be at an End in half the Time.

An honest French Dragoon in the Service of Lewis the Fourteenth, having caught a Fellow in Bed with his Wife, after some Words, told him, he would let him escape that Time; but by G---, if ever he found him there again, he would throw his Hat out of the Window. Notwithstanding this terrible Threat, in a very few Days he caught the Spark in the same Place, and

and was as good as his Word. Knowing what he had done, he posted away to a Place, where he knew the King was to be, and throwing himself at his Majesty's Feet, implored his Pardon. The King asked him what his Offence was? He told him how he had been abused, and that he had thrown the Man's *Hat out of Window*. Well, well, said the King, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering the Provocation, I think you were much in the Right to throw his *Hat out of the Window*. Yes, and it please you, my Liege, said the Dragoon, but *his Head was in it*. Was it so? replied the King: Well, my Word is past.

Lady N-----t, who had but a very homely Face, but was extremely well shaped, and always neat about the Legs and Feet, was tripping one Morning over the *Park* in a Mask; when a Gentleman followed her for a long Time, making strong Love to her: He called her his Life, his Soul, his Angel, and begged with abundance of Earnestness, to have one Glimpse of her Face; at last, when she came on the other Side of the *Bird-Cage Walk*, to the House she was going into, she turned about, and pulling off her Mask; Well, Sir, said she, what is it that you would have of me? The Man at the first Sight of her Face, drew back, and lifted up his Hands, *Oh! nothing Madam; nothing*, cried he. *I cannot say*, said my Lady, *but I like your Sincerity, though I hate your Manners*.

Admiral Chatillon being on a Holiday gone to hear Mass in the *Dominican Friars Chapel*, a poor Fellow begged his Charity, just as he was most intent upon his Devotions. He felt in his Pocket, and gave him several Pieces of Gold, without counting them, or minding what they were. This considerable Alms so dazzled the Beggar's Eyes, that he was amazed at it. As M. Chatillon was going out of the Church-Door, where the poor Man waited for him; Sir, said he, shewing him what he had given him, I cannot tell whether you intended to give me so large a Sum; if not, I am very ready to return it. The Admiral wondering at the honesty of the Man, said, *I did not, indeed, honest Man, intend to have given you so much, but since you have the*
K *Generosity*

Generosity to offer to return it, I will have the Generosity to desire you to keep it, and there are five Pieces more for you.

A Gentleman was saying one Day at the Tilt-yard Coffee-house, when it rained excessive hard, that it put him in Mind of the General Deluge. Zoons, Sir, says an old Campaigner that stood by, who is that? I have heard of all the Generals in Europe but him.

When the Duke of Ormond was young, and came first to Court, he happened to stand next my Lady Dorchester, one Evening in the Drawing-Room, who being but little upon the reserve on most Occasions, let a Fart; upon which, he looked her full in the Face and laughed. What is the Matter, my Lord? said she: Oh! I heard it, Madam, said the Duke. *You will make a fine Courtier, indeed, said she, if you mind every Thing you hear in this Place.*

An Old and a Young Gentleman courted a young Lady, and both met at her House together; the young one being much troubled at the sight of his Rival, said mocking, *Pray, Sir, how old are you?* To which the old Man answered, *It is hard for me to tell you exactly my Age, but I am very certain, that an Ass of twenty is older than a Man of forty.*

Dr. Heylen, a noted Author, especially for his *Cosmography*, happening one Day to lose his Way going to Oxford, in the Forest of Whichwood, being then attended by one of his Brother's Men, he earnestly intreated him to lead the Way; but the Doctor telling him he did not know it, *How, said the Fellow, that is very strange, that you who have made a Book of the whole World, cannot find the Way out of this little Wood.*

As the King of France was passing over the Pontneuf at Paris, on a Winter's Day, he saw a Gascoon very thinly clad, looking into the Water; and riding up to him, asked him, if he was not cold? Upon which the Gascoon answered, *No, an't please your Majesty; and if you'd do as I do, you would not be cold neither. How is that, says the King? Why wear all your Cloaths at once, replied the Gascoon.*

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A conceited Fellow, who fancy'd himself a Poet, asked *Nat Lee*, if it was not easy to write like a Mad-man as he did? *No*, answered *Nat*, *but it is easy to write like a Fool as you do.*

A Gentleman in the beginning of the rebellious Times, as he lay on his Death-bed, was asked how he would be buried? He answered, *With my Face downward, for within a while this England will be turned upside down, and then I shall lie right.*

The late *Sir Godfrey Kneller* had always a great Contempt, I will not pretend to say how justly, for *Jervais* the Painter; and being one Day about twenty Miles from *London*, one of his Servants told him at Dinner, That there was *Mr. Jervais* come that Day into the same Town with a Coach and Four. *Ay*, said *Sir Godfrey*, *if his Horses draw no better than himself, they will never carry him to Town again.*

An *English* Gentleman asked *Sir Richard Steel*, who was an *Irishman*, what was the Reason his Country was so remarkable for blundering, and making Bulls? *Faith!* says the Knight, *I believe there is something in the Air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.*

An *Irish* Lawyer of the Temple, going to Dinner, left these Directions in his Key-hole: *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you cannot read this, carry it to the Stationer's, and he will read it for you.*

In *Naples*, a City in *Italy*, there happened in a great Siege it endured, that the Governour made a severe Order, *That every Man should be put to Death, being above such an Age, that did not wear a Sword.* Not long after, as he was riding through the Street, to see how well his Order was put in Execution, he espied a Gentleman without one, and commanded him to be brought before him: The Order was read, and he condemned to die the Death appointed, which was to be hanged on the next Sign-Post. The Gentleman, after he had pleaded several Things in his own behalf, which availed nothing, desired the Favour that he might not die so ignominiously; but that the next Gentleman that passed,

fed, might run him through with his Sword. The Request being reasonable, was granted, and the Execution delayed upon those Terms. It happened that a young Gallant was coming from a Gaming-house, who having lost all, even so much as the Blade of his Sword, which was good Merchandize at that Time, did not dare, in regard to the severe Order, to go home, until a wooden one was fitted to the Handle. This Gentleman was stopt, and the dying Man's Case laid open; but this ingenious Person, knowing his own Insufficiency, *What*, said he, *must I be a common Executioner? Must I stain my Hands in Blood without passion, and be a reproach to all Men?* But this Argument would not do, kill him he must: Then putting off his Cloak, he began a Prayer to this effect: *Thou who seest all our Transgressions here below, judge, I pray thee, and vindicate the Cause of those that suffer wrong; in especial Manner, grant that if this Man here ought not to die, this Sword may be turned into Wood.* Then drawing it forth, it appeared to be Wood; and the dying Gentleman was immediately released with abundance of Joy. The wooden Sword was carried with great Solemnity, and hung up in the Cathedral Church, as a proper Link to the Chain of Popish Miracles.

A Lady who had generally pretty many Intrigues upon her Hands, not liking her Brother's extravagant Passion for Play, asked him, When he designed to leave off Gaming? *When you cease Loving*, said he. Then, replied the Lady, *you are like to continue a Gamester as long as you live.*

A little dastardly half-witted Squire, being once surprized by his Rival in his Mistress's Chamber, of whom he was sorely afraid, desired, for God's Sake, to be concealed; but there being no Closet or Bed in the Room, nor, indeed, any Place proper to hold him, but an *Indian* Chest the Lady put her Cloaths in, they locked him in there. His Man being in the same Danger with himself, said, Rather than fail, he would creep under the Maid's Petticoats: *Oh, you silly Dog*, says his Master, *that is the commonest Place in the House.*

A rich Farmer's Son, who had been bred at the University, coming Home to visit his Father and Mother, and

and being one Night at Supper with them on a Couple of Fowls, he told them, that by *Logic* and *Arithmetic*, he could prove those two Fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, said the old Man. Why, this, cried the Scholar, is *one*, and this, continued he, is *two*; two and one, you know, make three. *Since you have made it out so well,* answered the old Man, *your Mother shall have the first Fowl, I will have the second, and the third you may take yourself for your great Learning.*

A great Officer in *France* being in Danger of losing his Place; his Wife, by her Suit, made his Peace: Whereupon, a pleasant Fellow said, that the Officer had been crushed, but that he saved himself upon his Horns.

A young Fellow, who fancied himself a good Player, resolved to take to the Stage; and having offered his Service to the Proprietor of *Covent-Garden-House*, was desired to speak some Lines of a Tragedy by Way of Probation, before the great Mr. *Quin*. While he was tearing away his Tragedy Speech, a Dog, who belonged to some of the Company, set up a howling, which drowned the Voice of the Actor: Hereupon Mr. *Quin* asked whose Dog it was? and being answered: *He is a Dog of Judgment,* by Jove, says he, and then turned away on his Heel.

Another came also to offer himself, whose Talent lay in Comedy, and having given a Specimen of his Capacity to the said Mr. *Quin*, he asked if he had ever played any Parts in Comedy? The former answered, Yes; he had played *Abel* in the *Alchymist*. *I am rather of Opinion that you played Cain,* says *Quin*, *for I am certain you murdered Abel.*

Two very honest Gentlemen who dealt in Brooms, meeting in the Street, one asked the other, how the Devil he could afford to undersell him every where as he did, when he stole the Stuff, and made the Brooms himself? *Why, you silly Dog,* answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

A Lady who had married a Gentleman that was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting alone with him, she said, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People, prithee

write something for me ; let me see what Epitaph you will bestow upon me when I die : Oh, my Dear, replied he, that is a melancholy Subject, prithee do not think of it : Nay, upon my Life you shall, adds she, come I will begin,

Here lies Bid :

To which he answered,

Ah ! I wish she did.

The old Lord *Strangford* taking a Bottle with the Parson of the Parish, was commending his own Wine : Here, Doctor, said he, I can send a Couple of Ho-ho-hounds to *Fra-Fra-France* (for his Lordship had a great Impediment in his Speech) and have a Ho-ho-hogs-head of Wine for them ; What do you say to that Doctor ? Why, replied he, I say, you have your Wine Dog Cheap.

A *Welchman* and an *Englishman* vapouring one Day at the Fruitfulness of their Countries, the *Englishman* said, There was a Close near the Town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a *Kiboo* was thrown in over Night, it would be so covered with Grass, that it would be difficult to find it the next Day. *Splut*, says the *Welchman*, *what's that ? There's a Close where bur was born, where you may put your Horse in over Night, and not be able to find him next Morning.*

One who had formerly been rich, but had squander'd away his Estate, and left himself no Furniture in the House but a sorry Bed, a little Table, a few broken Chairs, and some other odd Things, seeing a Parcel of Thieves breaking into his House in the Night, cried out to them, *Are not you a damn'd Pack of Fools, to think to find any Thing here in the Dark, where I can find nothing by Day-Light.*

King *Charles II.* being in Company with the Lord *Rochester*, and others of the Nobility, who had been drinking the best Part of the Night, *Killigrew* came in. Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults : No, *Faith*, says *Killigrew*, *I do not love to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.*

A Gentleman

A Gentleman coming into a Choir, where the Music was none of the best in the World, hearing them singing, *Have Mercy upon us, miserable Sinners.* Ay, says he, they might very well have said, *Have Mercy upon us miserable Singers.*

When Sir *Nicholas Bacon*, Lord Keeper, was alive, every Room in *Gorbambury* was served with a Pipe of Water from the Ponds, distant about a Mile off; in the Life-time of Mr. *Anthony Bacon*, the Water ceased; after whose Death, his Lordship coming to the Inheritance, could not recover the Water without infinite Charge: When he was Lord Chancellor, he built *Verulam House* by the Pond Side, for a Place of Privacy, when called upon to dispatch Business, and being asked, Why he built that House there? His Lordship answered, That since he could not carry the Water to his House, he would carry his House to the Water.

A Gentleman meeting a Countryman, says, My Friend I should know thee. Yes, says he, I am one of your Worship's Tenants, my Name is *Tim. Heydon*. O, says the Gentleman, I remember there were two Brothers of you, and one is dead; which is he that is alive? *It is I* *can't please your Worship*, replies the Countryman.

An arch Fellow being one Day a little in Liquor, fell into a Ditch near *London*, and as he was standing with the Filth almost up to his Chin, one of his Companions said, You have made yourself in a fine Pickle now! Ay, ay, replied he, shaking his Ears, *I have done what none of you dare do.*

A Dutch Maiden Lady being very much indisposed, sent for a Physician. A Boor Servant being over curious, stood upon the Listen to hear his Mistress's Discourse to the Doctor. The Lady began with telling him she was much troubled with the Cholic; but accidentally as she was speaking, let a little Wind slip backwards, which the Doctor hearing, told her it was worth a Guinea. Upon which the Servant bursting into the Room, let a swinging Fart, crying out, *If that's worth one Guinea, here's one worth Twenty.*

A pretty Maid having her Valentine pinned to her Sleeve, a Gentleman asked her if her Sleeve was to be
- left?

lett? Yes, said she, *it is to be let alone; but my Petticoats are to be taken up when I have a fit Opportunity, and like my Company.*

Tom Durfey of merry Memory, was (if not one of the best Poets) an excellent Lyrick, and greater Oeconomist than any Son of *Pindar*: Honest *Tom* loved a little Equipage, but as his Possessions were not very large, Management was necessary to support it; therefore it was an established Rule with him, that his Footman grew into Disgrace as his Livery lost its Beauty: Accordingly, nothing was so great a Recommendation to his Service, as the Candidate's appearing in a fresh and fine one. The second Day after his receiving such a one into his Pay, he went to the Earl of *Dorset* his Patron, when, just as he entered the Hall, he turns to his Man, *Jack*, you will live well here, this is the best House in *England* for Hospitality, and a good Table; you Rascal, you must eat for to Day and to Morrow. Yes, Sir, replies *Jack*, so I will, and for Yesterday and the Day before too.

A Countryman of merry Disposition, being inclined to joke with one of his Neighbours; *Hodge*, says he, *how many Cuckolds do you think there are in our Town, excepting yourself? Excepting myself! What do you mean by that?* quoth *Hodge*. *Nay don't be angry, says the other, How many are there then including yourself.*

A Gentleman coming to an Inn in *Smithfield*, and seeing the Ostler expert and tractable about the Horses, asked, How long he had lived there, and what Countryman he was? *I se* *Yerkshire*, said the Fellow, *an ha lived here sixteen Years. I wonder,* replied the Gentleman, *that in so long a Time, so clever a Man as you seem to be, have not come to be Master of the Inn yourself.* *Ay,* answered the Ostler, *but Maister is Yerkshire too.*

One being asked, Why he had inveighed against Women so much, seeing so many Authors had written so largely in their Praise? *Why truly,* says he, *they wrote only what Women ought to be; but I say, what indeed they are.*

A *Welch* Vicar being to read the Curfes, as the Custom is, upon *Asb-Wednesday*, and the People to say *Amen*, turning

turning over the Leaf, and finding them to be many, said, Dearly beloved Brethren, I am to read here a great many Curses to you, but because I am loth to trouble myself and your Patience, I will end them all in one : *The Curse of God light upon you All.* Amen.

An *Irishman* on board a Man of War, was desired by his Mefs-mate to go down and fetch a Can of Small Beer ; *Teague*, knowing that Preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. *Arrah ! by my Soul*, says he, *and so while I am gone into the Cellar, the Ship goes and leaves me behind.*

Mr. Serjeant G----d----r, being lame of one Leg, and pleading before the late Judge *Fortescue*, who had little or no Nose, the Judge told him, he was afraid he had but a lame Cause of it. O, *my Lord*, says the Serjeant, *have but Patience, and I dare engage to prove every Thing as plain as the Nose in your Face.*

An old Lady beholding herself in a Looking-Glass, and spying the Wrinkles in her Face, threw down the Glass in a Rage ; saying, *It was strange to see the Difference of Glasses ; for*, says she, *I have not looked in a true one these Seven Years.*

A topping Meal-man in *Smithfield*, who had a very handsome Wife, that was mightily given to kissing in his Absence, one Day having taken his Leave of her to go to *St. Alban's* to buy Corn, he returned back (having forgot something) in an Hour or two after he set out ; an Apothecary of the Neighbourhood, who was in Bed with the Meal-man's Wife, hearing the Husband's Voice, whipt out of Bed, and hid himself, but left his Breeches behind him upon the Bed. The Meal-man coming up, seized upon them, and found some Gold in one Pock, and a Watch in the other, both which he took out, and went his Way, but as he passed through his own Shop he swore and cursed, and was in a terrible Fury, but named no Body ; some Neighbours hearing him, asked him what was the Matter : Why, truly, says he, *a damned Dog has pissed in my Entry, and if I could catch him I would beat him till he stunk again.*

A young Recruit, boasting of his Bravery in a Country Village, and telling the People what mighty Feats
he

he would do; an old experienced Soldier, willing to try his Valour, took Occasion to quarrel with him, and after many high Words, bid the Braggadocio clap his Hand to his Sword, *No, no, not at your Command, truly,* says the Bravo, *you are no Captain of mine.*

The Lord G----- being at a Masquerade, in a Cook's Habit, another Person in a *Domino*, desired he would dress him a Dish of Veal Cutlets :-----Sir, says he, you being the best looking Calf in Company, I must cut the Meat from your Carcase.

A Man was sued for the Value of a Horse, which he hired of his Neighbour, and by his Carelessness had suffered to stray into a Forest, and be devoured by Wolves. After Evidence was heard in Favour of the Plaintiff, the Defendant was asked whether he did not allow that the Horse was a very good one. *I think he was,* replied he, *for the Wolves did not leave one Bit of him.*

Peter Walters being one Day a little severe on a Gentleman who did not want Wit, was asked by him, how the D-----l he came to be so witty, and where he got it all?----Why, says *Peter*, I am sure Nature never gave me any; but you must know, I have lately bought a good many Estates of Men of Wit, and they always gave me their Wit into the Bargain.

A Man being asked what the Church of *Rome* was like? answered that he thought her as much like his Wife as any thing. Why so, says the other? Because, says he, she commands when she pleases, without Regard of God or Man; and then curses all the Family to Hell, if they give not present Obedience.

A Citizen of *London* (by Trade an Apothecary) being married; some Time after his Wife asked him for ten Pounds to buy her some Trinkets, which he immediately gave her, being an excellent Woman, a good Housewife, and they both living lovingly together; in less than a Month after she came to him for ten Pounds more; he went forthwith to his Bag and fetched it for her, and at putting it into her Hands, smilingly said, A Man I find must pay pretty dear for a little of that ---- To which she immediately made this Repartee, *Sir, you may have more for your Money if you please.*

A Man

A Man complaining to his Friend, that his Wife's Drunkenness and ill Conduct had almost ruined him, concluded, as the Vulgar usually do ; and for Goodness sake, what is to be said for it ? *Nothing that I know of*, says his Friend, *can be said for it, but much against it.*

An Under Sheriff in *Sussex*, being to attend a Malefactor to Execution on a *Friday*, went to him on the *Wednesday* before, to ask the following Favour: My good Friend, says the Sheriff, you know I have Orders to see you executed next *Friday* ; now it so falls out, that I have Business of the utmost Importance to do at *London* on that Day, and as you must die so soon, one Day's Difference can make no Odds ; you know I have been very kind to you during your Confinement, and I should take it as a particular Favour, if you will be hanged on *Thursday* Morning. To which the Prisoner replied, It is very true, you have been very kind to me, for which I return you my hearty Thanks, and am very sorry I cannot oblige you in this Particular ; for it also so falls out with me, that I have some Business of great Importance to do on *Friday* Morning ; but, Mr. Sheriff, to shew you that I am not an ungrateful Man, suppose we put off this said Hanging till *Monday* Morning : If you like that, Mr. Sheriff, I will oblige you in it with all my Heart.

A Countryman near *Oxford*, was saying, that he had been bargaining with two Women for some Commodities ; but, says he, I found them both to be cheating Whores, impudent Whores, and scolding Whores. Well, Neighbour, says one of them, now you talk so much of Whores, does your Daughter go to *Abington* Market to-morrow, or no ?

A brisk mettled Lady, being indicted for High Treason against the Person of the late King *James*, was acquitted, there appearing nothing material against her. As she was going out of the Court, she muttered extremely, and made some smart Reflections upon the Lord Chief Justice *Jefferies*, before whom she was tried. You Woman, says my Lord, what is that you say ? My Lord, says she, I have had hard Measure to be accused of such a horrid Crime, and exposed, when I was altogether innocent

innocent of the Matter. Go, go, says *Jefferies*, and prate so to your Husband when you come home. *You are mistaken, Sir*, says she, *I dare as little prate to my Husband, as you dare prate to your Wife.*

An honest Husbandman, going from the Village he lived in, to the next Town, his Wife desired him to buy her a Pair of Shoes, which he did, and gave her at his Return. The good Woman had a Gallant with whom she used to amuse herself, in her Husband's Absence; and one Day forgetting to fasten the Door, the good Man surprized them, when together on the Bed. Upon this he very calmly calls out, *So! so! If you always go on at this Rate, the Shoes will last a good while.*

One asked a Scullion of a Kitchen, (who was very witty) How he came to have so much Wit, he answered, *Why where should Wit be, if not in the Scull.*

Sir *Thomas More*, on the Day he was beheaded, had a Barber sent to him, because his Hair was long; which it was thought would make him more commiserated by the People. The Barber asked him, Whether he would be trimmed? In good Faith, honest Fellow, said Sir *Thomas*, the King and I have a Suit for my Head; and till the Title be cleared, I will bestow no Cost on it.

A Fellow comically disposed, having gotten a great many Horns in a Basket, cried *New Furniture, rare Furniture*; whereupon a grave Citizen admiring what it should be, desired to see it; and thereupon said, Why you coxcomby Fool, do you think any one is so mad as to buy such Ware? *Yes, marry do I*, replied he, *for though you are furnished, there are many, as wise as yourself, that may have Occasion for them.*

A very modest young Gentleman of the County of *Tipperary* having attempted many Ways in vain, to acquire the Affections of a Lady of great Fortune, at last resolved to try what could be done by the Help of Music, and therefore entertained her with a Serenade under her Window at Midnight; but she ordered her Servant to drive him thence, by throwing Stones at him. *Oh! my Friend*, says one of his Companions, *your Music is as powerful as that of Orpheus; for it draws the very Stones about you.*

A poor

A poor Woman in the Country, sent her Son to a Gentleman's House, upon some Errand or other: The loitering Lad staid somewhat too long, looking upon a Dog in the Wheel that turned the Spit; so that when he come Home, his Mother beat him soundly: Execution ended, the Boy told her, If she had been there, she would have staid as long as he; and she demanding the Reason, he said, *Oh, Mother, it would have done you good to have seen how daintily a Dog in a Wheel spun Roast Meat.*

Some Gentlemen being at a Tavern together, for want of better Diversion, one proposed Play, but said another of the Company I have fourteen good Reasons against Gaming. What are those, said another? In the first Place, answered he, *I have no Money*: Oh, said the first, if you had four Hundred Reasons, you need not name another.

Several Prefs-Gangs infesting the Streets of the City and Suburbs, one of which giving Umbrage to a merry Punster, who had just staggered from a Tavern, into the Middle of them: He said pleasantly enough, *God bless his Majesty's Arms! But, as to the Supporters, they are Beasts.*

A Country Parson that was double diligent, would catechise Forenoon and Afternoon; his Expression in the Forenoon was this, So much for Men and Boys: In the Afternoon, I intend briefly to run over the old Women, and have one touch with the Maids.

Old *Johnson* the Player, who was not only a very good Actor, but a good Judge of Painting, and remarkable for making many dry Jokes, was shewn a Picture, done by a very indifferent Hand, but much commended, and asked his Opinion of. Why truly, said he, the Painter is a very good Painter, and observes the Lord's Commandments. What do you mean by that, Mr. *Johnson*? Said one who stood by. Why, I think, answered he, that he hath not made to himself *the Likeness of any Thing that is in Heaven above, or that is in the Earth beneath, or that is in the Water under the Earth.*

When the Forces were going to land near *Cadix*, in the Year 1702, an Officer who was in one of the stern-
L most

most Boats, encouraged the Men to row away, and he wou'd give them a good Reward ; which had such an Effect, that they came one of the very first to Shore. An *Irish* Fellow, who was one of the Boat's Crew, coming to the Officer, said, *Be my Shout, Sir, we are first at last, tho' we were behind before.*

An idle young Lad being lounging about in the Kitchen, in a Gentleman's House, one *Sunday* Morning, when all the Family were at Church, but the Cook-Maid and a Groom, who had a Mind to be about a little Business by themselves ; the Wench asked him why he did not go to Church as the rest of the Family did ? The Boy said, he never was at Church in his Life, and did not know what to do when he came there, and besides knew no body there. O, said she, you are to do nothing yourself, but mind what other People do and say ; and as for Acquaintance there, you'll find enough, and those that have the most Business there. You know Mr. *Johnson*, said she, the Parson ; yes, very well, answered the Boy : And Mr. *Adams* the Clerk, said she : Ay, to be sure, replied the Boy ; what, will they be there ? Well, they're very civil People, I shall come to no Harm in their Company ; and so away he marched. But in less than Half an Hour, the Boy came running home again in a terrible Fright : Why, what's the Matter, *Tom*, cry'd the Cook-Maid, is Church done already ? Nay, said the Boy, I know not whether or no the Church be done, but I am sure there's a great deal of Mischief done by this Time. How so ? said the Maid. It's all owing to that Rogue *Adams*, said the Boy, I shall never have a good Opinion of him again, as long as I live. Mr. *Johnson* and he have had a lamentable Battle ; Mr. *Johnson* got up into a Place and spoke very mildly and very civilly, I thought, to Mr. *Adams*, and to be sure he gave him two Words for one, and I don't know how many People joined with him ; then Mr. *Johnson* spoke again to pacify them, but *Adams* and all his Gang were immediately at him again, and so they went on for a long Time, no Body taking poor Mr. *Johnson*'s Part ; however he talked so, that he made them quiet for a good while ; but, upon one Word, I suppose,

suppose, that was taken amiss, up started *Adams*, and called for two *Staves* at once, and then all the People fell into such a Ha-lo-bo-loo, that I ran out of the Church, and I wish they have not killed poor Mr. *Johnson* by this Time.

In a certain Village of *Normandy*, a poor Country Man had killed a Hog, and it being the Custom there for the Neighbours on such Occasions to send some Parts of it to one another; this poor Man had received so many Obligations in that Kind, that if he had sent abroad all the Pieces of his Hog, he could not have presented half those to whom he was beholden; so he desir'd the Advice of a Friend what to do, who advis'd him to hang his Pig so at his Chamber-window, that it might seem to be easily taken by Thieves, and the next Morning to give out, that it was stolen; which would certainly prevent their Expectation of any Present from him. He lik'd the Advice, and accordingly hung out his Hog where it might easily be taken: He that gave him the Advice, failed not to come in the Night and take it away. The next Morning missing his Pig, he could not forbear cursing the Invention of his Neighbour, which he had approv'd the Night before. The first he met was the same Neighbour, to whom he said presently, *Oh, Neighbour, my Pig is stol'n. Good, says he, so you ought to say. Ah, but, said t' other, I am in good earnest, it is really taken from me. Very well, quoth his Neighbour, maintain it always thus, and all the World will believe you.* Then he began passionately to swear and deny that he mocked, but the more he swore, the other told him, *he acted his Part the better*; and that was all he had for his Hog.

A Country Squire ask'd a merry *Andrew*, why he play'd the Fool? *For the same Reason*, says he, *as you do; out of Want: You do it for want of Wit, I for want of Money.*

A Taylor, that was ever accustomed to steal some of the Cloth his Customers bought, when he came one Day to make himself a Suit, stole half a Yard: His Wife perceiving it, asked the Reason? *Oh, said he, 'tis to keep my Hands in use, lest at any Time I should forget it.*

The famous Captain *Fitzpatrick*, who married *Squire Western's* Niece, and was reckoned an excellent Hand at making Bulls, was walking one Day, with two or three Ladies, a little Way out of *West-Chester*, with his Hat under his Arm; the Wind blowing very hard, one of the Ladies said, *I wonder, Captain, you will be so ceremonious to walk bare-headed in such boisterous Weather; pray, Sir, put on your Hat.* By my Shoul, dear Madam, answered the Captain, *I have been after trying two or three Times already, and the Wind is so high, that I can't keep my Hat upon my Head any longer than 'tis under my Arm.*

Two Women were chattering together, says one, My Daughter has not laid her Eyes together this four Nights: You Fool, says the other, How should she? Does not her Nose stand between?

Two Serving-men discoursing over a Pot of Ale of their Master's Hospitality; one said, My Master kept a very noble *Christmas* this Year. So did my Master, quoth the other; for he kill'd an Ox every Day. *Tush*, said the first, *My Master kill'd an Ox and a half.*

A certain Preacher having changed his Religion for a good Benefice, was much blamed by some of his Friends for deserting them. To excuse himself, he assured them he should never have done it, *but for seven Reasons.* Being asked what they were? he answered, *A Wife and six Children.*

A Gentleman requested a Thing of an unchaste Woman. No, says she, had I a Hundred, you should have none of 'em. Well, said he, I know the Time when you had but one Thing, and yet would let a Friend use it.

A forward young Girl having been debauch'd by a Gentleman, the Wench's Father went to learn of a Council, whether an Action would not lye from his Daughter against the Seducer; the Barrister bid his Client go home, and take better Care of the rest of his Children; for that he believed there had been already *too much Action between them.*

A Hypocrite is odious, says one, to God and Man; God hates him, because *he is not what he seems*; Man hates him, because *he seems what he is not.*

A Noble-

A Nobleman, upon the Complaint of his Servant, laid a Citizen by the Heels, thinking to bend him to his Servant's Bow ; but the Fellow being stubborn, the Servant came to his Lord, and told him, Your Lordship, I know, has gone as far as you well may, but it works not, for the Fellow is more perverse than before : Said my Lord, *Let's forget him a while, and then he will remember himself.*

A Man of Quality in the Country, whose Wife had not the best Reputation in the World, and whose Children had been very short-liv'd, looking earnestly one Day upon a Peasant sitting at his own Door, with five or six lusty Boys about him. *Prithee, honest Fellow,* said my Lord, *how do you poor Folks do to get so many brave Children, when I, who am rich, and able to maintain them handsomely, can get none that will live? Why, an't please your Lordship,* answered the Bumpkin, *we poor Folks e'en take Pains to get them ourselves.*

Two Irishmen having travelled on Foot from Chester to Barnet, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their Journey ; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten Miles to London, *By my Shoul and St. Patrick,* cries one of them, *it is but five Miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on.*

A Clergyman, who had led a very dissolute Life about Town for many Years, at last made Interest to go Chaplain to a Gentleman who was going abroad in a publick Character ; the Envoy told him, he had been thoroughly informed of his vicious Courses, yet that should be no Obstacle to his Preferment, was he not still wanting of one VICE more : The Parson amazed at a Complaint of his Deficiency in Wickedness, impatiently desir'd to be informed in what he had fail'd ; the Envoy replied, *HYPOCRISY, to cover all the rest.*

In a Visit Queen Elizabeth made to the famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, at a small Country-Seat, which he had built for himself before his Preferment ; she ask'd him, *How it came that he had made himself so small a House?* *It is not I, Madam,* answered he, *who have made my House too small for myself, but your Majesty, who have made me too big for my House.*

A Book being published in Queen Elizabeth's Time, that gave her much Offence, she ask'd Bacon if he could find no Treason in it. No, Madam, said he, but Abundance of Felony, for the Author hath stole half his Conceits out of Tacitus.

A Gentleman in the Rebellious Times, as he was in his Chamber amongst his Friends making merry, there came a Musquet-Bullet through the Window, and glancing against a Marble Chimney-piece, hit him on the Head without farther Damage, then fell at his Feet: The Gentleman turning the flatted Bullet with his Fingers, Gentlemen, said he, those that had a Mind to flatter me, were wont to say that I had a good Head-piece in my younger Days; but if I do not flatter myself, I think I have a good Head-piece in my old Age, for it is Musket-proof.

A rich Citizen of London, in his Will, left something considerable to Christ's Hospital, but little or nothing to one of his extravagant Sons. At the Funeral the Blue-coat Boys were ordered, in Acknowledgement of so great a Gift, to sing before the Corpse to the Grave: As they march'd thro' Cheapside, this extravagant Son led his Mother, who observing the Boys make a Rest, he opened his Mouth in such a Manner, that he was heard almost from one End of the Street to the other; and still leading his Mother, he continued thus singing, 'till a Kinsman came to him, and stopping his Mouth, ask'd him his Reason for his irreverend and indecent Carriage. Why, Cousin, quoth this Ne'ere-be-good, The Boys there at my Father's Death sing for something, and won't you let me sing for nothing?

A Man very rich, but very silly, was recommended to a Gentleman, as a good Match for his Daughter. No, no, said he, I would rather have a Man without Money, than Money without a Man.

Dr. Smith, a famous Quack, having made an Harangue to the People on a Market-day, in a Country Town, who regarded their own more than his Business; he bid his Merry Andrew get 'em to come about his Stage, that he might not spend his Breath any longer in vain. Jack upon this made a hideous Noise, which alarm'd the Country People, who flocked about him to know what

was the Matter; the Doctor took Occasion then to tell 'em, that he came there for all their Good, and not for Want. *True*, adds Jack, *we have enough of that at Home; besides, my Master has an Estate, but that's neither here nor there.*

Some Persons talking of a fine Lady that had many Suitors: Well, says one among them, you may talk of this great Man, and that great Man, of this Lord, and t'other Knight; but I know a Fellow, without a Foot of Estate, that will carry her before them all. *Phe, damme, that's impossible*, says another, *unless you mean her Coachman.*

Socrates, was ask'd, Why he endured his Wife's brawling? Says he, Why do you suffer your Geese to cackle? Because they lay us Eggs, said the Person. Well, says he, and my Wife brings me Children.

Another Time his Wife was brawling, and he walks out of Doors; upon that, she threw some Water upon him. I thought, says he, after Thunder we should have a Shower of Rain.

When Mrs. *W-----* first acted Sir *Harry Wildair* at *Drury-Lane* Playhouse, coming off the Stage into the Green Room, I believe, said she, that one Half of the House take me really for a Man: To which said Mrs. *Clive*, *But the other Half, Madam, know to the contrary.*

Three young conceited *Wits*, as they thought themselves, passing along the Road near *Oxford*, met a grave old Gentleman, with whom they had a Mind to be rudely merry; Good Morrow, Father *Abraham*, said one: Good - Morrow, Father *Isaac*, said the next: Good-Morrow, Father *Jacob*, cry'd the last. *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob*, reply'd the old Gentleman, *but Saul, the Son of Kish, who went out to seek his Father's Asses, and lo! here I have found them.*

In a great Storm at Sea when all expected to be cast away, they went all to Prayers. While they were at their Devotion, a Boy falls a laughing heartily; the Captain asked him his Reason for it, especially at that Time? Why truly, Sir, says the Boy, I laugh at that Man's fiery Nose there, to think what a hissing it will keep by and by, when it comes into the Water.

A Com-

A Company of Gossips that were met to assist at a Woman's Labour, after the Business was over, fell to chatting together, over a Cup of good Liquor; it being about the Middle of the Night, the Subject of their Discourse was the walking of Spirits; which some affirmed to have seen, and others denied, or at least doubted the Appearance of any. At last, the Midwife (whose Judgment bore a great Sway with the rest of the Company) delivered her Opinion thus: For my Part I have gone up and down all Hours of the Night, and yet Thanks be praised, *I never saw any Thing worse than myself, though o' my Conscience, I think I saw the Devil once.*

One being at Supper at a Friend's House, it chanced there was Mutton and Capers for Supper; he fell into a Discourse of Dancing, saying, That he loved it better than any other kind of Recreation; by and by taking Notice of the Capers, which he had never seen before, he took one upon his Trencher, and cutting it in the Middle, put half of it in his Mouth; the Master of the House observing it, said, *Sir, it seems you love Dancing very well, when you cannot forbear cutting Capers at Supper.*

A Man having a wry Nose, one told him, he knew what his Nose was made on, and what it was not made on. *Why, says he, how is that? Why, said the other, it is not made of Wheat, it is made o' Wry.*

A Topping Fellow was one Night making his Will over his Bottle; I will, said he, give fifty Pounds to five Taverns, to drink to my Memory, when I am dead; namely, Ten Pounds to the *Salutation* for Courtiers; ten Pounds to the *Castle* for Soldiers; ten Pounds to the *Mitre* for Parsons; ten Pounds to the *Horns* for Citizens; and ten Pounds to the *Devil* for Lawyers.

A Minister of State had given positive Orders to the Porter, to deny him to a certain *Gascon*, who was very troublesome to him: The *Gascon*, however, having greased the Porter's Fist, got in once more. The Minister, surprized to see this Man, notwithstanding his Orders to the contrary; I will turn thee out, says he to the Porter, if this Man speaks above one Word. The *Gascon* promised he would not; then giving him his Petition,

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tion, he only said *Sign*, which so pleased the Minister that he immediately signed it.

A Fellow had the Picture of the five Senses stolen out of his House, whereupon he came to a Justice, and desired that the Thieves might be bound to the Peace. For what, said the Justice, for stealing your Pictures? Yes, saith he. *I thought*, said the Justice, *you had lost your Senses, you talked so idly.*

Dr. M-----d coming out of Tom's Coffee-House, was met by an impudent, broken Apothecary, at the Door, who accosted him with a Request to lend him five Guineas; Sir, said the Doctor, I am surprized that you should apply to me for such a Favour who do not know you! *Oh, dear Sir*, replied the Apothecary, *it is for that very Reason; for those who do, will not lend me a Farthing.*

A foolish Woman seeing her Hen had sat her full Time, and did not hatch her Eggs, desired her next Neighbour to tell her the Reason of it, and withal how she should get them hatched? who told her, that she must put them in a Cuckold's Cap: Whereupon she went to a Man she knew, to borrow his Hat, not sticking to tell him the Cause of her Request; whereat being nettled, he beat her soundly; notwithstanding this beating, she went to another of her Neighbours, by whom she was likewise well swaddled; with which being maddened, she ran home in a Pet, and swore *she would have a Cuckold of her own before Night, and be beholden to no Body.*

Marcus Livius, Governor of Tarentum, when Hannibal took it, being envious at seeing so much Honour paid to Fabius Maximus, said one Day in the Senate, that it was he, not Fabius Maximus, that caused the retaking of the City. Fabius smiling, said, *Indeed you speak the Truth; for, had you not lost it, I should never have retaken it.*

Some Gentlemen being drinking, a Wench came up to attend them; she being not enough, in Anger they knocked for more; the Master coming up, asked what they called for? Says they, Must we be thus attended, Have you no more Whores in the House but this? Yes, Sir, says he, pray be patient, I will send my own Wife immediately.

A Dyer,

A Dyer, in a Court of Justice, being ordered to hold up his Hand that was all black: *Take off your Glove, Friend,* said the Judge to him. *Put on your Spectacles,* my Lord, answered the Dyer.

A rich Farmer, who had a handsome Woman to his Wife, when he had lent any thing, as Horfe, Cart, Wheel-barrow, &c. would always tell the Party, I would not do it to any Body but to you; his Wife, hearing him always in this Tale, standing behind his Back, forks her Fingers, and holding them over his Head, said, No indeed, *I would not do this Courtesy to any but you.*

A Country Maid riding to Market, her Mare stumbled in the Middle of the Market-Place, and threw her topsyturvy, shewing all for nothing; but she receiving no Harm by the Fall, speedily got up again, and turning herself to the laughing People, said, *Sirs, did you ever see the like before?* *Never but one once,* said a Country Fellow, *and that was a black one.*

King Charles II. being prevailed upon by one of his Courtiers, to knight a very worthless Fellow, and of a mean Aspect; when he was going to lay the Sword upon his Shoulder, our new Knight drew back, and hung down his Head, as if out of Countenance. *Don't you be ashamed,* says the King; *for it is I have the most Reason to be so.*

The late Sir Robert Henley, who was commonly pretty much in Debt, walking one Day with two or three other Gentlemen in the Park, was accosted by a Tradesman, who took him aside for a Minute or two; and when the Baronet rejoined his Company, he seemed to be in a great Passion, which his Friends taking Notice of, asked him what was the Matter? Why the Rascal, said he, has been dunning me for Money I have owed him these seven Years, with as much Impudence as if it was a Debt of Yesterday.

In a late Reign, a Captain in the Royal Navy, who had a Seat in Parliament, and was very zealous against the Court, was at length promised to be made an Admiral, upon the first Vacancy that should happen. Some of his Friends observing, that he did not exert himself in the Manner he had done before, were asking the Reason

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son of it; when a Gentleman present replied, *He flags, he flags.*

A Serjeant kneeling once before the King, to have a Bill signed by his Majesty's Hand, and kneeling somewhat long, being much troubled with the Wind Cholic, which rumbled about his Belly till his Posteriors began to cry out so loud, that the House sounded with the Noise; at which the King smilingly said, I never knew till now, that a Serjeant had Authority to let go a Prisoner, it being against the Law. *An't please your Majesty,* quoth the Serjeant, *he was a troublesome Rogue, and crept through the Key-hole; and Necessity has no Law.*

Sir Godfrey Kneller, the Painter, and the late Doctor Ratcliffe had a Garden in common, but with one Gate; which Sir Godfrey upon some Occasion ordered to be nailed up: When the Doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the Gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir Godfrey, *Well,* replied he, *I can take that or any thing but Phylic, from my good Friend Doctor Ratcliffe.*

Sir Thomas Gardner being chosen Recorder of London; one said, that Office was the most fitting for him of all others; for no Place in the Kingdom was more full of ill Weeds.

Louis XIII. having one Day found a Loufe on a Marshal of France's Cloaths, had a Mind to banter him about it; whereupon the Marshal said to him, Pray, Sir, don't laugh at me for it, lest your Majesty make People believe, there's nothing but Lice to be gotten in your Majesty's Service.

A Lawyer's Man asked him what was the strongest Point in Law? He told him *good and sufficient Witness;* for which Advice his Man was to pay for his Charges that Night: So he purposely bespoke good Chear, and left his Man in the Morning to pay his Reckoning; that Day it began to rain, and his Master called for his Cloak: Sir, says he, I left it behind for the Reckoning. Why, Sirrah, says he, were you not to pay it by your last Agreement? True, Sir, I do confels it between us two; *but where is your good and sufficient Witness to carry it?*
Upon

Upon which his Master readily gave him Money to redeem his Cloak.

A certain Gentleman, being very angry with one of his Neighbours about some Expressions which had been told him again, cried out, *The Devil take all the Cuckolds, I wish they were all in the River.* To which his Wife answered, *O, dear Husband, how can you make such a Wish, when you know you cannot swim.*

A Philosopher being blamed by a Stander-by for defending an Argument weakly against the Emperor *Adrian*, replied, *What, would you have me contend with a Man who commands thirty Legions of Soldiers.*

A Usurer had constantly two Dishes brought to his Table, but eat of but one; his Man once brought but one, and left the other behind: *Sirrah*, says he, where is the other Dish? *Sir*, says he, it has come so often, I thought it would have found its way hither without my Assistance.

A Wench having indicted a Fellow for committing a Rape on her; at his Tryal he pretended himself deaf. And when he was with a great deal of Noise asked how long he had been so? answered *Ever since he committed the Rape.* Being asked the Reason, answered, *That the great Screaming and Noise she made, had caused it.* Which the Girl hearing, immediately told the Court it was false for she made no Noise at all. By which witty Invention he was acquitted.

A Tutor bid his Pupil come to School, but he slept all the while; after the Exercise was done, home came the Tutor, and finding him asleep, asked him, *Why he did not come to Disputation?* *Truly, Sir*, says he, *I never dreamt on't.*

The End of the JESTS.



T A L E S.

J A N U A R Y *and* M A Y.

HERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as Authors write,
In Days of old, a wise and worthy Knight;
Of gentle Manners, and of gen'rous Race,
Blest with much Sense, more Riches, and
some Grace.

Yet led astray by *Venus*' soft Delights,
He cou'd not rule his Carnal Appetites;
For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
Weak, sinful Laymen were but Flesh and Blood.

But in due Time, when sixty Years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead that vicious Life no more.
Whether pure Holiness inspir'd his Mind,
Or Dotage turn'd his Brain, is hard to find;
But his high Courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the Pleasures of a lawful Bed.

This was his nightly Dream, his daily Care,
And to the Heav'nly Pow'rs his constant Pray'r,
Once, e'er he dy'd, to taste the blissful Life
Of a kind Husband, and a loving Wife.

These Thoughts he fortify'd with Reason still,
(For none want Reasons to confirm their Will)
Grave Authors say, and witty Poets sing,
That honest Wedlock is a glorious Thing:

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But

But Depth of Judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer Years.
 Then let him chuse a Damsel young and fair,
 To bless his Age, and bring a worthy Heir ;
 To sooth his Cares, and free from Noise and Strife,
 Conduct him gently to the Verge of Life.
 Let sinful Batchelors their Woes deplore ;
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more :
 Unaw'd by Precepts, Human or Divine,
 Like Birds and Beasts promiscuously they join :
 Nor know to make the present Blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past ;
 But vainly boast the Joys they never try'd,
 And find divulg'd the Secrets they wou'd hide.
 The marry'd Man might bear his Yoke with Ease,
 Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please ;
 And pass his inoffensive Hours away,
 In Bliss all Night, and Innocence all Day :
 Tho' Fortune change, his constant Spouse remains,
 Augments his Joys, or mitigates his Pains.

But what so pure, which envious Tongues will spare
 Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair :
 With matchless Impudence, they stile a Wife
 The dear-bought Curse and lawful Plague of Life :
 A Bosom Serpent, a Domestick Evil,
 A Night-Invasion, and a Mid-day Devil.
 Let not the Wife these slanderous Words regard,
 But curse the Bones of ev'ry lying Bard.

All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n,
 A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n :
 Vain Fortune's Favours, never at a stay,
 Like sitting Shadows, pass, and glide away ;
 One solid Comfort, our eternal Wife,
 Abundantly supplies us all our Life :
 This Blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)
 As long as Heart can wish——and longer too.

Our Grandfire *Adam* e'er of *Eve* posselt,
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise, unblest,
 With mournful Looks the blissful Scenes survey'd,
 And wander'd in the solitary Shade :

The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best Reserve of God.

A Wife ! ah gentle Deities, can he
That has a Wife, e'er feel Adversity ?
Wou'd Men but follow what the Sex advise,
All things wou'd prosper, all the World grow wise,
'Twas by *Rebecca's* Aid that *Jacob* won
His Father's Blessing from an elder Son :
Abusive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit Life
To the wise Conduct of a prudent Wife :
Heroick *Judith*, as the Scriptures show,
Preserv'd the *Jews*, and slew th' *Assyrian* Foe :
At *Esther's* Suit, the Persecuting Sword
Was sheath'd and *Israel* liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty Motives *January* the Sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper Age ;
And charm'd with virtuous Joys and sober Life,
Wou'd try that Christian Comfort, call'd a Wife :
His Friends were summon'd, on a Point so nice,
To pass their Judgment, and to give Advice ;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he,
(As Men that ask Advice are wont to be.)

My Friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful Look
Around the Room) and sigh'd before he spoke :
Beneath the Weight of threescore Years I bend,
And worn with Cares, am hastening to my End ;
How I have liv'd, alas you know too well,
In worldly Follies, which I blush to tell ;
But gracious Heav'n has open'd my Eyes at last,
With due Regret I view my Vices past,
And as the Precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a Wife, and live in Holy Ease.
But since by Counsel all things shou'd be done,
And many Heads are wiser still than one ;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my Desire's approv'd by your Consent.

One Caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your Choice ; This Wife must not be old.
There goes a Saying, and 'twas wisely said,
Old Fish at Table, but young Flesh in Bed.

My Soul abhors the tasteless, dry Embrace
 Of a stale Virgin with a Winter Face ;
 In that cold Season Love but treats his Guest
 With Beanstraw, and tough Forage, at the best.
 No crafty Widows shall approach my Bed,
 Those are too wise for Batchelors to wed ;
 As subtle Clerks by many Schools are made,
 Twice-marry'd Dames are Mistresses of the Trade :
 But young and tender Virgins, rul'd with Ease,
 We form like Wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me Sirs, nor take my Sense amiss ;
 'Tis what concerns my Soul's eternal Bliss ;
 Since if I found no Pleasure in my Spouse,
 As Flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ;
 Then shou'd I live in lewd Adultery,
 And sink downright to *Satan* when I die.
 Or were I curst with an unfruitful Bed,
 The righteous End were lost for which I wed,
 'To raise up Seed t' adore the Powers above,
 And not for Pleasure only, or for Love.
 'Think not I dote ; 'tis time to take a Wife,
 When vig'rous Blood forbids a chaster Life ;
 'Those that are blest with store of Grace Divine
 May live like Saints, by Heav'n's Consent, and mine.

And since I speak of Wedlock let me say,
 As, thank my Stars, in modest Truth I may,
 My Limbs are active, still I'm sound at Heart,
 And a new Vigour springs in ev'ry Part.
 Think not my Virtue lost, tho' time has shed
 These rev'rend Honours on my hoary Head ;
 Thus Trees are crown'd with Blossoms white as Snow,
 The Vital Sap then rising from below :
 Old as I am, my lusty Limbs appear
 Like Winter Greens, that flourish all the Year.
 Now Sirs you know to what I stand inclin'd
 Let ev'ry Friend with Freedom speak his Mind.

He said ; the rest in diff'rent Parts divide,
 The knotty Point was urg'd on ev'ry Side ;
 Marriage the Theme on which they all declaim'd,
 Some prais'd with Wit, and some with Reason blam'd.

'Till,

'Till, what with Proofs, Objections, and Replies,
Each wond'rous positive, and wondrous wise ;
There fell betwixt his Brothers a Debate,
Placebo this was called, and *Justin* that.

First to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun,
(Mild were his Looks, and pleasing was his Tone :)
Such Prudence, Sir, in all your Words appears,
As plainly proves, Experience dwells with Years ;
Yet you pursue sage *Solomon's* Advice,
To work by Counsel when Affairs is nice :
But with the Wise Man's leave, I must protest,
So may my Soul arrive at Ease and Rest,
As still I hold your own Advice the best.

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my Days,
And study'd Men, their Manners, and their Ways ;
And have observ'd this useful Maxim still,
To let my Betters always have their Will,
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that Black was White,
My Word was this ; *Your Honour's in the right* ;
Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise
As his mistaken Patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous Thought ;
A noble Fool was never in a Fault.

This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry Word
Is weigh'd with Judgment, and befits a Lord :
Your Will is mine ; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and shou'd be so to Man ;
At least, your Courage all the World must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining Days.
Indulge the Vigour of your mounting Blood,
And let grey Fools be indolently good ;
Who past all Pleasure, damn the Joys of Sense,
With rev'rend Dulness, and grave Impotence.

Justin, who silent sate, and heard the Man,
Thus, with a Philosophick Frown began.

A Heathen Author, of the first Degree,
(Who, tho' not *Faith*, had *Sense* as well as we)
Bids us be certain our Concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous Principles, and just.
The Venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your Person than your Goods away :

And therefore, Sir, as you regard your Rest,
 First learn your Lady's Qualities at least :
 Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil ;
 Meek as a Saint, or haughty as a Devil ;
 Whether an easy, fond, insipid Fool,
 Or such a *Wit* as no Man e'er can rule ?
 'Tis true, Perfection none can hope to find
 In all this World, much less in Womankind ;
 But if her Virtues prove the larger Share,
 Bless the kind Fates, and think your Fortune rare.
 Ah, gentle Sir, take Warning of a Friend,
 Who knows too well the State you thus commend :
 And, spite of all its Praises, must declare,
 All he can find is Bondage, Cost, and Care.
 Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private Tear,
 And sigh in Silence, lest the World shou'd hear :
 While all my Friends applaud my blissful Life,
 And swear no Mortal's happier in a Wife ;
 Demure and chaste as any Vestal Nun,
 The meekest Creature that beholds the Sun !
 But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the Pain,
 And he that smarts has Reason to complain.
 Do what you list, for me ; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure ; for Wisdom is in Age :
 But, at these Years, to venture on the Fair !
 By him, who made the Ocean, Earth, and Air,
 To please a Wife when her Occasions call,
 Wou'd busy the most Vig'rous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
 Will ask Observance, and exact her Dues.
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious Sermon here is at an End.

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
 Most worthy Kinsman, faith, you're mighty wise !
 We, Sirs, are Fools ; and must resign the Cause
 To heath'nish Authors, Proverbs, and old Saws.
 He spoke ; and turn'd, with Scorn, another way—
 What does my Friend, my dear *Placebo* say ?

I say, quoth he, by Heav'n the Man's to blame,
 Who ventures sacred Marriage to defame.

At this, the Council broke without delay ;
 Each, in his own Opinion, went his Way ;
 With full Consent, that all Disputes appeas'd,
 The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but *January* exults with Joy !
 The Charms of Wedlock all his Soul employ :
 Each Nymph by turns his wav'ring Mind possess'd,
 And reign'd the short-liv'd Tyrant of his Breast ;
 While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively Part,
 And each bright Image wander'd in his Heart.
 Thus, in some publick *Forum* fix'd on high,
 A Mirrour shows the Figures moving by ;
 Still one by one, in swift Succession, pass
 The gliding Shadow o'er the polish'd Glasse.
 This Lady's Charms the Nicest could not blame,
 But vile Suspicions had aspers'd her Fame ;
 That was with Sense, but not with Virtue blest ;
 And one had Grace, yet wanted all the rest.
 Thus doubting long what Nymph he should obey,
 He fix'd at last upon the youthful *May*.

Her Faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But ev'ry Charm revolv'd within his Mind :
 Her tender Age, her Form divinely Fair,
 Her easy Motion, her attractive Air,
 Her sweet Behaviour, her enchanting Face,
 Her moving Softness, and majestick Grace

Much in his Prudence did our Knight rejoice,
 And thought no Mortal could dispute his Choice :
 Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry Friend,
 And told them all their Pains were at an End.
 Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a Confort worthy of my Bed.
 Let none oppose th' Election, since on this
 Depends my Quiet, and my future Bliss.

A Dame there is, the Darling of my Eyes,
 Young, beauteous, artless, innocent and wise ;
 Chaste though not rich ; and though not nobly born,
 Of honest Parents, and may serve my Turn.
 Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please :
 To pass my Age in Sanctity and Ease :

And

And thank the Pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely Prize, and share my Bliss with none !
If you, my Friends, this Virgin can procure,
My Joys are full, my Happiness is sure.

One only Doubt remains ; full oft I've heard
By Casuists grave, and deep Divines averr'd ;
That 'tis too much for Human Race to know
The Bliss of Heav'n above, and Earth below.
Now should the Nuptial Pleasure prove so great,
To match the Blessings of the future State,
Those endless Joys were ill exchang'd for these ;
Then clear this Doubt, and set my Mind at Ease.

This *Justin* heard, nor could his Spleen controul,
Touch'd to the Quick, and trickl'd at the Soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all your dread,
Heav'n put it past your Doubt whene'er you wed,
And to my fervent Pray'rs so far consent,
That e'er the Rites are o'er, you may repent !
Good Heav'n no doubt the nuptial State approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to Despair ;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the Fair,
One, that may do your Business to a Hair ;
Not ev'n in Wish, your Happiness delay,
But prove the Scourge to lash you on your Way :
Then to the Skies your mounting Soul shall go,
Swift as an Arrow soaring from the Bow !
Provided still, you moderate your Joy,
Nor in your Pleasures all your Might imploy,
Let Reason's Rules your strong Desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle Mate.
Old Wives there are, of Judgment most acute,
Who solve these Questions beyond all Dispute ;
Consult with those, and be of better Cheer ;
Marry, do Penance, and dismiss your Fear.

So said they rose, nor more the Work delay'd ;
The Match was offer'd, the Proposals made :
The Parents, you may think, would soon comply ;
The Old have Int'rest ever in their Eye :
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's Mind ;
When Fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous Settlement and Deed,
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;
 Nor will with quaint Impertinence display
 The Pomp, the Pageantry, the proud Array.
 The Time approach'd, to Church the Parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout Intent:
 Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient Wife
 Like *Sarah* and *Rebecca* lead her Life:
 Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful Bed to bless,
 And made all sure enough with Holiness.

And now the Palace Gates are open'd wide,
 The Guests appear in Order, Side by Side,
 And, plac'd in State, the Bridegroom and the Bride. }
 Expensive Dainties load the plenteous Boards,
 The best luxurious *Italy* affords:
 The breathing Flute's soft Notes are heard around,
 And the shrill Trumpets mix their Silver Sound;
 The vaulted Roofs with echoing Musick ring,
 These touch the vocal Stops, and those the trembling
 Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling Lyre, [String,
 Nor *Joab* the sounding Clarion could inspire,
 Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whose sprightly Strain
 Could swell the Soul to Rage, and fire the Martial Train.

Bacchus himself, the Nuptial Feast to grace,
 (So Poets sing) was present on the Place;
 And lovely *Venus*, Goddess of Delight,
 Shook high her flaming Torch, in open Sight,
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight: }
 Pleas'd her best Servant would his Courage try,
 No less in Wedlock than in Liberty.
 Full many an Age old *Hymen* had not spy'd
 So kind a Bridegroom, or so bright a Bride.
 Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful Throng,
 For gentle Lays, and joyous Nuptial Song;
 Think not your softest Numbers can display,
 The matchless Glories of this blissful Day;
 The Joys are such as far transcend your Rage,
 When tender Youth has wedded stooping Age.

The beauteous Dame fate smiling at the Board,
 And darted am'rous Glances at her Lord.

Nor

Not *Eſther's* ſelf, whoſe Charms the *Hebrews* ſing,
 E'er look'd ſo lovely on her *Perſian* King :
 Bright as the riſing Sun, in Summer's Day,
 And freſh and blooming as the Month of *May* !
 The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his Side,
 Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* Bride :
 Still in his Mind revol'd with vaſt Delight
 Th' entrancing Raptures of th' approaching Night,
 Reſtleſs he ſate invoking ev'ry Pow'r,
 To ſpeed his Blifs, and haſte the happy Hour.
 Mean time the vig'rous Dancers beat the Ground,
 And Songs were ſung, and flowing Bowls went round,
 With od'rous Spices they perfum'd the Place,
 And Mirth and Pleaſure ſhone in ev'ry Face.

Damian alone, of all the menial Train,
 Sad in the miſt of Triumphs, ſigh'd for Pain ;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious Squire,
 Conſum'd at Heart, and fed a ſecret Fire.
 His lovely Miſtreſs all his Soul poſſeſs'd,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no Reſt :
 His Task perform'd, he ſadly went his Way,
 Fell on his Bed, and loath'd the Light of Day :
 There let him lie, till his relenting Dame
 Weep in her Turn, and waſte in equal Flame.

The weary Sun, as learned Poets write,
 Forſook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the Light ;
 While glitt'ring Stars his abſent Beams ſupply,
 And Night's dark Mantle overſpreads the Sky ;
 Then roſe the Guests ; and as the Time requir'd,
 Each paid his Thanks, and decently retir'd.

The Foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undreſs,
 So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs :
 But firſt thought fit th' Aſſiſtance to receive,
 Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give ;
Satyriſon near, with hot *Eringoes* ſtood,
Cantharides to fire the lazy Blood,
 Whoſe Uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious Rhimes,
 And Critics learn'd explain to modern Times.

By this the Sheets were ſpread, the Bride undreſs'd,
 The Room was ſprinkled, and the Bed was bleſs'd,

What

What next ensu'd, beseems not me to say ;
 'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning Day,
 Then briskly sprung from Bed, with Heart so light,
 As all were Nothing he had done by Night ;
 And sipp'd his Cordial as he sat upright :
 He kiss'd his balmy Spouse with wanton Play,
 And feebly sung a lusty Roundelay :
 Then on the Couch his weary Limbs he cast ;
 For ev'ry Labour must have Rest at last.

But anxious Cares the penfive Squire oppress'd,
 Sleep fled his Eyes, and Peace forsook his Breast ;
 The raging Flames that in his Bosom dwell,
 He wanted Art to hide, and Means to tell.
 Yet hoping Time th' Occasion might betray,
 Compos'd a Sonnet to the lovely *May* ;
 Which writ and folded with the nicest Art,
 He wrapp'd in Silk, and laid upon his Heart.
 When now the fourth revolving Day was run,
 ('Twas *June*, and *Cancer* had receiv'd the Sun)
 Forth from her Chamber came the beauteous Bride ;
 The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her Side.
 High Mass was sung ; they feasted in the Hall ;
 The Servants round stood ready at their Call.
 The Squire alone was absent from the Board,
 And much his Sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,
 Who pray'd his Spouse attended with her Train,
 To visit *Damian*, and divert his Pain.
 Th' obliging Dames obey'd with one Consent ;
 They left the Hall, and to his Lodging went.
 The Female Tribe surround him as he lay,
 And close beside him sate the gentle *May* :
 Where, as she try'd his Pulse, he softly drew
 A speaking Sigh, and cast a mournful View ;
 Then gave his Bill, and brib'd the Pow'rs Divine
 With secret Vows, to favour his Design.

Who studies now but discontented *May* ?
 On her soft Couch uneasily she lay :
 The lumpish Husband snor'd away the Night,
 Till Coughs awak'd him near the Morning Light,
 What then he did, I not presume to tell,
 Nor if she thought herself in Heav'n or Hell.

Honest

Honest and dull, in Nuptial Bed they lay,
'Till the Bell toll'd, and All arose to Pray.

Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,
Or did from Chance, or Nature's Pow'r proceed,
Or that some Star, with Aspect kind to Love,
Shed its selected Influence from above ;
Whatever was the Cause, the tender Dame
Felt the first Motions of an infant Flame ;
She took th' Impressions of the Love-sick Squire,
And wasted in the soft, infectious Fire.

Ye Fair draw near, let *May's* Example move
Your gentle Minds to pity those who love !
Had some fierce Tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor Adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd :
But she, your Sex's Mirrour, free from Pride,
Was much too meek to prove a Homicide.

But to my Tale ; some Sages have defin'd
Pleasure the Sov'reign Bliss of Humankind :
Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd this high Philosophy from those ;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vast Expence
Of lavish Pomp, and proud Magnificence :
His House was stately, his Retinue gay,
Large was his Train, and gorgeous his Array.
His spacious Garden, made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with Walls of solid Stone ;
Priapus could not half describe the Grace
(Though God of Gardens) of this charming Place :
A Place to tire the rambling Wits of *France*,
In long Descriptions, and exceed *Romance* ;
Enough to shame the boldest Bard that sings
Of painted Meadows, and of purling Springs.

Full in the Center of this Spot of Ground,
A Crystal Fountain spread its Streams around,
Its fruitful Banks with verdant Lawrels crown'd :
About this Spring (if ancient Fame say true)
The dapper Elves their Moonlight Sports pursue ;
Their Pigmy King, and little Fairy Queen,
In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,
While tuneful Sprights a merry Confort made,
And airy Musick warbled through the Shade.

Hithet

Hither the Noble Knight would oft repair
 (His Scene of Pleasure, and peculiar Care)
 For this, he kept it lock'd, and always bore
 The Silver Key that ope'd the Garden Door.
 To this sweet Place, in Summer's sultry Heat,
 He us'd from Noise and Business to retreat ;
 And here in Dalliance spend the live-long Day,
Solus cum Sola, with his sprightly *May*.
 For whate'er Work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 In this fair Garden he perform'd and sped.

Thus many a Day, with Ease and Plenty blest,
 Our gen'rous Knight his gentle Dame possest :
 But ah ! what Mortal lives of Bliss secure,
 How short a Space our worldly Joys endure ?
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous Kind,
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the Wind !
 O painted Monster form'd Mankind to cheat
 With pleasing Poison, and with soft Deceit !
 This aged *January*, this worthy Knight,
 Amidst his Ease, Enjoyment and Delight,
 Struck blind by thee ; resigns his Days to Grief,
 And calls on Death, the Wretch's last Relief.

The Rage of Jealousy then seiz'd his Mind,
 For much he fear'd the Faith of Womankind.
 His Wife, not suffer'd from his Side to stray,
 Was Captive kept ; he watch'd her Night and Day,
 Abridg'd her Pleasures, and confin'd her Sway. }
 Full oft in Tears did hapless *May* complain,
 And sigh'd for Woe, but sigh'd and wept in vain,
 She look'd on *Damian* with a Lover's Eye,
 For oh, 'twas fix'd she must possess or die !
 Nor less Impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
 Wild with Delay, and burning with Desire.
 Watch'd as she was, yet could not he refrain
 By secret Writing to disclose his Pain,
 The Dame by Signs reveal'd her kind Intent,
 'Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah gentle Knight, what would thy Eyes avail,
 Tho' they could see as far as Ships can fail ?
 'Tis better sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a Man can see !

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was overwatch'd, for all his hundred Eyes :
So many an honest Husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the Case his own.

The Dame at last, by Diligence and Care,
Procur'd the Key her Knight was wont to bear ;
She took the Wards in Wax before the Fire,
And gave th' Impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some Wonder shall appear,
Which in due Place and Season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet *Ovid*, in the Days of Yore,
What Sleight is that, which Love, will not explore ?
And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly show,
The Feats, true Lovers when they list, can do :
Though watch'd, and Captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the Art of Kissing through a Wall.

But now no longer from our Tale to stray ;
It happen'd, that once upon a Summer's Day ;
Our noble Knight was urg'd to am'rous Play :
He rais'd his Spouse e'er Mattin Bell was rung,
And thus his Morning Canticle he sung.

Awake my Love, disclose thy radiant Eyes ;
Arise my Wife, my beauteous Lady rise !
Hear now the Doves with pensive Notes complain,
And in soft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain ;
The Winter's past, the Clouds and Tempests fly,
The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky.
Fair without Spot, whose ev'ry charming Part
My Bosom wounds, and captivates my Heart,
Come, and in mutual Pleasure let's ingage,
Joy of my Life, and Comfort of my Age !

This heard, to *Damian* strait a Sign she made
To haste before, the gentle Squire obey'd :
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his Way,
And ambush'd close behind an Arbour lay.

It was not long e'er *January* came,
And Hand in Hand, with him, his lovely Dame ;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the Key, and made the Gate secure.

Here let us walk he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of Pleasures to the World unknown :

So may my Soul have Joy, as thou, my Wife,
 Art far the dearest Solace of my Life ;
 And rather would I chuse, by Heaven above,
 To die this Instant, than to lose thy Love.
 Reflect what Truth was in my Passion shown,
 When un-endow'd, I took thee for my own,
 And fought no Treasure but thy Heart alone.
 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of Sight,
 While thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
 Nor Age, nor Blindness, rob me of Delight.
 Each other Loss with Patience I can bear,
 The Loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my Lady and my Wife,
 The solid Comforts of a virtuous Life.
 As first, the Love of Christ himself you gain ;
 Next your own Honour undefil'd maintain ;
 And lastly, that which sure your Mind must move,
 My whole Estate shall gratify your Love :
 Make your own Terms ; and e'er to Morrow's Sun
 Displays his Light, by Heaven it shall be done.
 I seal the Contract with a holy Kiss,
 And will perform, by this---my Dear, and this---
 Have Comfort, Spouse, nor think thy Love unkind ;
 'Tis Love, not Jealousy, that fires my Mind.
 For when thy Beauty does my Thoughts engage ;
 And join'd to that, my own unequal Age ;
 From thy dear Side I have no Power to part,
 Such secret Transports warm my melting Heart.
 For who that once possess those Heav'nly Charms,
 Could live one Moment, absent from thy Arms ?

He ceas'd: and *May* with sober Grace reply'd ;
 Weak was her Voice, as while she spoke she cry'd.
 Heaven knows, (with that a tender Sigh she drew)
 I have a Soul to save as well as you ;
 And, what no less you to my Charge commend,
 My dearest Honour, will to Death defend.
 To you in holy Church I gave my Hand,
 And join'd my Heart, in Wedlock's sacred Band ?
 Yet after this, if you distrust my Care,
 Then hear my Lord, and witness what I swear.

First, may the yawning Earth her Bosom rend,
 And let me hence to Hell alive descend ;
 Or die the Death I dread no less than Hell,
 Sow'd in a Sack, and plung'd into a Well :
 E'er I my Fame by one lewd Act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the Honour of my Race.
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle Blood I came,
 I loath a Whore, and startle at the Name.
 But jealous Men on their own Crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their Ladies to suspect :
 Else why these needless Cautions, Sir, to me ?
 The Doubts and Fears of Female Constancy ?
 This Chime still rings in ev'ry Lady's Ear,
 The only Strain a Wife must hope to hear.

'Thus while she spoke, a side-long Glance she cast,
 Where *Damian* kneeling, reverenc'd as she past.
 She saw him watch the Motions of her Eye,
 And singled out a Pear-tree planted nigh :
 'Twas charg'd with Fruit that made a goodly Show,
 And hung with dangling Pears was ev'ry Bough.
 Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his Pace,
 And climbing, in the Summit took his Place :
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in View,
 Where let us leave them; and our Trust pursue.

'Twas now the Season when the glorious Sun
 His Heavenly Progress through the *Twins* had run ;
 And *Jove*, exalted, his mild Influence yields,
 To glad the Glebe, and paint the flow'ry Fields.
 Clear was the Day, and *Phæbus* rising bright,
 Had streak'd the Azure Firmament with Light ;
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring Clouds with golden Streams
 And warm'd the Womb of Earth with genial Beams.

It so befel, in that fair Morning-Tide,
 The Fairies sported on the Garden's Side,
 And in the midst, the Monarch and his Bride.
 So featly tripp'd the light-foot Ladies round,
 The Knights so nimbly o'er the Greenfword bound,
 That scarce they bent the Flow'rs, to touch the
 Ground,

The Dances ended, all the Fairy Train
 For Pinks and Daisies search'd the flow'ry Plain ;

While

While on a Bank reclin'd of rising Green,
Thus with a Frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The Treachery you Women use to Man :
A thousand Authors have this Truth made out,
And sad Experience leaves no room for Doubt.

Heaven rest thy Spirit, noble *Solomon*,
A wiser Monarch never saw the Sun :
All Wealth, all Honours, the supreme Degree
Of Earthly Blifs, was well bestow'd on thee !
For sagely hast thou said ; Of all Mankind,
One only just, and righteous, hope to find :
But should'st thou search the spacious World around,
Yet one good Woman were not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your Wickedness ;
The Son of *Sirach* testifies no less.

So may some Wildfire on your Bodies fall,
Or some devouring Plague consume you all,
As well you view the Leacher in the Tree,
And well this Honourable Knight you see :
But since he's blind and old, (a hapless Case)
His Squire shall cuckold him before your Face.

Now by my own dread Majesty I swear,
And by this awful Sceptre which I bear,
No impious Wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my Presence offers such a Wrong.

I will this Instant undeceive the Knight,
And in the very Act restore his Sight :
And set the Strumpet here in open View,
A Warning to these Ladies and to you,
And all the faithless Sex for ever to be true.

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed ?
Now, by my Mother's Soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an Answer at his Need.

For her, and for her Daughters, I'll engage,
And all the Sex in each succeeding Age :
Art shall be theirs to varnish an Offence,
And fortify their Crimes with Confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict Embrace,
Seen with both Eyes, and pinion'd on the Place ;

All they shall need is to protest and swear,
 Breathe a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear;
 Till their wise Husbands gull'd by Arts like these,
 Grow gentle, tame, and tractable as Geese.
 What though this staid'rous Jew, this Solomon,
 Call'd Women Fools, and knew full many a one?
 The wiser Wits of later Times declare,
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous, Women are:
 Witness the Martyrs, who resign'd their Breath,
 Serene in Torments, unconcern'd in Death;
 And witness next what *Roman* Authors tell,
 How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.

But since the sacred Leaves to all are free,
 And Men interpret Texts, why should not we?
 By this no more was meant, than to have shewn,
 That sov'reign Goodness dwells in him alone
 Who only Is, and is but only One.
 But grant the worst; shall Women then be weigh'd
 By ev'ry Word that *Solomon* has said?
 What though this King (as ancient Story boasts)
 Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts;
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
 And did as much for Idol-Gods, or more.
 Beware what lavish Praises you confer
 On a rank Leacher, and Idolater;
 Whose Reign indulgent God, says Holy Writ,
 Did but for *David's* righteous Sake permit;
David, the Monarch after Heaven's own Mind,
 Who lov'd our Sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
 Silence would swell me, and my Heart would break.
 Know then, I scorn your dull Authorities,
 Your idle Wits, and all their learned Lies.
 By Heav'n, those Authors are our Sex's Foes,
 Whom, in our Right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay, quoth the King, dear Madam, be not wroth:
 I yield it up; but since I gave my Oath,
 That this much-injur'd Knight again should see;
 It must be done---I am a King, said he,
 And one, whose Faith has ever sacred been.
 And so has mine, (she said)---I am a Queen;

Her Answer she shall have, I undertake;
 And thus an End of all Dispute I make:
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our Sex to break our Word.

We leave them here in this heroic Strain,
 And to the Knight our Story turns again;
 Who in the Garden, with his lovely *May*,
 Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
 This was his Song; " Oh! kind and constant be,
 " Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
 By easy Steps to where the Pear-tree grew:
 The longing Dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
 Full fairly perch'd among the Boughs above.
 She stopp'd, and sighing: O good Gods, she cry'd,
 What Pangs, what sudden Shoots distend my Side?
 O for the tempting Fruit, so fresh, so green!
 Help, for the Love of Heaven's immortal Queen!
 Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the Life
 Of thy poor Infant, and thy longing Wife!
 Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear the Lady's Cry,
 But could not climb, and had no Servant nigh:
 Old as he was, and void of Eye-sight too,
 What could, alas, the helpless Husband do?
 And must I languish then (she said) and die,
 Yet view the lovely Fruit before my Eye?
 At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the Bole between your Arms to take;
 Then from your Back I might ascend the Tree;
 Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my Soul, he thus reply'd again;
 I'd spend my dearest Blood to ease thy Pain.
 This said, his Back against the Trunk he bent;
 She seiz'd a Twig, and up the Tree she went.

Now prove your Patience, gentle Ladies all,
 Nor let on me your heavy Anger fall:
 'Tis Truth I tell, though not in Phrase refin'd;
 Though blunt my Tale, yet honest is my Mind.
 What Feats the Lady in the Tree might do,
 I pass, as Gambols never known to you:

But

But sure it was a merrier Fit, she swore,
Than in her Life she ever felt before.

In that nice Moment, lo ! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden Sight.
Strait on the Tree his eager Eyes he bent,
As one whose Thoughts were on his Spouse intent ;
But when he saw his Bosom-wife so drest,
His Rage was such, as cannot be exprest :
Not frantick Mothers when their Infants die,
With such loud Clamours rend the vaulted Sky :
He cry'd, he roar'd, he rag'd, he tore his Hair ;
Death ! Hell ! and Furies ! what dost Thou do there ?

What ails my Lord ? the trembling Dame reply'd ;
I thought your Patience had been better try'd :
Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my Reward, for having cur'd the Blind ?
Why was I taught to make my Husband see,
By struggling with a Man upon a Tree ?
Did I for this the Power of Magick prove ?
Unhappy Wife, whose Crimes was too much Love !

If this be Strugling, by this holy Light,
'Tis struggling with a Vengeance, (quoth the Knight :)
So Heaven preserve the Sight it has restor'd,
As with these Eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd :
Whor'd by my Slave---Perfidious Wretch ! may Hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good Angels ! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heaven, this Magick work the proper Way :
Alas, my Lord, 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing Words to me.
So help me Fates, as 'tis no perfect Sight,
But some faint Glimm'ring of a doubtful Light.

What I have said, quoth he, I must maintain ;
For, by th' Immortal Pow'rs, it *seem'd* too plain :
By all those Pow'rs some Frenzy seiz'd your Mind,
(Reply'd the Dame :) Are these the Thanks I find ?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind !
She said, a rising Sigh exprest her Woe,
The ready Tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell, she wip'd from either Eye
The Drops, (for Women when they list, can cry.)

The

The Knight was touch'd, and in his Looks appear'd
Signs of Remorse, while thus his Spouse he chear'd :

Madam, 'tis past, and my short Anger o'er ;
Come down, and vex your tender Heart no more :
Excuse me, Dear, if ought amiss was said,
For, on my Soul, amends shall soon be made :
Let my Repentance your Forgiveness draw,
By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah my lov'd Lord ! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
On bare *Suspicion* thus to treat your Bride ;
But 'till your Sight's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect Objects may your Sense beguile :
Thus when from Sleep we first our Eyes display,
The Balls seem wounded with the piercing Ray,
And dusky Vapours rise, and intercept the Day :
So just recov'ring from the Shades of Night,
Your swimming Eyes are drunk with sudden Light,
Strange Phantoms dance around, and skim before your
Sight.

Then Sir be cautious, nor too rashly deem ;
Heav'n knows, how seldom Things are what they seem !
Consult your Reason, and you soon shall find,
'Twas You were jealous, not your Wife unkind :
For ne'er spoke Oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that, she leap'd into her Lord's Embrace,
With well dissembled Virtue in her Face :
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with Doubts and Jealousies no more :
Both, pleas'd and blest, renew'd their mutual Vows,
A fruitful Wife, and a believing Spouse,

Thus ends our Tale, whose Moral next to make,
Let all wise Husbands hence Example take ;
And pray, to crown the Pleasure of their Lives,
To be so well deluded by their Wives.

The

The SPINNING - WHEEL.

DEAR TOM,

THIS comes to let you know
I'm well, thank God, and hope you're so :
In truth, I'm very much perplext,
For something fine to write you next,
So leave this Blank -----

-----for you to fill,
With even---whatsoe'er you will.

According, now, to ancient Use,
From Compliments I come to News :
Then know the Vicar's Daughter's marry'd ;
And Sister *Susan* has miscarry'd ;
His Worship's Son has been so wild,
To get the Chamber-maid with Child ;
Which gives his Father such Offence,
He never has been sober since.

As next in Course, on you attends
The just Respect of all your Friends ;
Accept of Services by Dozens,
From all your loving Aunts and Cousins ;
The Sheet of Paper would not hold 'em,
Or one by one I should have told 'em.

Next, on my Part, in order, comes
My hearty Love to *John*, to *James*,
To smiling *Kate*, and buxom *Dolly*,
Yet not forgetting pretty *Molly*.

And now, for want of other Matter,
Wherewith to furnish out my Letter ;
To you, dear *Tom*, I would unfold
A Story, which for Truth is told ;
But whether true or false, no doubt,
Your Judgment, *Tom*, will soon find out ;
And make a proper Application
Of what I give the bare Relation.

Once on a Time (my Story says)
 An over-studious Priest there was,
 Who to the Age of fifty-three
 Had hoarded his Virginity ;

Resisting *Satan* all his Life
 In Form of Mistress,---or of Wife.
 But when, and where, is not agreed,
 Which let for that Omission plead ;
 Though what's material in the Case
 Relates to Fact, not Time and Place.

But not to make a long Digression,
 According to the modern Fashion ;
 Grown weary of a single Life,
 He now resolv'd to take a Wife.
 The Cause, indeed, is not assign'd
 Which made the Parson change his Mind ;
 But, if to guess we may be bold,
 He found the Winter Nights were cold :
 And, if we may go on in guessing,
 Thought nat'ral Heat the most refreshing.
 But whether this, or what beside,
 We'll leave the Learned to decide.

Pursuant to this Resolution,
 The next Thing was, which Way to chuse One.
 For, right the Parson did conclude,
 Bad some might be, though some were good :
 But, since he no Experience had
 How to distinguish Good from Bad,
 The only Way he meant to try,
 Was taking her would first comply.
 For if all Wedlock is a Lottery,
 Thinks he, 'tis but a Piece of Sottery,
 In chusing Wives to make a Pother,
 When one may prove as good as t'other :
 And since kind Fate is still our Guide,
 Both to the Halter and the Bride ;
 Ev'n let's on that alone rely,
 Whether to marry or to die,
 And wisely yield to Destiny.

In vain is mortal Wit employ'd,
 Or This to gain, or That avoid :

Just

Just when we think to grasp a Joy,
O'er-ruling Fate, which acts unseen,
With Arm-forbidding steps between,
And does our blooming Hope destroy.
Then let's on that devolve our Care,
And all our fruitless Labour spare,

The Doctor (for that he was so
I should have told you long ago ;
But for a Poët to forget,
Dear *Thomas*, is not strange a bit,)
In *Sunday Gown*, and *Cambrick Band*
Equipp'd him for the promis'd Land.
For he imagin'd now, Friend *Thomas*,
That *Wedlock* was a *Land of Promise*,
And fancy'd he could plainly shew,
It did with *Milk and Honey* flow :
Though, if we may pretend to guess,
He found it but the *Wilderness*.

But to take up the Point in hand,
Which seems, at present, at a Stand ;
On Heaven's Direction he rely'd,
And forth he went to seek a Bride.

Not far the pious Priest had gone,
Before he met with Farmer *John* :
Neighbour, says he, I think you have
A Daughter, and her Name I crave.
Doctor, cry'd honest *John*, 'tis true,
I must have one, because I've two ;
And if you'd know the Name of both,
The one is *Sis'ly*, t'other *Ruth*.
Sis'ly, and *Ruth* ? the Doctor cry'd ;
Well, one of these must be my Bride :
And, Neighbour, to declare the Truth,
I like, methinks, the Name of *Ruth* :
The Reason I prefer the same,
Is 'cause it is a Scripture Name :
For, where the Scripture can decide,
It always ought to be our Guide.

The Farmer gave his free Consent,
And home with him the Doctor went :

Where,

Where, overjoy'd that he should be
 The Father of Divinity,
 An ample Can of nappy Ale,
 Exceeding strong, and wondrous stale,
 The Farmer brought, to drink Success
 To their approaching Happiness;
 (For *John* had always understood,
 A Bargain dry could not be good.)
 And, lastly, to conclude the Matter,
 He call'd in *Ruth*, his youngest Daughter.

Just in the Glory of her Youth,
 About Sixteen was rosy *Ruth*.
 The Doctor kiss'd her; call'd her Child;
 She dropp'd a Curt'sy, blush'd, and smil'd.
 He ask'd her if she'd change her Life,
 And yield to be a Parson's Wife:
 That he was now resolv'd on Marriage;
 Lik'd both her Person and her Carriage,
 And in the Morning did design,
 That Brother Crape their Hands should join.

Ruth told him, he went on too fast,
 That she was not so much in Haste,
 Nor did, indeed, design to marry,
 At soonest, till next *January*;
 That she was Young, but he was Old,
 And much she fear'd, exceeding Cold:
 (For *Dick* had given her to guess
 How warm a Youthful Lover was,
 And by Contraries she might know
 An Ancient One could not be so.)

In short, he might go seek elsewhere,
 A Wife he ne'er should have of her.
 Thus having told her full Intent,
 A Curt'sy dropp'd; and out she went.

The Doctor was with Grief affected,
 Who no such Usage had expected,
 But trusting to the Proverb still,
 That if one won't, another will,
 He hop'd to reconcile the Matter,
 By taking of the other Daughter:

O

And

And looking on the Farmer wistly,
Desir'd that he would call in *Sis'ly*.

About the Age of thirty-three,
A Maiden stale was *Sisely* :
But for her Years let's not despise her,
As she was older, she was wiser,
And formal Courtship laid aside,
Became at once the Doctor's Bride.

Their Hands were join'd ; the Table spread ;
The Night came on ; they went to Bed ;
Where let them sleep, and take their Ease,
Or, freely do---whate'er they please.

Now, *Phæbus* gave *Aurora* Warning,
And Whip and Spur drove on the Morning ;
When surfeited with Marriage Charms,
The Doctor left his *Sis'ly's* Arms,
With diff'rent Thoughts of Wedlock quite,
Than he lay down with over Night :
And, truly, I have clean forgot
Whether he did repent or not ;
But whether quite so soon or no,
Thousands there be, which have done so :
For Marriage is observ'd to be
A fatal Kind of Prodigy ;
At Distance wears an Angel's Charms,
But turns a Devil in one's Arms.

And, now, the Doctor left his Bride,
To thumb the Books he'd laid aside,
But told her, though she was his Wife,
She must not lead a lazy Life,
Or purpose to be wholly idle,
Whilst he is poring o'er the Bible.
For that same Text is very meet,
Which says, *Who works not, shall not eat,*

And his Desire was, indeed,
That she should spin whilst he should read.
She told him she would still obey
Whate'er Commands he pleas'd to lay,
And make the Business of her Life,
To prove a kind obliging Wife.

Now,

Now, thus, almost a Month was run,
 The Doctor read, and *Sis'ly* spun :
 At last, a Whim came in his Head,
 That he (forsooth) would read in Bed,
 'Till he, for Sleep, could do no more
 Than put the Candle out, and snore.

Oft *Sis'ly* by Perswasion try'd
 To make him lay his Books aside ;
 But spite of all that she could say,
 The Doctor still would have his Way.
 Night came in vain : She sigh'd, and turn'd :
 The Doctor read : The Candle burn'd :
 No Comfort did she find in Bed :
 The Candle burn'd : The Doctor read.

One Night, she full of Wishes lay,
 That he would put his Book away :
 But finding it was all in vain,
 To sigh, to reason, or complain ;
 She from his Side did softly steal,
 And fetch'd to Bed her Spinning-Wheel.

The Doctor, staring with Surprise,
 Could scarce give Credit to his Eyes :
 Good God ! said he, what is't you do ?
 What Tricks are you about to shew ?
 Was Woman e'er before so mad
 To bring a Spinning-Wheel to Bed ?

Poor *Sis'ly* squeez'd the Doctor's Hand,
 And told him, She his wife Command
 Had well consider'd, plainly shewing,
 That ev'ry one should still be Doing.
 The Doctor smiling, guess'd what meant
 His blushing Spouse's Compliment ;
 And took the Thing by its right Handle ;
 Laid down the Book, blow'd out the Candle.

The WIFE of BATH.

BEhold the Woes of matrimonial Life,
 And hear with Rev'rence an experienc'd Wife!
 To dear-bought Wisdom give the Credit due,
 And think, for once, a Woman tells you true.
 In all these Trials I have born a Part,
 I was myself the Scourge that caus'd the Smart;
 For, since fifteen, in Triumph have I led
 Five Captive Husbands from the Church to Bed.

Christ saw a Wedding once, the Scripture says,
 And saw but one, 'tis thought in all his Days;
 Whence some infer, whose Conscience is too niee,
 No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me if they can,
 The Words address'd to the *Samaritan*:
 Five Times in lawful Wedlock she was join'd;
 And sure the certain Stint was ne'er defin'd.
Encrease and Multiply was Heaven's Command,
 And that's a Text I clearly understand.
 This too, "Let them their Sires and Mothers leave,
 " And to their dearer Wives for ever cleave.
 More Wives than one, by *Solomon* were try'd,
 Or else the wisest of Mankind's bely'd.
 I've had myself full many a merry Fit;
 And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet.
 For when my transitory Spouse, unkind,
 Shall die, and leave his woeful Wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our Turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed, than burn.
 There's Danger in assembling Fire and Tōw;
 I grant them that, and what it means you know.
 The same Apostle too, has elsewhere own'd,
 No Precept for Virginity he found:
 'Tis but a Counsel---and we Women still
 Take which we like, the Counsel, or our Will.

I envy

I envy not their Bliss, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect Chastity ;
 Pure let them be, and free from Taint of Vice ;
 I, for a few slight Spots, am not so nice.
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent Ways, on these bestows
 One proper Gift, another grants to those :
 Not ev'ry Man's oblig'd to sell his Store
 And give up all his Substance to the Poor ;
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny ;
 But, by your Leave, Divines, so am not I.

Fall many a Saint, since first the World began,
 Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of Man :
 Let such (a God's-name) with fine Wheat be fed,
 And let us honest Wives eat Barley Bread.
 For me, I'll keep the Post assign'd by Heaven,
 And use the copious Talent it has given :
 Let my good Spouse pay Tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal Reck'ning ev'ry Night :
 His proper Body is not his, but mine ;
 For so said *Paul*, and *Paul's* a sound Divine.

Know then, of those five Husbands I have had,
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
 The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
 And toil'd most piteously to please their Bride :
 But since their Wealth (the best they had) was mine,
 The rest, without much Loss I could resign.
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no Pains to please,
 Yet had more Pleasure far, than they had Ease.

Presents flow'd in apace ; with Show'rs of Gold,
 They made their Court, like *Jupiter* of old.
 If I but smil'd, a sudden Youth they found ;
 And a new Palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
 Ye sov'reign Wives ! give Ear, and understand ;
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise Command.
 For never was it giv'n to mortal Man,
 To lie so boldly as we Women can.
 Forswear the Fact, though seen with both his Eyes,
 And call your Maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir *Paul* ! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
 Whence is our Neighbour's Wife so rich and gay ?

Treated, carefs'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam---
I sit in Tatters, and immur'd at Home.

Why to her House dost thou so oft repair?

Art thou so Am'rous? and is she so fair?

If I but see a Cousin, or a Friend,

Lord! how you swell, and rage like any Fiend!

But you reel Home, a Drunken beastly Bear,

Then preach till Midnight in your Easy Chair,

Cry, Wives are false, and ev'ry Woman evil,

And give up all that's Female to the Devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her Husband's Purse;

If rich, she keeps her Priest, or something worse:

If highly born, intolerably vain,

Vapours and Pride by Turns possess her Brain,

Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetick,

Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick,

If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,

By pressing Youth attack'd on ev'ry Side.

If foul, her Wealth the lusty Lover lures,

Or else her Wit some Fool-gallant procures,

Or else she dances with becoming Grace,

Or Shape excuses the Defects of Face.

There swims no Goose so grey, but soon or late,

She finds some honest Gander for her Mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and Asses, Men may try,

And ring suspected Vessels e'er they buy:

But Wives, a random Choice, untry'd they take,

They dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock wake:

Then, nor till then, the Veil's remov'd away,

And all the Woman glares in open Day.

You tell me, to preserve your Wife's good Grace,

Your Eyes must always languish on my Face,

Your Tongue with constant Flatt'ries feed my Ear,

And tag each Sentence with, my Life! my Dear!

If, by strange Chance, a modest Blush be rais'd,

Before my fine Complexion must be prais'd.

My Garments always must be new and gay,

And Feasts still kept upon my Wedding-Day.

Then must my Nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite Maid,

And endless Treats, and endless Visits paid.

To

To a long Train of Kindred, Friends, Allies ;
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are Lies.

On *Jenkin* too you cast a squinting Eye :
What ? can your 'Prentice raise your Jealousy ?
Fresh are his ruddy Cheeks, his Forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd Gold his curling Hair,
But clear thy wrinkled Brow, and quit thy Sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'Prentice, should you die To-morrow.

Why are thy Chests all lock'd ? on what Design ?
Are not thy worldly Goods and Treasure mine ?
Sir, I'm no Fool : nor shall you, by *St. John*,
Have Goods and Body to yourself alone.

One you shall quit, in Spite of both your Eyes---
I heed not, I, the Bolts, the Locks, the Spies.

If you had Wit, you'd say, " Go where you will,

" Dear Spouse, I credit not the Tales they tell :

" Take all the Freedoms of a married Life ;

" I know thee for a virtuous, faithful Wife.

Lord ! when you have enough, what need you care

How merrily soever others fare ?

Tho' all the Day I give and take Delight,

Doubt not, sufficient will be left at Night.

'Tis but a just and rational Desire,

To light a Taper at a Neighbour's Fire,

There's Danger too, you think, in rich Array,

And none can long be modest that are gay :

The Cat, if you but singe her tabby Skin,

The Chimney keeps, and sits content within ;

But once grown sleek, will from her Corner run,

Sport with her Tail, and wanton in the Sun ;

She licks her fair round Face, and frisks abroad,

To show her Furr, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo ! thus, my Friends, I wrought to my Desires,

These three right ancient venerable Sires.

I told 'em, thus you say, and thus you do---
And told 'em false, but *Jenkin* swore 'twas true.

I, like a Dog, could bite as well as whine,

And first complain'd, whene'er the Guilt was mine.

I tax'd them oft with Wenching and Amours,

When their weak Legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of Doors ;

And

And swore the Rambles that I took by Night,
 Were all to spy what Damsels they bedight.
 That Colour brought me many Hours of Mirth;
 For all this Wit is giv'n us from our Birth.
 Heav'n gave to Woman the peculiar Grace
 To spin, to weep, and cully human Race.
 By this nice Conduct, and this prudent Course,
 By Murm'ring, Wheedling, Stratagem, and Force,
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the Right,
 Or Curtain Lectures made a restless Night.
 If Once my Husband's Arm was o'er my Side,
 What! so familiar with your Spouse? I cry'd:
 I levied first a Tax upon his Need;
 Then let him---'Twas a Nicety indeed!
 Let all Mankind this certain Maxim hold,
 Marry who will, our Sex is to be sold.
 With empty Hands no Tassels you can lure,
 But fulsom Love for Gain we can endure.
 For Gold we love the impotent and old,
 And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for Gold.
 Yet with Embraces, Curses oft I mixt,
 Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my Will in Peace, and die,
 For not one Word in Man's Arrears am I.
 To drop a dear Dispute I was unable,
 Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had set at Table.
 But when my Point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
 " Billy, my Dear, how sheepishly you look?
 " Approach, my Spouse, and let me kiss thy Cheek;
 " Thou shouldst be always thus, resign'd and meek!
 " Of *Job's* great Patience since so oft' you preach,
 " Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
 " 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 " But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
 " Great is the Blessing of a prudent Wife,
 " Who puts a Period to Domestic Strife.
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 " And since in Man right Reason bears the Sway,
 " Let that frail Thing, weak Woman, have her Way.
 " The Wives of all my Family have rul'd,
 " Their tender Husbands, and their Passions cool'd.

" Fic,

" Fie, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan ;
 " What ! would you have me to yourself alone ?
 " Why take me, Love ! take all and ev'ry Part !
 " Here's your Revenge ! you love it at your Heart.
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what Nature gave,
 " You little think what Custom I could have ?
 " But see ! I'm all your own---nay hold---for shame !
 " What means my Dear---indeed---you are to blame.

Thus with my first three Lords I past my Life ;
 A very Woman, and a very Wife.
 What Sums from these old Spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young Husbands in my riper Days.
 Tho' past my Bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a Pye.
 In Country Dances still I bore the Bell,
 And sung as sweet as Evening *Philomel*.
 To clear my Quail-pipe and refresh my Soul,
 Full oft' I drain'd the spicy nut-brown Bowl :
 Rich luscious Wines, that youthful Blood improve,
 And warm the swelling Veins to Feats of Love :
 For 'tis as sure, as Cold engenders Hail,
 A liqu'rish Mouth must have a lech'rous Tail ;
 Wine lets no Lover unrewarded go,
 As all true Gamesters by Experience know.

But oh good Gods ! whene'er a Thought I cast
 On all the Joys of Youth and Beauty past,
 To find in Pleasures I have had my Part,
 Still warms me to the Bottom of my Heart.
 This wicked World was once my dear Delight ;
 Now all my Conquests, all my Charms good Night !
 The Flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my Market of the Bran.

My fourth dear Spouse was not exceeding true ;
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miss or two :
 But all that Score I paid---as how ? you'll say,
 Not with my Body, in a filthy way :
 But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd ;
 And view'd a Friend, with Eyes so very kind,
 As stung his Heart, and made his Marrow fry
 With burning Rage, and frantick Jealousy.

His

His Soul; I hope, enjoys eternal Glory,
 For here on Earth I was his Purgatory.
 Oft', when his Shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless Airs, and sat and sung.
 How sore I gall'd him, only Heav'n could know,
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the Woe.
 He dy'd, when last from Pilgrimage I came,
 With other Gossips, from *Jerusalem*;
 And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest Wood.
 A Tomb, indeed, with fewer Sculptures grac'd,
 Than that *Mausolus'* pious Widow plac'd,
 Or where inshrin'd the great *Darius* lay;
 But Cost on Graves is merely thrown away.
 The Pit fill'd up, with Turf we cover'd o'er;
 So blest the good Man's Soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
 (Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting Rest).
 Full hearty was his Love, and I can shew
 The Tokens on my Ribs in black and blue;
 Yet, with a knack, my Heart he could have won,
 While yet the Smart was shooting in the Bone.
 How quaint an Appetite in Woman reigns!
 Free Gifts we scorn, and love what costs us Pains;
 Let Men avoid us, and on them we leap;
 A glutted Market makes Provision cheap.

In pure good Will I took this jovial Spark,
 Of *Oxford* he, a most egregious Clerk.
 He boarded with a Widow in the Town,
 A trusty Gossip, one Dame *Alison*.
 Full well the Secrets of my Soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our Parish Priests could do.
 To her I told whatever could befall;
 Had but my Husband piss'd against a Wall.
 Or done a Thing that might have cost his Life,
 She---and my Niece---and one more worthy Wife;
 Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no Scruple to reveal.
 Oft' has he blush'd from Ear to Ear for shame,
 That e'er he told a Secret to his Dame.

It so besel, in holy Time of *Lent*,
 That oft' a Day I to this Gossip went;
 My Husband, thank my Stars, was out of Town,
 From House to House we rambled up and down;
 This Clerk, myself, and my good Neighbour *Ake*,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather Tales,
 Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,
 The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept;
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept;
 At Sermons too I shone in Scarlet gay,
 The wasting Moth ne'er spoil'd my best Array,
 The Cause was this, I wore it ev'ry Day.

'Twas when fresh *May* her early Blossoms yields,
 This Clerk and I were walking in the Fields.
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my Honour, and engag'd my Vow,
 If e'er I laid my Husband in his Urn,
 That he, and only he, should serve my Turn.
 We strait struck hands, the Bargain was agreed;
 I still have Shifts against a Time of Need:
 The Mouse that always trusts to one poor Hole,
 Can never be a Mouse of any Soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And Dreams foretel, as learned Men have shown;
 All this I said; but Dreams, Sirs, I had none:
 I follow'd but my crafty Crony's Lore,
 Who bid me tell this Lie---and twenty more.

Thus Day by Day, and Month by Month we past,
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my Spouse at last.
 I tore my Gown, I soil'd my Locks with Dust,
 And beat my Breasts, as wretched Widows---must.
 Before my Face my Handkerchief I spread,
 To hide the Flood of Tears I did---not shed.
 The good Man's Coffin to the Church was borne;
 Around the Neighbours, and my Clerk to mourn.
 But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a Pair
 Of Legs and Feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!

Of

Of twenty Winters Age he seem'd to be ;
 I (to say Truth) was twenty more than he ;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom Dame ;
 And had a wond'rous Gift to quench a Flame,
 A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, *Mars* in *Taurus* was my Sign.
 As the Stars order'd, such my Life has been :
 Alas, alas, that ever Love was Sin !
 Fair *Venus* gave me Fire, and sprightly Grace,
 And *Mars* Assurance, and a dauntless Face ;
 By Virtue of this pow'rful Constellation,
 I follow'd always my own Inclination.

But to my Tale : A Month scarce pass'd away,
 With Dance and Song we kept the nuptial Day.
 All I possess'd I gave to his Command,
 My Goods and Chattels, Money, House, and Land :
 But oft' repented, and repent it still ;
 He prov'd a Rebel to my sov'reign Will :
 Nay once by Heav'n he struck me on the Face ;
 Hear but the Fact, and judge yourselves the Case.

Stubborn as any Lioness was I ;
 And knew full well to raise my Voice on high ;
 As true a Rambler as I was before,
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore.
 He, against this right sagely would advise,
 And old Examples set before my Eyes,
 Tell how the *Roman* Matrons led their Life,
 Of *Gracchus*' Mother, and *Duilius*' Wife ;
 And close the Sermon, as besem'd his Wit,
 With some grave Sentence out of holy Writ.
 Oft' would he say, who builds his House on Sands,
 Pricks his blind Horse across the fallow Lands,
 Or lets his Wife abroad with Pilgrims roam,
 Deserves a Fool's-cap and long Ears at Home.
 All this avail'd not ; for whoe'er he be
 That tells my Faults, I hate him mortally :
 And so do Numbers more, I'll boldly say,
 Men, Women, Clergy, Regular, and Lay.

My Spouse (who was, you know, to Learning bred
 A certain Treatise oft' at Evening read.

Where

Where divers Authors (whom the Devil confound
For all their Lies) were in one Volume bound.

Valerius, whole ; and of *St. Jerome*, Part ;

Chrysippus and *Tertullian*, *Ovid's Art*,

Solomon's Proverbs, *Eloisa's Loves* ;

And many more than fure the Church approves.

More Legends were there here, of wicked Wives,

Than good, in all the Bible and Saints Lives.

Who drew the Lion vanquish'd ? 'Twas a Man.

But could we Women write as Scholars can,

Men should stand mark'd with far more Wickedness,

Than all the Sons of *Adam* could redress.

Love seldom haunts the Breast where Learning lies,

And *Venus* sets e'er *Mercury* can rise.

Those play the Scholars who can't play the Men,

And use that Weapon which they have, their Pen ;

When old, and past the Relish of Delight,

Then down they sit, and in their Dotage write.

That not one Woman keeps her Marriage Vow,

(This by the Way, but to my Purpose now.)

It chanc'd my Husband, on a Winter's Night,

Read in this Book, aloud, with strange Delight,

How the first Female (as the Scriptures show)

Brought her own Spouse and all his Race to Woe.

How *Sampson* fell ; and he whom *Dejanire*

Wrap'd in th' envenom'd Shirt, and set on Fire.

How curs'd *Eryphile* her Lord betray'd,

And the dire Ambush *Clytemnestra* laid.

But what most pleas'd him was the *Cretan* Dame,

And Husband-bull---oh monstrous ! fie for shame !

He had by Heart, the whole Detail of Woe

Xantippe made her good Man undergo ;

How oft' she scolded in a Day, he knew,

How many Piss-pots on the Sage she threw ;

Who took it patiently, and wip'd his Head ;

Rain follows Thunder, that was all he said.

He read, how *Arius* to his Friend complain'd,

A fatal Tree was growing in his Land,

On which three Wives successively had twin'd

A sliding Noose, and waver'd in the Wind.

Where grows this Plant (reply'd the Friend) oh where?
 For better Fruit did never Orchard bear.
 Give me some Slip of this most blissful Tree,
 And in my Garden planted shall it be.

Then how two Wives their Lord's Destruction prove,
 Thro' Hatred one, and one thro' too much Love;
 That for her Husband mix'd a poisonous Draught,
 And this for Lust an am'rous Philtre brought,
 The nimble Juice soon seiz'd his giddy Head,
 Frantic at Night, and in the Morning dead.

How some with Swords their sleeping Lords have slain,
 And some have hammer'd Nails into their Brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly Potion;
 All this he read, and read with great Devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and
 frown'd;

But when no End of these vile Tales I found,
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
 And half the Night was thus consum'd in vain;
 Provok'd to Vengeance, three large Leaves I tore,
 And with one Buffet fell'd him on the Floor.
 With that, my Husband in a Fury rose,
 And down he settled me with hearty Blows.
 I groan'd, and lay extended on my Side;
 Oh! thou hast slain me for my Wealth (I cry'd)
 Yet I forgive thee---take my last Embrace---
 He wept, kind Soul! and stoop'd to kiss my Face.
 I took him such a Box as turn'd him blue,
 Then sigh'd and cry'd, adieu, my Dear, adieu!

But after many a hearty Struggle past,
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
 Soon as he said, my Mistress and my Wife,
 Do what you list, the Term of all your Life:
 I took to Heart the Merits of the Cause,
 And stood content to rule by wholesome Laws;
 Receiv'd the Reins of absolute Command,
 With all the Government of House and Land,
 And Empire o'er his Tongue, and o'er his Hand.
 As for the Volume that revil'd the Dames,
 'Twas torn to Fragments, and condemn'd to Flames.

Now Heav'n on all my Husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for Tortures felt below :
That Rest they wish'd for, grant them in the Grave,
And blest those Souls my Conduct help'd to save !

The DEVIL OUTWITTED.

OLD Satan, who, for different Ends,
Sends Fools, as well as subtle Fiends,
Once on a Time, as Stories tell,
A Messenger dispatch'd from Hell :
An Imp of very little Sense,
You'll find it by the Consequence.
As he was travelling he found,
A pleasant, fertile Piece of Ground,
Which had lain fallow, till a Suit
At Law, had ended the Dispute,
But that a thrifty, neighbouring Clown,
Had ploug'd, and sown it for his own.
'Twas here he stopt, and found the Swain,
It being Seed-time, sowing Grain :
Good Morrow, honest Friend, one cries ;
Good Morrow, t'other then replies ;
Such rural Compliments once past,
They enter on Discourse at last.
The Farmer could discern full well,
The cloven Foot, the Brimstone smell,
But that he might not be too hard
For him, he stood upon his Guard :
When thus began the simple Fiend ;
This Corn you sow looks well, my Friend ;
But now, suppose you lose this Grain,
The Field is none of your's 'tis plain.
The Countryman who knew the Laws
Would not support him in his Cause,
Did hesitate, and make a Pause.
Says he, I know the Land's not mine,
And I'm as sure, 'tis none of thine.

To sow it, you cannot deny,
 Is better than to let it lie,
 And nought produce but Weeds and Shrubs,
 Food only fit for Worms, and Grubs ;
 Whereas it now may add some Store,
 To that small Heap I got before :
 So I've a better Title to't,
 Than you to ask me why I do't.
 Come don't be testy, but be civil,
 Replies this Numscull of a Devil ;
 Since I've as much a Right, as you,
 I'll e'en go Halves in what you do :
 What's under Ground shall be my Crop,
 And you shall have whate'er springs up.
 Done, says the Farmer, don't let's chatter
 At Harvest we'll decide the Matter :
 'Tis well, says t'other, I'll be here,
 Just at that Season of the Year.
 He took his Leave in high Content,
 And chuckl'd all the Way he went,
 To think how pleasantly he'd bit
 The Farmer, and had shewn his Wit.
 Being sent on Business of Import,
 He made what haste he could to Court,
 And other Places of Resort.

The Time appointed being come,
 The Farmer trudg'd away from home,
 That he might save his Crop, compell'd
 To go to work, and reap the Field :
 Hither repair'd the foolish Elf,
 With some no wiser than himself.
 Both Parties seeming overjoy'd,
 All hands were busily employ'd ;
 The Countryman, with Toil, and Sweat,
 Reap'd, bound, and safely hous'd his Wheat :
 Some pluck the Stubble, bind it some,
 And joyful all sing Harvest Home.
 The Farmer's Grain thresh'd out, and sold,
 It lin'd his Pockets well with Gold ;
 While t'other with Vexation stung,
 Found his was only fit for Dung ;

But

But no one Sign of Wrath reveal'd,
 For all Resentment lay conceal'd.
 Away he flew to Town, for there,
 He'd Business worthy of his Care,
 With Lawyers, Parsons, Pimps by Scores,
 Physicians, Pawnbrokers, and Whores.

The following Spring, the Devil came,
 And once again renew'd his Claim.
 The Farmer, taking little Heed,
 Was busy sowing Raddish-seed.
 Farmer says he, you know, last Year
 The scurvy Trick you play'd me here.
 Should you a second Time deceive,
 The Fault's not your's, I give you leave.
 Nay, says the Farmer, don't exclaim,
 'Tis you, yourself's alone to blame ;
 You saw the Seed I sow'd look fair,
 And therefore chose it for your Share ;
 Not knowing the Crop would owe its Birth,
 To Seed corrupted in the Earth.
 Come replies t'other let's be Friends,
 My present Choice shall make Amends ;
 Henceforward I will have the Shoots,
 And you, my Friend, shall have the Roots.
 With all my Heart, says he, but pray
 Remember then, what now you say.
 This Business settled, they adjourn'd
 Till proper Time, and then return'd :
 The Raddishes were fit to pluck,
 And both appear, to try their Luck :
 They pull them up, the Farmer lops,
 And gives, the Devil his Due, the Tops ;
 With Care they gather in the Whole,
 Then jog to Market, Cheek by Jole,
 The Raddishes were sold, nay well,
 But seeing Raddish Tops to sell,
 The People round about them flock'd,
 And pointing, ridicul'd and joak'd ;
 The very Boys, and Girls, from School,
 Laugh'd at the Devil, for a Fool.

Provok'd, and in an angry Mood,
 He left the Place, and loitering stood,
 Just by the Corner of a Wood.
 The Farmer, having sold his Ware,
 Was trotting home upon his Mare :
 Here, full of Malice, and of Spight,
 The Devil put him in a Fright,
 For at each single Word he spoke,
 There issued from his Mouth a Smoke :
 Thou cheating Rogue, says he, prepare,
 I now, for open War, declare,
 Nor will thy wretched Carcass spare :
 For eight Days hence, thou Villain, Lout,
 We two will have a scratching Bout ;
 At Noon be ready, I command,
 Who first gives out shall quit the Land :
 The Words pronounc'd a sudden Flash
 Of Fire, at once burst out, slap-dash.
 The Farmer's Mare began to start,
 And jump, and prance, and kick, and fart.
 The Devil vanish'd out of Sight,
 Poor Farmer was in doleful Plight,
 And sorrowful, as well he might
 Tho' now he thought himself undone,
 He spurr'd his Mare, together on.
 Who likewise shew'd her Discontent,
 By snorting all the Way she went ;
 However, with a gentle Trot,
 At home, by Dinner-time he got :
 'Tis here he finds his good old Wife,
 The Care and Comfort of his Life ;
 She'd ready got the Table spread
 With that, on which they daily fed.
 He sat him down, and ey'd the Meat,
 And fobb'd, and sigh'd, but could not eat.
 She, who at all Times would rejoice,
 Whenever she but heard his Voice,
 Enquir'd the Cause of all his Woe,
 It broke her Heart to see him so.
 He told her all, the whole Affair,
 Surpriz'd, at first it made her stare :

But recollecting, pho ! says she,
 I'll get you off, as you shall see,
 Leave but the Management to me.
 Before he comes, go you to Church,
 And so you'll leave him in the Lurch ;
 Depend upon't in such a Place,
 He never dares to shew his Face,
 For fear of coming to Disgrace :
 Mean time, tho' he be ne'er so stout,
 You'll find I'll put him to the Rout,
 He look'd more chearful, seem'd more gay,
 At hearing all she had to say ;
 But still his Heart went pit-a-pat,
 Not knowing what she would be at.
 The Time came on, betimes arose
 The Farmer, and to Church he goes ;
 When thither got, and being hous'd,
 And well with holy Water sows'd,
 He thought himself, you may be sure,
 While here, thus fortified, secure.
 But let us now see what became,
 At home, of this his cunning Dame,
 She first had fasten'd well the Door,
 Then threw herself upon the Floor ;
 And rent her Cloaths, and tore her Hair,
 As of a Person in Despair.
 The Dame prepar'd, and all this done,
 The Devil 'tis said, arriv'd at Noon ;
 He knock'd, and call'd, and rais'd his Voice,
 And bawl'd, and made a thund'ring Noise :
 But yet, for all this hideous Din,
 She could, or would not let him in.
 He, listening, heard a doleful Moan,
 With now and then a dismal Groan :
 Quite tir'd at last, resolv'd to do't,
 He broke it open with his Foot :
 At entering thus, her Cries encrease,
 Nor could he make her hold her Peace :
 Where is, says he, this cheating Rogue,
 This Villain, this confounded Dog ?

I'll have him wheresoe'er he be,
 Oh! that I could but tell! says she,
 You should, you should, with all my Soul.
 She then again set up a Howl.
 Last I heard the Monster say,
 Says she, that you and he To-day
 Where to encounter with your Paws,
 And try which had the sharpest Claws:
 His Cruelty so far prevails;
 To try the Sharpness of his Nails,
 That while, poor I, lay fast a sleep,
 He struck them into me so deep,
 No Knife could make a greater Slash,
 A deeper, or a wider Gash:
 The violent Anguish, Smart, and Pain,
 Does even this Instant still remain;
 Nor can a Remedy be found,
 Ever to close, or heal the Wound.
 At this, she made a dismal Face,
 Her Coats flew up, and shew'd the Place.
 Furies! *Aleto! Pluto! Dis!*
 Cries out the Fiend, what Sight is this?
 E'en tell your Husband that I yield,
 And freely give him up the Field.
 This said, he left the Place we find,
 And left a horrid Stench behind.
 With hasty Steps, she ran to Church,
 And saw her Husband in the Porch;
 She found him trembling, fainting here,
 And ready to expire with Fear:
 But soon convinc'd him by a Laugh,
 That all at home was very safe,
 The whole reveals, then Arm in Arm,
 They both trudge homewards to the Farm.

M O R A L.

A merry, and diverting Tale,
 Will o'er the Mind of Man prevail,
 When serious Precepts often fail.
 'Tis plain this tricking Devil would
 Have bit the Farmer if he could.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN Britain's Isle, and Arthur's Days,
 When Midnight *Faeries* dauns'd the Maze,
 Liv'd *Edwin* of the Green;
Edwin I we's a gentle Youth,
 Endow'd with Courage, Sense, and Truth,
 Though badly shap'd he been.

His Mountain Back mote well be said
 To measure Height against his Head,
 And lift itself above,
 Yet spite of all that Nature did
 To make his uncouth Form forbid,
 This Creature dar'd to love.

He felt the Charms of *Edith's* Eyes,
 Nor wanted Hope to gain the Prize,
 Could Ladies look within;
 But one Sir *Topaz* dress'd with Art,
 And, if a Shape could win a Heart,
 He had a Shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my Song)
 With slighted Passion pac'd along
 All in the Moony Light:
 'Twas near an old enchanted Court,
 Were sportive *Faeries* made Resort
 To revel out the Night.

His Heart was drear, his Hope was cross'd,
 'Twas late, 'twas far, the Path was lost
 That reach'd the Neighbour Town;
 With weary Steps he quits the Shades,
 Resolv'd, the darkling Dome he treads,
 And drops his Limbs adown.

But

But scant he lays him on the Floor,
 When hollow Winds remove the Door,
 A Trembling rocks the Ground :
 And (well I ween to count aright)
 At once an hundred Tapers light
 On all the Walls around.

Now sounding Tongues assail his Ear,
 Now sounding Feet approachen near,
 And now the Sounds encrease,
 And from the Corner where he lay
 He sees a Train profusely gay
 Come pranking o'er the Place.

But (trust me *Gentles*!) never yet
 Was dight a masking half so neat,
 Or half so rich before ;
 The Country lent the sweet Perfumes,
 The Sea the Pearls, the Sky the Plumes,
 The Town its filken Store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a Gallant drest
 In flaunting Robes above the rest,
 With awful Accent cry'd ;
 What Mortal of a wretched Mind,
 Whose Sighs infect the balmy Wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the *Swain*, whose vent'rous Soul
 No Fears of *Magick* Art controul,
 Advanc'd in open Sight ;
 " Nor have I Cause of Dreed, he said,
 " Who view (by no Presumption led)
 " Your Revels of the Night.

" 'Twas Grief, for Scorn of faithful Love,
 " Which made my Steps unweeting rove
 " Amid the nightly Dew."
 'Tis well, the Gallant cries again,
 We *Faeries* never injure Men
 Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected Heart,
 Be mine the Talk, or ere we part,
 To make thee Grief resign ;

Now

Now take the Pleasure of thy Chaunce ;
 Whilst I with *Mab* my Partner daunce,
 Be little *Mable* thine.

He spoke, and all a sudden there
 Light Musick floats in wanton Air :

The *Monarch* leads the *Queen* :
 The rest their *Faerie* Partners found,
 And *Mable* trimly tripp'd the Ground
 With *Edwin* of the Green.

The Dauncing past, the Board was laid,
 And siker such a Feast was made
 As Heart and Lip desire ;
 Withouten Hands the Dishes fly
 The Glasses with a Wish come nigh,
 And with a Wish retire.

But now to please the *Faerie King*,
 Full ev'ry Deal they laugh and sing,
 And antick Feats devise ;
 Some wind and tumble like an Ape,
 And other some transmute their Shape
 In *Edwin's* wand'ring Eyes.

'Till one at last that *Robin* hight,
 (Renown'd for pinching Maids by Night)
 Has hent him up aloof ;
 And full against the Beam he flung,
 Where by the Back the Youth he hung
 To spraul unneath the Roof.

From thence, " Reverse thy Charm, he cries,
 And let it fairly now suffice

" The Gambol has been shewn !"
 But *Oberon* answers with a Smile,
 " Content thee, *Edwin*, for a while,
 " The Vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the Phantom Play ;
 They smelt the fresh Approach of Day,
 And heard a Cock to crow ;

The whirling Wind that bore the Crowd
 Has clapp'd the Door, and whistled loud
 To warn them all to go. Then

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the Tapers die;

Poor *Edwin* falls to Floor;
Forlorn his State, and dark the Place,
Was ever Wight in like a Case
Through all the Land before.

But soon as *Dan Apollo* rose,
Full jolly Creature home he goes,
He feels his Back the less;

His honest Tongue and steady Mind
Had rid him of the Lump behind
Which made him want Success.

With lusty Livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His Story soon took Wind;

And beauteous *Edith* sees the Youth,
Endow'd with Courage, Sence and Truth,
Without a Bunch behind.

The Story old, Sir *Topaz* mov'd,
(The Youth of *Edith* erst approv'd)
To see the revel Scene:

At Close of Eve he leaves his Home,
And wends to find the ruin'd Dome
All on the gloomy Plain.

As there he bides it so befell,
The Wind came rustling down a Dell,
A Shaking seiz'd the Wall:

Up spring the Tapers as before,
The *Faeries* bragly foot the Floor,
And Musick fills the Hall.

But *Certes* sorely sunk with Woe
Sir *Topaz* sees the Elphin Show,
His Spirits in him die:

When *Oberon* cries, "A Man is near,
"A Mortal Passion, deeped Fear,
"Hangs flagging in the Sky."

With that Sir *Topaz* (hapless Youth!)
In Accents fault ring, ay for Ruth
Intreats them Pity graunt;

For

For als he been a Mifter Wight,
Betray'd by wand'ring in the Night
To tread the circled Haunt ;

" Ah Louel vile, at once they roar !
" And little skill'd of *Faerie* Lore,
" Thy Cause to come we know :
" Now has thy Kestrel Courage fell ;
" And *Faeries*, since a Lie you tell,
" Are free to work thee Woe."

The Will, who bears the wispy Fire
To trail and Swains among the Mire,
The Caitive upward flung ;
There like a Tortoise in a Shop
He dangled from the Chamber-top,
Where whilome *Edwin* hung.

The Revel now proceeds apace,
Daffy they frisk it o'er the Place.
They fit, they drink, and eat :
The Time with frolick Mirth beguile,
And poor Sir *Topaz* hangs the while
"Till all the Rout retreat.

By this the Stars began to wink,
They skriek, they fly, the Tapers sink,
And down ydrops the *Knight*.
For never Spell by *Faerie* laid
With strong Enchantment bound a Glade
Beyond the Length of Night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
'Till up the Welkin rose the Day,
The deem'd the Dole was o'er ;
But wot ye well his harder Lot ?
His feely Back the *Bunch* has got
Which *Edwin* lost afore.

This Tale a *Sybil-Nurse* ared ;
She softly strok'd my youngling Head,
And when the Tale was done,

Q Thus

" Thus some are born, my Son (she cries)
 " With base Impediments to rise,
 " And some are born with none.
 " But Virtue can itself advance
 " To what the fav'rite Fools of Chance
 " By Fortune seem'd design'd ;
 " Virtue can gain the Odds of Fate,
 " And itself shake off the Weight
 " Upon th' unworthy Mind."

B A S H F U L B E N.

T H E Story every Christian knows,
 How *Joseph* did the Flesh oppose :
 How Beauty, Youth and Grandeur strove,
 In vain his righteous Soul to move.
 This made the Name of *Joseph* ring,
 When Virtue was a common Thing :
 How much more strange, if I should tell
 A modern Tale that sounds as well ?

Casto, my Kinsman, and my Friend,
 To Thee this Narrative I send ;
 To Thee, more chaste than *Scipio* ; Thee
 More chaste than Man was meant to be.
 My Tales have all their moral Uses :
 Remark what Moral this produces ;
 No more with *Celia* sleep a-Nights,
 Merely to drive away the Sprights ;
 Nor for thy Chum *Susannah* chuse,
 To talk of Nonsense and of News.
 Such Treatment would a Vestal vex :
 For 'twas the Sentence of the Sex.
 When *Delia* told thee to thy Face,
 " There was no Honour in the Case."

Near *Windfor* liv'd some ten Years since,
 In rural Peace, one *Tony Prince* ;
 Of good Repute, and moderate Riches,
 Got honestly by making Breeches ;

At which his Equal scarce was found
 In all the Country, ten Miles round.
 His Work worn out, his Name forgot,
 People may say, they knew him not
 But all the Country knew him then;
 Him, and his Wife, and 'Prentice Ben.

His Wife and 'Prentice ! what are they ?
 The Dame was juicy, fair, and gay :
 Had six and thirty Winters seen ;
 Yet kept the Vigour of Sixteen :
 The Boy was frait, genteel, and tall ;
 Had long black Hair, and curl'd withal :
 But then a vastly virtuous Lad ;
 A better Servant no Man had.

This Wife, this Lad, a Spaniel Dog,
 A Cow, some Poultry, and a Hog,
 Were all the Family he kept :
 Among which he as soundly slept,
 As if two Porters at the Gate
 Had watch'd with all the Pomp of State ;
 As if his House had been three Stories,
 Large, splendid, strong, and all that more is.

The highest Honours he had borne,
 That could his Quality adorn ;
 Serv'd Constable and Overseer ;
 And knew exactly either Year
 In ev'ry small litigious Matter
 His Neighbours chose him Arbitrator ;
 And found him such a faithful Crony,
 They call'd him always *Peaceful Tony*.

Sarah and he now twenty Years
 (As by the Register appears)
 In mutual Love had led their Lives,
 The best of Husbands and of Wives :
 Full twenty times, with annual Joy,
 Renew'd their Vows, and blest the Boy,
 That ne'er through Life might be forgot
 That Day that ty'd the sacred Knot.
 From ev'ry Circumstance 'twas plain,
 Each wore a voluntary Chain.

Love never chose two smoother Darts;
Nor let them fly at kinder Hearts.

What could distress this happy Pair?
Av'rice, that deadly Source of Care,
Advanc'd in Age, impair'd in Health,
Tony's whole Thought was turn'd on Wealth.
He bought a Horse, rode up and down,
And hawk'd his Goods from Town to Town.
Besides that Gold engag'd his Mind,
He hop'd some Holidays to find:
For, though the Dame knew no Decay,
His usual Debt he could not pay.

At all the Fairs and Markets round
Industrious *Tony* might be found.
Loons, who the Forest us'd to range,
For Skins had Breeches in Exchange:
Each am'rous Swain of *Tony* bought,
Lac'd up the Thighs, and finely wrought.
Still while the Master sold his Store,
Ben and his Mistress made up more:
Ben and his Mistress staid at Home,
Wherever *Tony* us'd to roam.

When Love once settles in the Head,
'Tis hard to bear the widow'd Bed.
Husbands that leave too long their Wives,
Have Cause to mourn it all their Lives.
Our Dame, we said, knew no Decay;
What could she do,——from Day to Day?
As chaste she seem'd, as chaste need be;
But two long Nights, and sometimes three,
No Soul within but *Ben* and she.
How cou'd the Woman chuse but think?
What Flesh and Blood could sleep a Wink?

In Justice to the Sex, our Song
Must say, she bore the Trial long:
At last, the Tempter grew too strong.
One Night, as by the Fire they sate,
She thus began her amorous Prate:
First having introduc'd her Tale
With giving *Ben* some Cake and Ale.

Wert

Wert thou not such a simple Knave,
 How kind a Mistress might 'st thou have !
 Some Lads would long ere now have known
 Which Side their Bread was butter'd on.
 Some Lads ! what would they not endeavour,
 What would they grudge, to win my Favour ?
 But thou art the most sheepish Fellow !
 Always the same, sober and mellow !
 Yet, could one know the naked Truth,
 Sly Rogue ! thou art like other Youth.
 Right good, I'll warrant, in a Corner !
 Had I a Daughter, I should warn her.---
 'Tis the still Sow drinks all the Draught.---

Ah *Ben* ! thou hast a waggish Thought.
 With that she clapp'd him on the Thigh ;
 And sigh'd, and glanc'd a leering Eye.
Ben drank his Ale, and eat his Cake ;
 Look'd at her ; grim'd ; but did not speak.

'Tis only Caution, thought the Dame,
 With some Remains of Virgin Shame.
 He thinks ; but dares not yet presume :
 Suppose I take him to my Room,
 And shew him there some wanton Freaks ?
 The Devil's in't if he mistakes !
 All Flesh and Blood has the same Itch.
 She thought ; and thus renew'd her Speech :

I'll lie no longer in the House,
 Unless we catch that cursed Mouse.
 I'd give a Crown to have him taken.
 I've try'd with Cheese, and try'd with Bacon,
 And spoke on't ev'ry Day this Week ;
 But 'tis in vain for me to speak !
 You sleep yourself, so all goes right.---
 Well ! I insist upon't this Night.---
 If you are good at baiting Traps,
 We may have better Luck, perhaps.
 To-morrow Morning we shall see,
 Here ! take it up, and come with me.

She led : *Ben* follow'd her ; and did,
 Nor more, nor less, than he was bid.

The wooden Trap was all he baited,
 Whate'er his Mistress had conceited.
 She loos'd her Shoes; unlac'd her Stays;
 Then---on her Elbow loll'd at Ease;
 And talk'd of Sweethearts all the while,
Ben blush'd, and answer'd with a Smile.
 How the Stupidity must teize her!
 The Bait! that was not put to please her!
 She shew'd him how; and, by the Way,
 Obliquely gave him Words to say.
 But *Ben* took all Things in the Letter:
 No Bait, he argu'd, cou'd hang better.
 The Boy was right in his Intent;
 But little thought what Bait she meant.
 Well! of the Mouse-trap we despair,
Ben is not to be taken there:
 He bids her civilly Good-night,
 But now her Garters, they were tight:
 She was almost asham'd to ask;
 Yet---wish'd he'd undertake the Task:
 His Fingers possibly, might do;
 And 'twas no Harm---betwixt them two.

Was ever more Confusion seen,
 Than in the Face of *Benjamin*?
 Untie the Garters of his Dame?
 His very Looks cry'd, Fie! for shame!
 But tho' he wish'd himself a Mile hence,
 Her Pleasure aw'd him into Silence;
 And duty prompts him to obey:
 So down he kneels---to make th' Essay;
 Careful his Fingers did not rove,
 Nor ev'n his Eyes, one Inch above.

In *Turkey*, when a Damsel's dress,
 For Marriage, (doubtless in her Best,)
 Her Maids, with num'rous Knots and Stitches,
 Hamper the Knee-strings of her Breeches:
 Nor must the Bridegroom board his Bride,
 Before these Knee-strings are unty'd.
 The frisky Jades try all they can,
 To plague the vigorous Mussulman;

And

And giggle, while the Youth assails
 Their Morning's Work, with Teeth and Nails :
 Which conquer'd, out he puts the Light,
 And craves their Absence for the Night :
 They leave him, getting each a Kiss,
 To take his whole Revenge on Miss.

Ben was as eager as a *Turk*,
 And long'd as much to do his Work :
 But then, 'twas with another View :
 The Job completed, out he flew.
 His Freedom was sufficient Gains :
 He took the Labour for the Pains.

What Lengths will not a Woman run,
 When once her Devil has begun ?
 At Midnight comes the Fit again :
 She knocks for *Ben* with Might and Main.
 'Twas---that a Candle might be brought ;
 For sure she was, the Mouse was caught :
 She wak'd with hearing something strike ;
 And 'twas the Trap,---or vastly like.
 The Boy, (she reason'd in her Mind,)
 By this Time, doubtless, will be kind :
 He must have weigh'd the whole Affair ;
 And comprehends it---to a Hair.

Ben rose, obedient to the Call,
 And struck a Light ; and that was all.
 Here, Sirs, misconstrue not my Sense :
 I mean, 'twas all of Consequence.
 He view'd the Mouse-trap, if you please ;
 Saw Madam kill a Doxen Fleas ;
 Then with low Courtesy absconded ;
 Nor Did one evil Thing beyond it.

Oblig'd by Custom ne'er to sue,
 Womden are desp'rate when they woo :
 Their dear Repute so lies at Stake,
 They dread the Confidents they make.
 Borne through dull Forms by Passion's Gust,
 Ev'n he who serves them they distrust :
 But Vengeance, Rage, and mortal Spite,
 Pursue the Wretch who baulks them quite.

What

What Solace could the Dame enjoy ?
 Slighted ! and by her 'Prentice Boy !
 Think how her Bosom must be torn,
 Betwixt Despair, Revenge, and Scorn !
 Think how she groan'd away the Night,
 And curs'd her Carnal Appetite !
 She wish'd the very House would fall
 On *Ben*, the Trap herself, and all :
 Then pray'd (so fervently before
 Never did she the Gods implore)
 That to Fourscore the Boy might live,
 And long for what she long'd to give :
 While all the Sex conspir'd with Fate,
 And urg'd her unrelenting Hate.

When Morning came, 'twas odd to see
 How Madam and her Man agree.
 She storm'd and slounc'd all o'er the House :
 But not one Word about the Mouse.
Ben wish'd in vain for Ale and Cake :
 He wish'd, poor Lad ! but durst not speak.
 For Breakfast Cheese, and Cheese for Dinner !
 What ails my Dame ? The Devil's in her,
 Thought he. At Night it was, Idle Puppy !
 You want your Supper then ! I'll sup ye !
 Dear Madam ! --- How ! and dare you chatter ?
 What, you know nothing of the Matter !
 Well, well, your Master comes To-morrow :
 He shall inform you----to your Sorrow.

Ben guess'd, good Lad ! and guess'd again,
 What could these Looks and Speeches mean ?
 Never was Youth in such a Fright :
 He star'd all Day, and mus'd all Night.

Next Ev'ning home returns our Man :
 When such a dreadful Tale began,
 That *Tony* could not but attend,
 And poor *Ben*'s Hair quite stood on-end.
 My Dear, that worthless Rogue of yours,
 For God's Sake turn him out of Doors !
 Leave him to work ? a lazy Lubbard !
 He works at nothing but the Cupboard.

He

He has not done one Thing I've ask'd,
 Villain ! how kindly was he talk'd !
 He might have done it, and been glad. ---
 I cramm'd him---with the best I had.
 Yet, all the Int'rest I could make,
 The Devil a Stich that Whelp would take.
 Never was Dog so void of Grace :---
 Yes ! a fine Fellow in your Place !

Ben would have spoke, and *Tony* heard,
 That so the Matter might be clear'd ;
 But on the ran : Make no Reply ;
 For either he turns out, or I :
 So, *Tony*, take your Choice this Minute ;
 Your Wife or Boy : There's no more in it.

What could a Husband do, or say ?
 No Man would turn his Wife away ;
 No Man, whom Providence had blest
 So many Years---with one so chaste.
 The Boy was guilty on her Word :
 What Evidence could she afford ?
 A stronger Proof no Law allows
 From any Woman to her Spouse :
 And Husbands lives the easiest Lives,
 Who on their Words believe their Wives.

Without more Question or Debate,
 Thus their Affairs they reinstate.
 To purchase Ease at all Adventures,
 The Master gave up *Ben*'s Indentures.
Ben bundled up his Alls, and went ;
 With Peace and Ignorance content.
 No more the Mistress play'd the Wag :
 For *Tony* sold his dappling Nag.
 And work'd, as usual, during Life ;
 And liv'd in Comfort with his Wife.

Now, to conclude this long Narration,
 How shall we turn our Application ?

The Case of *Ben* is clear and ample :---
 Masters may quote their good Example ;
 And thence infer a young Man's Duty,
 Respecting Madam, and her Beauty :

But

But noting well, from *Tony's* Danger,
That the safe Head must be no Ranger.

Madam may take our Story next,
And raise new Doctrine from the Text;
May turn poor *Ben* to Ridicule;
And prove, even *Joseph* was Fool.

In *London* all the Lads will wonder,
That every Booby should so blunder:
For Lads, they say, among the Cits,
Are apt enough to mind their Hits,
From *Aldgate* on to *Covent-Garden*,
With Madam's Leave, they ask no Pardon;
Nor think the Master wrong'd, who meets
With a clean Shop---and dirty Sheets.
Right Bashful *Bens* are no-where many:---
The Country, now, hath few, if any.

You, my good Friend, to whom I send it,
Will take my Tale as I intend it:
A Caution, never to lie neuter
By *Sue*, or *Cælia*, for the future.

The GAME of PUT.

DICK serv'd a Widow of no mean Esteem:
He lik'd his Mistress, and his Mistress him.

At Meals, in Trade, they always join'd their Heads;
And but a Wainscot parted their two Beds.

Few Cares disturb'd the Current of their Life;
Nor liv'd they less in Love than Man and Wife.

Off' in the Ev'ning when their Shop was shut,
With joint Consent they sat them down to Put.

Eager the Youth, experienc'd well the Dame,
They sometimes play'd a Rubbers and a Game.

Ev'n in the Night, when Madam could not sleep,
She rapp'd the Wainscot. Out would *Richard* creep.

"Madam, d'ye put? Ay, *Richard*, she'd reply,
"I'll see't," quoth *Dick*: and *Dick* would seldom lye.

Thus

Thus ev'ry Night she wak'd him twice or more :
And, when sat in, she car'd not to give o'er.

Dick found, at last, that in long run the Dame
Would get by much th' Advantage of the Game :
The Night's Expence was always at his Cost ;
He never went one Deal but what he lost.
The Play well pleas'd him : But would that suffice ?
There was no Sport, except she got the Prize.
This made him coy, and careful of his Stock :
He slept so sound, Madam might knock and knock.
'Twas with Reluctance when he once appear'd ;
But if she knock'd again, he never heard.

Thus went some Weeks at barely once a Night ;
At last, ev'n that exceeded *Richard's* Might,
Not that his Duty knew the least Decay ;
But the Truth was, he had no more to play.
The Wainscot rang : No Answer was receiv'd,
Much Madam wonder'd, and as much was griev'd.
Afraid, poor Soul ! that *Richard* had been dead,
And, in great Anguish, starting from her Bed,
She strikes a Light ; which in her Hand she brings,
And views him closely, and pulls off the Things :
Then feels his Pulse, and listens to his Breath ;
Both weak indeed ; ---yet without Sign of Death.
But, ah ! from these what Symptoms could she know ?
For Death had meanly fix'd himself below.

Exploring by Degrees, she finds the Place
Where the fell Shade triumph'd in *Dick's* Disgrace,
There lay the goodly Ruins of his Strength,
A Lump of Languor, and a lifeless Length,
Her mighty Grief what Prudence could controul ?
Flow'd her full Eyes, and heav'd her inmost Soul.
With friendly Care she warm'd the morbid Part :
But Nature seem'd repugnant to her Art.
Without succeeding, she put on the Cloaths,
And stole, in Silence to her no-Repose.

Dick did not sleep so soundly all this while,
But much he labour'd to keep in the Smile.
Had he giv'n way---to *Satan*, or to Grace,
He must have seen the Game or left the Place.

Neither

Neither could well be done : So Craft prevail'd ;
He snor'd the more, the more his Dame assail'd.

Long Madam lay not silent in her Bed ;
Us'd to the Game, that still was in her Head.
Time she conceiv'd, and Nature would restore
Dick's dire Decay, that mock'd her Art before.
Just was her Reasoning, had the Proof been such :
But Time she built on little ; Nature, much.
'Twas always said, in Story and in Song,
Women think right, but Passion leads them wrong.

Tir'd with expecting, and resolv'd to storm,
She gives the Signal in the usual Form.

Snug lies the Youth, as yet in Sleep profound,
Thrice rings the Wainscot with a louder Sound.

At Length, as just now waken'd by the Shock,
Dick utters faintly, " Madam, did you knock ? "

Knock, didst thou ask ? why here's a Game to see,
But one may *put*, and *put* again for thee.

" Ah Madam, I know better Things, quoth *Dick* :

" You've *seen my Cards* ; and that's an unfair Trick."

The ROYAL CUCKOLD.

IN fruitful *Lombardy* of Yore,

A beauteous Prince the Sceptre bore ;

A Prince, who never fail'd to move

Each Heart with Envy or with Love.

As in the Glass he did one Day

From Head to Foot himself survey,

Can any Man alive, says he,

With Shape and Face compare with me ?

Whoe'er shall such a Person bring,

Upon the Honour of a King,

May claim my Favour and depend

I'll make the charming Guest my Friend.

A Roman Knight was standing by,

And made the Monarch this Reply :

Your

Your Majesty, as I perceive,
 Is nice in Beauty : Give me leave,
 To fetch my Brother, and you'll see
 None, but yourself, has more than he.
 But that may easily be try'd
 By what the Ladies Hearts decide.
 If you think fit he'll gladly share
 The Pains you take to please the Fair;
 And may, while you pursue new Game,
 Solace the poor forsaken Dame.
Astolpho answer'd thereupon,
 (For so they call'd the Royal Don)
 Your Talk has made me much desire
 To know this Brother; bring the Squire.
 The Knight to fetch his Brother goes;
 (*Joconde* we'll his Name suppose.)
 Who in the Country liv'd retir'd,
 Nor envy'd Joys in Courts admir'd;
 Join'd to a young and charming Spouse:
 But whether blest'd in Nuptial Vows
 With such a Mate, he best cou'd tell;
 His Neighbours lik'd her passing well.

His Brother finds him, lets him know,
 He instantly to Court must go;
 Where he'd be sure to get a Place,
 And make his Fortune by his Face.
 But then alas! this charming Wife,
 Depriv'd of all the Joys of Life,
 Express'd so movingly her Woe,
 It griev'd his very Soul to go;
 Protesting against all Relief,
 She seems to triumph in her Grief,
 Puts on her Tragic-Airs, and tries
 To draw Tears from *Joconde's* Eyes:
 And can you leave me? then wept she,
Joconde! so much Cruelty?
 Ah! will you to my tender Care
 The Pageantry of Courts prefer?
 Can you forget your faithful Wife,
 The Pleasures of a Rural Life,

R

That

That calm Repose and Peace of Mind,
 Which none in Crowds nor Courts can find,
 These flow'ry Meads, where purling Streams
 Soften the Soul to pleasing Dreams,
 These Woods which shelter us from Heat,
 Where Birds their various Songs repeat;
 The rising Hills, and winding Vales,
 And Ev'ning's sweet refreshing Gales,
 Those coy Recesses of the Grove,
 Those Seats of Innocence and Love?
 But ah! what *should* engage your Stay,
 I fear most hastens you away!
 You Scorn in Solitude to shine,
 And slight an easy Heart like mine.
 Go cruel Man, be vain! and shew
 Those Charms, which none can boast but you.

What *Jocund* offer'd, to abate
 Th' Affliction of his loving Mate,
 Our Story mentions not: We'll say,
 His Sorrow took his Speech away;
 A Method which will best excuse
 The Squire, and disengage my Muse.
 The Wife, when now with broken Heart
 She saw him ready to depart,
 Reminding him of former Blissess,
 And stifling him with Tears and Kisses,
 A Bracelet gave him as a Charm
 To keep his precious Life from Harm.
 Take and wear This, my Dear, says she;
 And when you see it, think of Me.
 An honest meaning Body might
 Have thought she would have dy'd that Night.

Well, *Jocund* went; but on the Road,
 About two Leagues from his Abode,
 The Bracelet came into his Head,
 Which he had left on Spouse's Bed,
 As having taken there his Leave;
 This strange Neglect he knew would grieve
 Her tender Heart, and gallop'd back,
 Not knowing what Excuse to make.

To the dear Bed in haste he flies ;
 And on his *Wife's* chaste Bosom spies
 A *Lubbar'd Hind* ; and both so fast
 Asleep, as if they slept their last.
Jocond', at first resolv'd they shou'd :---
 But having paus'd a-while, thought good
 To let this vile *Adult'ry* rest :

And in my Judgment that was best.
 For in such nice Affairs, the *Wife*
 Make use of neither Ears nor Eyes.

Whether 'twas Wisdom or Compassion
 With-held the Husband's Indignation,
 Or that the Poet was unwilling
 To damp a merry Tale, with Killing ;
 Base Woman live ! *Joconde* said,
 Let thy own Conscience thee upbraid.
 He then took Horse, and left the Lout
 In his *Wife's* Arms, to snore it out.
 Still as he rode, he bore in Mind
 The Couple whom he left behind :
 And fretting as he scour'd along,
 This was the Burthen of his Song :
 Had some brisk Wit or powder'd Beau,
 Or Colonel lac'd from Top to Toe,
 Or Page been chosen for her Use,
 She might have pleaded some Excuse :
 But after fighting, swooning, sobbing,
 Zoons, to debauch that Booby *Robin* !
 Then spur'd his Horse with Indignation,
 In hopes to leave behind his Passion.

Such keen Reflections on his Case
 Had giv'n the Squire a dismal Face.
 The Ladies, when they saw him, said,
 Lord ! is the Man alive or dead !
 Is this the beautiful *Narcissus*
 Was sent for in Post-haste, to kiss Us !
 Heav'ns did you ever see a Fellow,
 With Sides so lank, and Face so yellow !
 The *King* was pleas'd, the *Knights* was blam'd,
 The Ladies baulk'd, the Squire asham'd.

Jocunde worn to Skin and Bone,
 Was yet a comely Skeleton;
 And still one easily might trace
 Remains of Beauty in his Face:
 But wanting Life, and Force to fire
 The Ladies Bosoms with Desire.

Sauntering one Day about the Court,
 In Places of the least Resort,
 A Door unlock'd he chanc'd to see,
 That open'd to a Gallery;
 And from a private Closet there,
 These tender Words did over-hear.
 My Life, my Love, my only Joy,
 My dear *Courtade*, my charming Boy!
 Must I then still my Vows apply
 To one, so lovely and so Shy?
 A thousand glitt'ring Beaux would fain
 Do what you may, yet wish in vain.
 When *Florimel* the Message brought,
 You curs'd her, call'd her all to nought;
 And heedless of my am'rous Rage,
 Play'd at *Lasquenet* with a Page,
 Rather than ease the fond Desires
 Of her who for your Love expires.

Jocund was puzz'led, and one may
 Give any one at least a Day
 To guess the Nymph who humbly su'd,
 A Swain so stubborn to be woo'd.
 Now who should this *Adonis* be,
 But the King's ugly Dwarf! and *She*,
 In whose Embraces *he* was seen
 The bright *Astolpho*'s haughty Queen!
 The crazy Waincoat was but slight,
 And at a Chink let in the Light:
 Where *Jocund* with Amazement saw
 These tender Lovers through the Flaw.

Both did on *Florimel* rely,
 To be secure of Privacy;
 But, warm'd by watching at the Door,
 She too perhaps had an Amour,

Which

Which took up all her Thought and Care ;
 So mindful of her own Affair,
 Forgot th' Importance of her Post,
 And heedlessly the Key had lost ;
 Which *Jocond'* kept for future Use,
 And pleaded thus his Wife's Excuse

I find that *Cupid* makes his Jokes
 Among the better Sort of Folks :
 A *Royal Dame* for Love may pine,
 And give a Monarch Brows like mine.
 Since such a *Princess* flights the *King*,
 For such an ugly little Thing,
 I think my Wife was less to blame,
 Who with a Bumpkin quench'd her Flame.
 Thus having set his Mind at peace,
 His Grievs abate, his Charms increase ;
 His hollow Cheeks begin to rise,
 Fresh Vigour sparkles in his Eyes,
 A second Youth renews his Face,
 And blooms again in ev'ry Grace.
 The Fair with eager Looks pursue
 The man they lately scorn'd to view ;
 Transported with his sudden Charms,
 And die to clasp him in their Arms.
Joconde having heard and seen,
 What pass'd betwixt the *Dwarf* and *Queen*,
 He thought he could on no Pretence,
 Hide this Smock-Treason from the Prince.
 But that he might the less displease,
 Open'd the Matter by Degrees ;
 And as it fell in Conversation,
 Had always ready some Quotation,
 To shew that Heroes in all Ages,
 Ne'er wanted Matrimonial Badges.
 Dread Sir, says he, the proudest Shees
 Make frequently such Slips as these ;
 And many Dames of Regal Station
 Have condescended to the Fashion :
 Men, fam'd for Courage, Wit and Sense,
 Have against Horns found no Defence :

But when they had 'em always bore
 Their Fronts as upright as before.
 The Day, quoth he, I bid adieu
 To my dear Syouse to wait on you,
 I was convinc'd by her Miscarriage,
 That Cuckoldom is link'd to Marriage.
 Then did each Circumstance relate
 Of His, and of the Monarch's Fate.

The *King* was fir'd : You seem, says he,
 A Man of Sense and Probity ;
 Yet, tell me where I may behold
 With my own Eyes what you have told.
 He did ; and plac'd him, where unseen,
 He saw the *Dwarf* upon the *Queen*.
 Struck with the Baseness of the Crime,
 He stood astonish'd for a Time ;
 Then said, Our Wives, the more's their Shame,
 Have play'd us but a scurvy Game :
 Yet since we can't what's past unravel,
 Let us, *Joconde*, both go travel ;
 And try what Fortune we shall find
 Among the rest of *Womankind*.
 To put in practice this Design,
 Change you your Name, and I'll change Mine.
 Great Equipage would Trouble bring ;
 Therefore I'll quit the State of *King*,
 Lay dull Formality aside,
 And all Things equally divide.
 Barefoot I round the World will roam,
 Quoth *Joconde* rather than go home,
 All that your Majesty requires,
 Is what my injur'd Heart desires.
 We'll ramble, till we have forgot
 The dire Effects of *Hymen's* Knot.

So be it then, the *King* reply'd ;
 But first a Table-Book provide,
 To take the Names of those we find
 Pliant to our Desires, and Kind.
 It won't be long, I dare engage,
 Ere *Italy* fills ev'ry Page ;

For She that proves to Beauty cold,
Will fall by Flatt'ry or by Gold.

Both thus equipt their Journey took,
And bought a *Folio* Table Book,
The many Favours they receiv'd,
Were hard to tell or be believ'd;
Each lovely Nymph when they appear,
Puts on her most becoming Air,
And ev'ry study'd Grace displays,
Happy if she obtain a Praise;
But happier She, whose killing Charms
Attract the Lover to her Arms.
Hearts hard as Stone; and cold as Ice,
Grow warm and soften in a trice:
Where'er they come they meet fresh Prey:
And a new Face for ev'ry Day:
Round all the Country strole for Prizes,
And fail no *May-Pole* nor *Affixes*.
In ev'ry Town take special Care
To finish *Alderman* and *Mayor*.
If at the Baths, or at the Wells;
Vapours are cur'd, and Belly swells,
In *Folio-Book* the nicest Dame
Is proud to register her Name.
Your Criticks will object that I
Break through the Rules of Decency;
That Dames who keep their Days in State,
And Wives of City Magistrate,
Who know themselves of high Degree,
Will not be towz'd *Extempore*.
It may be so; but I want Time
To draw their Courtship out in Rhime.
As to the Fact, I here unfold it,
As honest *Ariosto* told it.

When our Gallants had had their Swing,
And slak'd their Thirst at ev'ry Spring,
Astolpho cry'd we can subdue
What Heart soever we pursue:
But, if Old *Galen's* Rule hold good,
It is with Love, as 'tis with Food;

In which Variety of Meat
 Is apt to make one ever Eat.
 We'll have a single Dish in common,
 That is, between us Both, *one* Woman.
 Quoth *Jocond'* what you say is true ;
 The pretty Marchioness will do.
 I'm not dispos'd to have a Flame,
 The King reply'd, for such a Dame :
 A little Sempstress might be found,
 As fair as Marchioness, and sound.
 To such we need no Homage pay ;
 In publick Walks, or at the Play :
 But without making any Rout,
 To Ogle her, or lead her out,
 Whate'er we wish, may do with Ease,
 And be in no Constraint to Please.

Joconde ask'd, what if we try
 The Daughter of our Landlady ?
 She is a Maid I dare uphold,
 In ev'ry Point, tho' Twelve Years Old.
 Your Motion's good, *Astolpho* said,
 If I may have the Maidenhead ;
 This Privilege at which I aim,
 Is but a Fancy ; let me claim
 For once, Dear Friend, the Preference,
 Allow me here to play the Prince ;
 In this one single Branch I'd strive
 To keep up my Prerogative.
Joconde said, in such a Case
 How, Sir, can Flesh and Blood give Place ?
 In all Things else, I shall be still
 Obedient to your Royal Will ;
 But if you please, we'll leave this Cause
 To the Decision of two Straws.
 Draw Lots they did, with earnest Care,
 For this imaginary Ware,
Joconde claim'd, in Point of Law,
 By virtue of the longest Straw.
 This little Virgin being come,
 On some small Errand, to their Room ;

Both

Both King and Squire the Girl carefs'd,
 Her Beauty prais'd, her Bubbies prefs'd;
 Then shew'd a *Ring*, so sparkling shone,
 That Night engag'd her for their own,
 And whilst her careful Mother slept,
 She softly to their Chamber crept.
 The Lovers in the Middle plac'd her,
 And honestly, by turns, embrac'd her.
 To the Contentment of all Three;
Jocunde was in Extacy!
 To think how he had got with Might,
 Entry and Seisin of his Right.
 I'll pardon Him, for 'tis in vain,
 On that Point to have any Pain,
 In which all Girls with little Trouble,
 Can the most artful Sportsman bubble;
 As *Seneca*, that learned Clerk,
 Doth somewhere, as I'm told, remark.

Thus all went well; the Damsel play'd,
 To greatest Nicety, the Maid;
 Though long had her Fantastic Toy,
 Been yielded to a 'Prentice Boy.
 But merrily *one* Night they pass
 Abundantly to her Solace;
 The same the *next*, and 'tis aver'd
 She pass'd as merrily the *third*.

The 'Prentice wonder'd to behold
 His Mistress grown so very cold,
 But was not long upon the Scent,
 Before he found how Matters went;
 And did in Terms severe reprove
 The Wench for being false to Love.
 She whimper'd; but confess'd at last,
 The *Contract* she had lately pass'd.
 And, to appease him, thus she said;
If there be Credit in a Maid,
Soon as these naughty Guests are gone,
I'm yours again: and yours Alone.
 A Fig, says he, for any Guest;
 Kifs me, this very Night, you'd best.

The

The Girl reply'd, with weeping Eyes,
Which way *to do't*, can you devise?
These Folks to whom I am engag'd,
If I should fail, would be enrag'd;
And keep the Ring, for which you know,
What Pains I nightly undergo.

I'll get the Ring, says he, for you,
And gratify my Humour too.

Do they sleep sound? Yes, when they sleep,

Says she, but I'm oblig'd to keep

My Post between 'em both, for *One*

Lies still until his *Friend* has done;

So that I seldom want Employ.

At their first snoring, says the Boy,

I'll wist You, and ask no more

Than that you wou'd nt shut the Door.

She left it open, and he came

To the Bed's Feet with eager Flame;

Then sliding up between the Sheets,

(Love ever favours these Deceits)

Plac'd himself close, tho' *G--d* knows how,

But *Ariosto* does avow,

That tho' the Lovers did awake,

Soon as the Bed began to shake,

Yet, all the while the Boy was *at her*,

They neither of 'em smok'd the Matter.

What has my Comrade eat to-night,

To fire his Blood and force Delight?

Astolpho thought; still lay the *Squire*

Much wond'ring at the Monarch's Fire.

In the mean Time the sturdy Boy

His precious Time did well employ:

And as the Day began to peep,

Th' Advent'ers being fast asleep,

The Lad slipt off; the little Maid

Retir'd, of new Fatigues afraid.

When these Knights-Errand were awake,

The King *Joconde* thus bespake:

Great Sir! with glorious Toils oppress,

Compose your weary Limbs to Rest;

And

And after such unusual Pains,
 Consult the Welfare of your Reins.
Odds-fish, the merry Prince reply'd,
 I waited to get up and ride :
 Till tir'd with Watching, Sleep o'ercame ;
 But had you sooner quench'd your Flame,
 I would have made a Post or Two ;
 And that's as much as I could do.
Joconde cry'd, there's no Dispute
 With *Kings* who will be Absolute :
 But for the future, I'll beware
 How Monarchs in my Pleasure share.
 The *King* was piqu'd at this Retort ;
 Some Princes would have quarrell'd for't ;
 But he, good Man, reply'd, Dear Mate,
 Let the Girl judge of this Debate.
 Then calling *Lucy* up in haste,
 To tell them how Affairs had pass'd,
 Eager each other to refute,
 Both told the Cause of their Dispute ;
 She, blushing on her Knees did fall,
 Ask'd Pardon, and discover'd All.
 They would not treat the Wanton ill ;
 But, after having laugh'd their fill,
 Gave her the *Ring* and fifty Crowns ;
 To buy new Topknots, Gloves and Gowns ;
 With which the Baggage soon was Wed ;
 When Modestly, in Bridal Bed,
 She lost, with many an artful Squawl,
 Her Maidenhead for good and all.

Thus did *Affolpho* and his Friend
 To these Adventures put an End ;
 Finding themselves o'ercharg'd with Laurels,
 Which though not gain'd by warlike Quarrels,
 Yet shall immortalize their Names
 As long as *Cupid's* Altar flames :
 Laurels more fair than those attain'd
 By Battles won or Cities gain'd ;
 More fair, although they only cost
 A few feign'd Sighs, or Tears at most ;

And

And far from Danger and Alarms,
 Had been acquir'd by Dint of Charms
 Their *Table-Book* quite full of Names,
 Of *Belles* who had well quench'd their Flames;
 Come, says the Monarch to the Squire,
 We pretty well have spent our Fire,
 E'en let us to our Homes resort,
 You to the *Country*, I to *Court*.
 Our Wives are loose beneath the Waist,
 And Others are not over-chaste,
 'Tis in Misfortunes some Relief
 To have Companions in our Grief;
 Then let us both like prudent Men,
 Return, and take our Dames again,
 That Love which *Hymen* had subdu'd,
 Perhaps our Absence has renew'd.
 And as *Astolpho* had divin'd,
 Their Wives were mighty fond and kind,
 After some chiding, more for Fashion
Ariosto tells us, than in Passion,
 They strove lost Pleasure to retrieve,
 As fast as Love would give 'em leave;
 Not mentioning, as I can find,
 The crooked *Dwarf*, or *Lubbard-Hind*.
 Then let us not with fruitless Care,
 Expect Pefection from the Fair;
 But since we cannot live without 'em,
 Take 'em with all their Faults about 'em,
 And stedfastly this Truth believe,
 That ev'ry WOMAN is an EVE.

The SPLENDID SHILLING.

Happy the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
 In filken or in leathern Purse retains
 A splendid Shilling: he nor hears with Pain
 New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful Ale:

But

But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
 To *Juniper's*, or *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs :
 Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
 Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled amorous Flames,
Chloe or *Phyllis* ; he each circling Glass
 Wissheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
 Mean while he smokes, and laughs at merry Tale,
 Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.
 But I whom griping Penury surrounds,
 And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
 With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
 (Wretched Repast) my meagre Corps sustain :
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
 Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
 As Winter's Chimney, or well-polish'd Jett,
 Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming Smoke.
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size,
 Smokes *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwallader* and *Arthur*, antient Kings,
 Full famous in Romantick Tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy Hill, and fruitless Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a Design
 To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the antient Town
 Hight *Morgannumia*, where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium's* fruitful Soil ;
 Whence flow nectaréous Wines, that well may vie
 With *Massic*, *Setian*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus while my joyless Hours I lingering spend,
 With Looks demure, and silent Pace, a Dunn,
 Horrible Monster ! hated by Gods and Men,
 To my aerial Citadel ascends ;
 With vocal Heel thrice thundring at my Gates,
 With hideous Accent thrice he calls : I know
 The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound ;
 What should I do, or whither turn ? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Woodhole : strait my bristling Hairs erect,

My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
 So horrible he seems. His faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and Conick Beard,
 And spreading Band admir'd by modern Saint,
 Disastrous Acts forebode : in his Right Hand
 Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters and Figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal Eye : (ye Gods avert
 Such Plagues from righteous Men !) Behind him stalks
 Another Monster, not unlike himself,
 Of Aspect sullen, by the Vulgar call'd
 A *Catchpole* : whose polluted Hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and Magick Charms,
 Erst have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
 Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, strait his Body to the Touch
 Obsequious (as whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd ;
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charms,
 In Durance vile detain him, till in form
 Of Money *Pallas* sets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware;
 Be circumspect ; oft with insidious Ken
 This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent Wretch
 With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestick Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye,
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
 Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure Ruin. So her disembowell'd Web
 The Spider in a Hall or Kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies : she secret stands
 Within her woven Cell ; the humming Prey,
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the Toils
 Inextricable, nor will ought avail
 Their Arts nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue :
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings

Distinct

Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless Resistance make. With eager Strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils ;
 Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my Days : But when nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frosts
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood ;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
 Of lovely Friend delights. Distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind ; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desperate Lady near a purling Stream,
 Or Lover pendent on a Willow Tree.

Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,
 And restless wish in vain ; my parched Throat
 Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose :
 But if a Slumber haply does invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy still awake,
 Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,
 Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale.
 Awake, I find the settled Thirst----
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
 Mature, John-Apple nor the downy Peach,
 Nor Walnut in rough furrow'd Coat secure,
 Nor Medlar Fruit, delicious in Decay :
 Afflictions great ! Yet greater still remain ;
 My Galligaskins that have long withstood
 The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frosts,
 By Time subdu'd, (what will not Time subdue !)
 A horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
 Wide discontinuous ; at which the Winds
Eurus and Ausser, and the dreadful Force

Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
 Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
 Long sail'd secure, or through th' *Egean* Deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, till cruising near
 The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Crush
 On *Scylla* or *Charybdis*' dangerous Rocks
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
 So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the Sea in at the gaping Side;
 The crouding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
 Resistless overwhelming : Horrors seize
 The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears ;
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray:
 Vain Efforts ! still the battering Waves rush in
 Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
 The Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.

The ELBOW-CHAIR.

FOLKS that are wickedly inclin'd,
 To Modes of Vice are not confin'd.

Sir *Simon* with his Glafs gets drunk :

His Butler sucks it through a Trunk.

So Women of the Town resort

As well to *Paul's*, as to the Court.

'Tis not the Instrument, or Place ;

But only People's Want of Grace.

To set this Thought in proper Light,

One short Example I'll recite.

Dear *Querno* pardon if to thee

Of little Use my Tale should be ;

Who know'st of sinning Fashions plenty,

And for one Tale, canst tell me Twenty.

Sir *Ralph* a Debauchee of Fame,

Had almost wasted all his Flame :

Which

Which tho' his Helpmate found too true,
 His am'rous Cast so well she knew,
 That she was ne'ertheless afraid
 He'd still be piddling with her Maid.
 A Mind, she thought, so us'd to roam,
 Would ramble still, tho' nearer Home:
 And therefore, to prevent him there,
 She always took peculiar Care,
 That, whatsoever *Betty* did,
 They ne'er should meet too near a Bed.
 The cursed Bed was all she fear'd:
 Of other Engine she ne'er heard.

No Visit would *Cautilla* pay,
 No Pleasure take, by Night or Day,
 But all the Beds were made before,
 And she lock'd ev'ry Chamber-Door.
 Her Dressing-Room she never heeded;
 There they might go for what they needed:
 Nay, she could trust them any where,
 Provided still---no Bed was near.

Then, as all Humankind is frail;
 And the most watchful once may fail;
 As all we do may fruitless prove,
 Without a Blessing from above;
 She daily, at her Elbow-Chair,
 Put up for him a sep'rate Prayer,
 That Heav'n would please to turn his Heart,
 And make him from the Flesh depart.

Nor did she miss, at proper Times,
 To blacken all bad Women's Crimes;
 And very gravely talk to *Betty*
 (Who, by the Way, was young and pretty)
 Of Chastity, and what a Shame
 It was for Maids to do *That same*.

Here, were my Narrative compleat,
 Much might my Friend expect to meet:
 Descriptions of Sir *Ralpho's* Batteries,
 As Presents, Vows, Intrigues, and Flatteries;
 How *Betty* came at last to yield;
 How long his Worship kept the Field.

Strange Episodes might thus be rais'd,
 More to be wonder'd at, than prais'd.
 Shall we then lengthen out our Matter,
 Or end our Tale?----I think, the latter.

The Pious always can't prevail;
 Temptation's strong, and Flesh is frail:
 In vain are all *Cautilla's* Cares;
 In vain her Precepts, and her Pray'rs:
Betty grows fat, or else 'tis worse:
Cautilla taxes her---of Course.

What! *Betty*, has your Master done it?---
 Yes! *Betty's* Tears and Tremblings own it.---
 Thou beastly Baggage, how came this?
 Upon what Bed, pray, did you kiss?
 Speak Hussy! Where had you the Key?
 When did he do it? Speak, I say!
 You lie with Men, you Slut you! Fie!
 I never did.----Strumpet, you lye!----
 No;---I was sitting.----Sitting! where?----
 Dear Madam, in your Elbow-Chair.---

I hope the Maxims here maintain'd,
 Are now both strengthen'd and explain'd.
 Could any human Means avail,
 In what did poor *Cautilla* fail?
 You'll say, she might have taken care,
 And not have left her Elbow-Chair.

• What then? was there no Method more?
 Pray, could she take away the Floor?
 Friend, had she known as much as you,
 I'll warrant they'd have made it do:
 You have, perhaps, a wiser Wife:
 Did you ne'er cheat her in your Life?

The CURIOUS MAID.

BEauty's a gaudy *Sign*, no more,
To tempt the Gazer to the Door;
Within the Entertainment lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus *Chloe*, beautiful and gay,
As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
Her Conquests of the Day before.

And what's this *hidden Charm*? (she cry'd)
And spurn'd th' embracing Cloaths aside
From Limbs of such a Shape and Hue,
As *Titian's* Pencil never drew;
Resolv'd the *Dark Abode* to trace,
Of Female Honour or Disgrace;
Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
And often slumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt she makes, and buckles to
With all her Might; but 'twou'd not do:
Still, as she bent, the *Part* requir'd,
As conscious of its Shame, retir'd.

What's to be done? We're all-aground!
Some other Method must be found---
Water *Narcissus' Face* cou'd show,
And why not *Chloe's Charms* below?
Big with this Project, she applies
The *Jordan* to her Virgin Thighs;
But the dull *Lake* her Wish denies.

What Luck is here? We're foil'd again!
The *Devil's in the Dice*, that's plain!
No *Chymist* e'er was so perplex'd;
No jilted *Coxcomb* half so vex'd;

No

No *Bard*, whose gentle *Muse* excells
 At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epsom-Wells*,
 Ordain'd by *Phæbus*' special Grace,
 To sing the Beauties of the Place,
 E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
 To tug his fav'rite *Simile*.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
 When Remedies are near at Hand.
 For lo! the *Glass*---ay, *That* indeed!
 'Tis *Ten* to *One* we now succeed!
 To this Relief she flies amain,
 And straddles o'er the *Shining Plain*.
 The *shining Plain* reflects at large
 All *Damon's* Wish and *Chloe's* Charge.
 The *Curious Maid*, in deep Surprize,
 On the *Grim Feature* fix'd her Eyes :
 (Far less amaz'd *Aeneas* stood,
 When by *Avernus*' sacred Flood,
 He saw *Hell's Portal* fring'd with *Wood*.)

And is this All, is this (she cry'd)
Man's great *Desire*, and *Woman's* *Pride* ;
 The *Spring* whence flows the *Lover's Pain*,
 The *Ocean* where 'tis *lost* again,
 By *Fate* for ever doom'd to prove
 The *Nursery* and *Grave* of *Love* ?
 O thou of *dire* and *horrid* Mien,
 Always better felt than seen !
 Fit Rapture for the gloomy *Night*,
 O, never more approach the *Light* !
 Like other *Myst'ries* Men adore,
 Be Hid to be Rever'd the more !

The SUBSTITUTE FATHER.

AVARO liv'd a private Life,
 And starv'd in Bondage with his Wife.
 Did she too starve ? To him at least
 So Matters seem'd ; but she knew best :

For

For she was plump Historians say,
And look'd as blithsome as the Day :
But that, *Avaro* understood,
Was from her Nature, not her Food.

One Son they had ; but never more.
Children, thought he, make People poor ;
And Virtue dwells in Self-denial :
So I'll abstain from farther Trial.---
Whether the Lady thought the same,
Or not, is nothing to my Theme.

The Marriage Articles, which said
Madam should always have her Maid,
Were kept from *Susan* down to *Nan* ;
Till *Dick* began to grow a Man.
Dick was the Son we just now mention'd ;
Who, grown a Man, inform'd the Wench on't :
The Wench grew kind, as *Dick* grew bolder,
And was convinc'd of what he told her.

A lucky Girl may grant a Favour ;
Yet keep her Character for ever ;
But Luck was little of *Nan*'s Side :
Her Failing grew too big to hide.
She wept, she sobb'd, she ran quite wild :---
What shall we do about the Child ?
Poor Youth ! thy Ruin it will be :
And I----what must become of me !

Caught in this said Dilemma, *Dick*
(Whose Faculties were sharp and quick)
Concluded thus to save their Bacon :
In Father's Nest it must be taken :
Nan, you can swear a Lye for once ;
You know, the 'Squire is but a Dunce :
At worst, his Worship may be wrought on :
Leave that to me.---Quoth *Nan* well thought on.

Dick wh'pers it about the Parish :
God knows the Cause ! but *Nan* looks quearish :
I wish my Father don't grow young,---
This was enough ; the Story rung.
A Country Servant big with Bairn,
Is thought a popular Concern :

So *Nan* was quickly apprehended :
 Son, Father, Mother, all attended.

Before the Justice now we find her,
 (*Dick* prompting all the while behind her,
 His Worship influenc'd before :)

Well Huffy, who made you a Whore ?---
 My Master, cry'd the Quean ; and took
 The usual Oath upon the Book.

What swore the Slut ? *Avaro* cries,
 (And lifted up his Hands and Eyes!)
 My Wife can prove my long Unfitness.---
 Villain, quoth she, call me to witness ?

Yes, Letcher, I can witness this :
 I've now and then a slabbering Kiss :
 That's all, these twenty Years and more :
 The Rest, it seems, was for a Whore !

Condemn'd on Evidence so plain,
Avaro urg'd his Age in vain :
 A Child not his, a jealous Wife,
 Were now the Comforts of his Life.

The Father suffer'd for the Son !
 In this, quoth *Dick*, no Harm was done.
 But Sense of Wrong (with Leave of *Dick*)
 Would touch the Calmest to the Quick)
 Conscious, yet could no Proof produce ;--
 There lies the Strength of an Abuse !
 True, there's no Injury unknown ;
 The Child you think so, is your own :
 But 'tis the Dev'l and all to buy,
 Yet have no Finger in the Pye !

Observe the Diff'rence among Brothers !
 (I mean *Avaro* and some others)
 These have the Shame, without the Vice ;
 Those pay for all,--but get a Slice.
 The former Case, tho' hard indeed,
 With crafty *Richards* may succeed :
 But sure the latter often falls,
 Within a Mile or two of *Paul's* ;
 Where Courtiers keep good-natur'd Proxies,
 Who live contented with their Doxies.

A FRAG-

A FRAGMENT.

IN *Chloe's* Chamber, she and I
 Together sate, no Creature nigh :
 The Time and Place conspir'd to move
 A Longing for the Joys of Love.
 I sigh'd, and kiss'd, and press'd her Hand ;
 Did all---to make her understand.
 She, pretty, tender-hearted Creature,
 Obey'd the Dictates of Good-Nature,
 As far as Modesty would let her.

A melting Virgin seldom speaks,
 But with her Breasts, and Eyes, and Cheeks :
 Nor was it hard from these to find
 That *Chloe* had---almost a Mind.

Thus far 'twas well ; but to proceed,
 What should I do ?---Grow bold.---I did.

At last she falter'd, what would'tt have ?---
 Your Love, said I, or else my Grave.---

Suppose it were the first, quoth she,
 Could you for ever constant be ?

For ever ? *Chloe*, by those Eyes,
 Those Bubbies, which so fall and rise,
 By all that's soft, and all that's fair,
 By your whole sacred Self, I swear,
 Your fondest Wishes ne'er shall crave
 So constant, so compleat a Slave !

Damon, you know too well the Art,
 She sighing said, to reach my Heart !
 Yet oh ! I can't, I won't comply. ---

Why will you press ? Dear *Damon* why ?

* * * * *

Defunt Cætera.

For *Chloe* coming in one Day,
 As on my Desk the Copy lay ;

What

What means this rhyming Fool? she cries:
 Why some Folks may believe these Lies!
 So on the Fire she threw the Sheet.
 I burn'd my Hand---to save this Bit.

The HAPPY NIGHT.

SINCE now my *Sylvia* is as kind as fair,
 Let Wit and Joy succeed my dull Despair.
 O what a Night of Pleasure was the last:
 A full Reward for all my Troubles past;
 And on my Head if future Mischiefs fall,
 This Happy Night shall make amends for all.
 Nay, tho' my *Sylvia's* Love should turn to Hate,
 I'll think of this, and die contented with my Fate.

Twelve was the lucky Minute when we met,
 And on her Bed were close together set;
 Tho' list'ning Spies might be perhaps too near,
 Love fill'd our Hearts; there was no Room for Fear.
 Now, whilst I strive her melting Heart to move;
 With all the powerful Eloquence of Love;
 In her fair Face I saw the Colour rise,
 And an unusual Softness in her Eyes;
 Gently they look, and I with Joy adore,
 That only Charm they never had before.
 The Wounds they made, her Tongue was us'd to heal,
 But now these gentle Enemies reveal
 A Secret, which that Friend would still conceal. }
 My Eyes transported too with am'rous Rage,
 Seem fierce with Expectation to engage;
 But fast she holds my Hands, and close her Thighs,
 And what she longs to do, with Frowns denies.
 A strange Effect on foolish Women wrought:
 Bred in Disguises, and by Custom taught:
Custom, that Prudence sometimes over-rules,
 But serves instead of Reason to the Fools!
Custom, which all the World to Slav'ry brings,
 The dull Excuse for doing silly Things.

She,

She, by this Method of her foolish Sex,
 Is forc'd a-while me and herself to vex :
 But now, when thus we had been struggling long,
 Her Limbs grow weak, and her Desires grow strong ;
 How can she hold to let the Hero in ?
 He storms without, and Love betrays within.
 Her Hands at last, to hide her Blushes, leave
 The Fort unguarded, willing to receive
 My fierce Assault made with a Lover's Haste,
 Like Lightning piercing, and as quickly past.

Thus does fond Nature with her Children play ;
 Just shews us Joys, then snatches it away.
 'Tis not th' Excess of Pleasure makes it short,
 The Pain of Love's as raging as the Sport ;
 And yet, alas ! that lasts : We sigh all Night
 With Grief ; but scarce one Moment with Delight.
 Some little Pain may check her kind Desire,
 But not enough to make her once Retire.
 Maids Wounds for Pleasure bear, as Men for Praise ;
 Here Honour heals, there Love the Smart allays.
 The World, if just, would harmful Courage blame,
 And this more innocent reward with Fame.
 Nor she her well-contented Thoughts employs,
 On her past Fears, and on her future Joys :
 Whose Harbinger did roughly all remove,
 To make fit Room for great, luxurious Love.
 Fond of her welcome Guest, her Arms embrace
 My Body and her Hands another Place ;
 Which with one Touch so pleas'd and proud doth grow,
 It swells beyond the Grasp that made it so ;
 Confinement scorns, in any straiter Walls
 Than those of Love, where it contented falls.

Tho' twice o'erthrown, he more enflam'd does rise,
 And will, to the last Drop, fight out the Prize.
 She like some *Amazon* in Story proves,
 That overcomes the *Hero* whom she loves.
 In the close Strife she takes so much Delight,
 She then can think of nothing but the Fight :
 With Joys she lays him panting at her Feet,
 But with more Joy does his Recov'ry meet.

T

Her

She,

Her trembling Hands first gently raise his Head,
 She almost dies for fear that he is dead :
 Then binds his Wounds up with a busy Hand,
 And with that Balm enables him to stand,
 'Till by her Eyes she conquers him once more,
 And wounds him deeper than she did before.
 Tho' fallen from the Top of Pleasure's Hill,
 With longing Eyes we look up thither still ;
 Still thither our unwear'd Wishes tend,
 'Till we that Height of Happiness ascend.
 By gentle Steps ; th' Ascent itself exceeds
 All Joys, but that alone to which it leads :
 First then, so long and lovingly we kiss,
 As if, like Doves, we know no dearer Bliss.
 Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
 While groping Hands are pleas'd no less than they.
 Thus cling'd together, now a-while we rest,
 Breathing our Souls into each other's Breast ;
 Then give a gen'ral Kiss to all our Parts,
 While this best Way we make Exchange of Hearts.
 Here would my Praise, as well as Pleasure, dwell ;
 Enjoyment's self I scarcely like so well :
 The little this comes short of Rage and Strength,
 Is largely recompenc'd with endless Length.
 This is a Joy would last, if we could stay ;
 But Love's too eager to admit Delay,
 And hurries us along so smooth a Way.
 Now, wanton with Delight, we nimbly move
 Our pliant Limbs, in all the Shapes of Love ;
 Our Motions not like those of gamefome Fools,
 Whose active Bodies shew their heavy Souls :
 But Sports of Love, in which a willing Mind
 Makes us as able, as our Hearts are kind :
 At length, all languishing, and out of Breath,
 Panting, as in the Agonies of Death,
 We lie entranc'd, 'till one provoking Kiss
 Transports our ravish'd Souls to Paradise.
 Heav'n of Love ! thou Moment of Delight !
 Wrong'd by my Words, my Fancy does thee Right.

Methinks I lie all melting in her Charms,
 And fast lock'd up within her Legs and Arms;
 Bent on our Minds, and all our Thoughts on Fire,
 Just lab'ring in the Pangs of fierce Desire.
 At once, like Misers, wallowing in their Store,
 In full Possession; yet desiring more.

Thus with repeated Pleasures, while we waste
 Our happy Hours that like short Minutes past,
 To such a Sum of Bliss our Joys amount;
 The Numbers now becomes too great to count,
 Silent, as Night, are all sincerest Joys,
 Like deepest Waters running with least Noise.
 But now at last, for Want of farther Force,
 From Deeds, alas! we fall into Discourse;

*A Fall, which each of us in vain bemoans;
 A greater Fall than that of Kings from Thrones.*

The Tide of Pleasure flowing now no more,
 We lie like Fish left gasping on the Shore;
 And now, as after fighting, Wounds appear,
 Which we in Heart did neither feel, nor fear:
 She, for her sake, intreats me to give o'er,
 And yet, for mine, would gladly suffer more.
 Her Words are coy, while all her Motions woo,
 And, when she asks me, if it please me too,
 I rage to shew how well, but 'twill not do.

Thus would hot Love run itself out of Breath,
 And wanting Rest, find it too soon in Death;
 Did not wise Nature with a gentle Force,
 Restrain its Rage, and stop its headlong Course:
 Indulgently severe, she well does spare
 This Child of hers, that most deserves her Care.

The EXORCISM.

IN Days of Yore, when Roman Rules
 Prevail'd, and made poor Laymen Fools;
 When wicked Priests could sell Salvation,
 And safely cuckold half the Nation:

There liv'd (as antient Annals teach)
 A Wight, old, covetous, and rich.
 There liv'd? where liv'd? you ask.--- At *Tame*.---
 Which rhymes to--- *Rinald* was his Name.
 A Wife he had, with ev'ry Charm
 That manly, vigorous Youth might warm :
 But to his sapleis Trunk confin'd,
 By Parents Choice, 'against her Mind,
 She not the least Delight could move,
 Nor taste herself the Sweets of Love.

Three Thousand Pounds, at Ten *per Cent*,
 Supply'd him with a handsome Rent :
 Yet such a Niggard was this Wight,
 He'd seldom spend his Pint at Night ;
 Nor knew he any Joy in Life

Much oft'ner-- than he knew his Wife.

For *Susan's* Part (so hight the Fair)
 The Mode was her peculiar Care :
 Now Dress, now Furniture was wanted :
 Nor Dress, nor Furniture was granted.
 House keeping, Truth ! was Charge enough ;
 He could not buy much Household-Stuff.
 And whom had she to please but him,
 That she, forsooth ! must go so trim ?

How could the Woman take it well ?
 Sure, 'twas her Duty to rebel !
 Whate'er she could, she bought on Trust ;
 (Let *Rinald* grumble ; pay he must :)
 So, when for Int'rest he was gone,
 The Neighbours came ; the Treat went on,

The rev'rend Rector of the Parish
 (Some Faults ev'n Clergymen may cherish)
 Was, if you took him together,
 As good as e'er trod Shoe of Leather.

To him the Dame repair'd 'ere *Easter*.---
 What then ? Why then the Priest confess'd her :
 Then private Penance was enjoin'd ;
 And acted o'er---to Madam's Mind.

Religion was a Thing that *Susan*
 Had ne'er before took Time to muse on ;

But

But learning now, from Rules of Art,
That Penance was its harshest Part ;
And finding that so great a Pleasure,
She grew religious out of Measure.

And having gain'd sufficient Strength,
To carry Spite a Woman's Length ;
She counted all her Husband's Crimes,
Of various Sorts, at divers Times ;
And made a solemn Resolution,
To put Revenge in Execution.

Mere Cuckoldom should not suffice her :---
He must be by, yet ne'er the wiser.

When People bear a willing Mind,
Occasion seldom lags behind.

The 'Terrors taught us by our Nurse,
As Reason fails, renew their Force :
Hence *Rinald* oft' conceiv'd a Fright,
From whisp'ring Winds, at Dead of Night.

Sue takes the Hint ; improves his Fears ;
Nor Mouse, nor Spider, now she hears,
But, whip ! she covers---Neck and Ears.

If Door or Window chance to clap,
Or, on th' Offender's Neck, the Trap ;
'Twas some departed Soul returning !
All clad in white ! with Taper burning !
Lord ! how she scream'd, and wish'd for Morning !

It soon produc'd what *Susan* wanted,---
Without Dispute the House was haunted !

Roger the Priest must come, and lay
This hellish Fiend in Burning Sea.

The Night was fix'd ; they all prepare,
Some say, old *Satan* was in Fear :

For Priests with Bell, and Book, and Candle,
Could then the Dæmon strangely handle.

'Tis very hard, in Prose or Rhyme,
Well to describe the Flux of Time :

For this the Reader must allow,
And think th' appointed Ev'ning now.

Th' appointed Ev'ning brings the Rector ;
Susan intreats him to protect her ;

Rinaldo too, in piteous Fright,
Desires he'll make the Circle right.

Hodge undertook to do his best :
Then this Harangue to both address'd.

My Friends, in order to proceed,
And make this Goblin go indeed,
'Tis fit we all keep *ad Amussim* :

You must lie down, and I must curse him.

Bind up your Eyes ! nor stir ! nor speak !

(One Fault, observé ! the Charm will break)

So Heav'n receive you to Protection !

As you shall follow this Direction !

Rinaldo trembles and agrees ;

Then mutter'd something on his Knees :

But *Sukey* scream'd (a subtle Quean !)

As tho' she had the Spirit seen :

Ev'n *Roger* scarcely could forbear

To drop a sympathizing Tear.

The chosen Room, one Story high,

Was where our Couple us'd to lie.

A household Ghost, of Tabby Hue,

Was here confin'd, by Care of *Sue* ;

Muzzled, her Murmuring to check,

With *Toby's* Chain about her Neck.

They all ascend the magic Place ;

'The Help-mates bind each other's Face ;

Then stretch themselves upon the Floor,

While *Roger* fastens up the Door.

The Circle made, the Priest begins ;

And, first absolves 'em from their Sins :

Then stoutly musters all his Forces,

Of *Latin*, *Greek*, hard Names, and Curses---

Abi, foul Fiend ! in *Rubrum Mare* !

A hollow Voice reply'd, who are ye ?

Then, at a thund'ring Word of *Greek*,

The Closet Door was heard to squeak !

Enter *Grimalkin* with her Chain,

And rattle round the Room amain !

Her late Confinement makes her eager ;

Her present Load persists to plague her !

Trembling

Trembling and sweating as he lay,
Rinaldo wish'd (he durst not pray)
 To die ;--but in a nat'ral Way !
 What happen'd more, *Sue* us'd to tell,
 She could not see, but she could smell.

Here might my Epic Muse rehearse,
 In figur'd Stile, and flowing Verse,
 How, while the real Spirit mov'd,
 The Priest and *Sue* their Time improv'd !
 (The Beaux would laugh ; the Ladies leer ;
 Nor could the Criticks be severe !)
 But, as the Scene at present lies,
 Nature may dictate to the Wise,
 What Love and Spite would prompt them to ;
 What Others, in their Case, would do.

The Patient apt, the Doctor strong,
 Whate'er they did, they were not long.---
 Unmouth'd, unchain'd, Pufs play'd her Pranks.
 Now rise, quoth *Roger*, and give Thanks !
 They did ; and *Rinaldo*, rais'd to Life,
 Bless'd the good Man, and kiss'd his Wife.

My Tale to Popery thus leaning,
 Is truly Catholic---in Meaning,
 When worn-out Sixty, with Sixteen,
 Ventures the Wedding-Sheets between ;
 Confessing tho' the Fair explode,
 Intriguing, then, is all their Mode ;
 They hold it lawful, by the Code.
 At least, they're minded of a Man ;
 And, if one can't,---another can.

A Coach, the Fields, a Friendly Host,
 A Man's own House, without a Ghost,
 (When he, poor Man ! becomes like no Man)
 May serve the Purpose of a Woman,
 Be she *Turk*, *Protestant*, or *Roman* !
 For *Papist*, *Protestant*, or *Turk*,
 When the right Workman cannot Work,
 To him her Charms are legal Booty,
 (Layman or Priest) who does the Duty :
 And who can blame the Friend of Beauty ?

The

The Husband's self should thank the Neighbour,
 Who, Christian-like, bestows his Labour.
 And most ill-natur'd were that Elf,
 Who snubb'd the Wife, that found herself,
 Without th' Experience of Peace, or Pelf;
 When he, incapable to find her,
 Had broke the matrimonial Binder.
 Besides, 'twere wicked with a Witness,
 To grudge a Bosom-Friend that Sweetness,
 For which you have no nat'ral Fitness!

The BAD BARGAIN on both Sides.

TWO *Welfshmen*, Partners in a Cow,
 Resolv'd to sell her dear,
 And laid their Heads together how
 To do't at *Ludlow Fair*.

It was a sultry Summer's Day,
 When out they drove the Beast,
 And having got about half way,
 They set them down to rest.

The Cow, a Creature of no Breeding,
 (The Place with Grass being stor'd)
 Fed by; and while she was a feeding,
 Let fall a mighty T——.

Roger, quoth *Hugh*, I tell thee what,
 Two Words and I have done;

If thou wilt fairly eat up that,
 This Cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth *Roger*, 'tis agreed,
 And to't he went apace,

He seem'd so eager, it is said,
 That he forgot his Grace.

He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,
 And up he slopt the Stuff,

Till by the Time that half was done,
 He felt he had enough.

He

He felt, but scorning to look back,
 Wou'd look as if he wanted more;
 And seem'd to make a fresh Attack,
 With as much Vigour as before.
 But stopping short a while, he cry'd,
 How far 'st thou Neighbour *Hugh*?
 I hope by this you're satisfied,
 Who's Master of the Cow.
 Ay, ay, quoth *Hugh*, (the Devil choke thee,
 For nothing else can do't)
 I'm satisfied that thou hast broke me,
 Unless thou wilt give out.
 Give out, quoth *Roger*, that were fine,
 Why what have I been doing?
 But yet I tell thee Friend of mine,
 I shall not seek thy Ruin.
 My Heart now turns against such Gains,
 I know th'art piteous poor;
 Eat then the half that still remains,
 And 'tis as 'twas before.
 God's Blessing on thy Heart, quoth *Hugh*,
 That Proffer none can gainfay;
 With that he readily fell to,
 And eat his Share o' the 'Tansy.
 Quoth *Hodge*, we're even now, no doubt,
 And neither Side no Winner:
 So had we been, quoth *Hugh*, without
 This damn'd confounded Dinner.

The BUTTON-HOLE.

AS thro' the Street a Quaker chanc'd to pass,
 He stopp'd a Trull, to treat her with a Glass.
 The grateful Wench presented, in return,
 A warmer Gift than he could then discern:
 'Twas not her Maidenhead, the Brethren say;
 But then, 'twas something likelier far to stay.

This

This close Companion troubled sore the Friend,
 And made him go for Counsel, in the End.
 Your Case is desperate, and beyond my Art,
 (The Surgeon said) except you lose the Part.
 How! lose a Member? cry'd the Friend with Grief.
 You must; or hope from Physick no Relief:
 There's no compounding; instantly comply,
 Or---seriously prepare yourself to die.

All I possess to save it I would give;
 But since my Life's at Stake, I chuse to live:
 So use me gently, and perform thy Work,
 He said: The Surgeon did it with a Jerk.
Prim view'd with Tears his amputated *Scut*,
 And noted well the Draw'r wherein 'twas put.

The Friend went ev'ry Morning to be drest,
 And drew this Draw'r one Day above the rest;
 When, lo! no less than six, besides his own---
 He grinn'd, to think his Man was not alone;
 And drily ask'd, For what they all were kept?
 The Surgeon answer'd, like a true Adept,
 A Dozen of them, shank'd, and finely wrought,
 Will make a Sett of Buttons for my Coat.

The Thought is good, and worthy of thy Trade,
 (Reply'd the Friend :) But e'er thy Coat be made,
 Wilt thou not get as many Female *Moles*,
 That so thy Buttons may have proper Holes?

A Modern VISIT.

A Rap at the Door; when forth from her Chair
 Flounces Madam, bedizen'd with much Cost and
 Care.
John, is not that Coach, which stands at that Door,
 The Dutches of *Basto*'s?---Nay, it is, I am sure;
 Therefore step to her House, (it is scarcely a Mile,)
 And say I'm hard-by, and have sent you the while
 To know if her Grace is at home, and alone,
 And if my Lord *Whistle* to *Flanders* be gone;

And

And don't you forget to ask after *Jennet*,
 Her favourite Dog---and be back in a Minute.
 Then up Stairs she stamps, and bawls out aloud,
 I hope, Sir, your Lady has not got a Croud ;
 If she has--- Oh ! my Dear, what, quite all alone ?
 Why sure ev'ry Mortal is gone out of Town ?
 I thought I shou'd never have seen you again.
 Have you heard of the News that's just come from *Spain*?
 They say the Queen's dead ;--- and 'tis certain the King
 Will march back to his Convent ;---and that till the Spring
 The Camp will not form.---I some way feel very odd---
 Do you know for a Truth that our King goes abroad ?
 And so Mrs. *Gibber*'s return'd to the Stage !---
 I wish the Directors would *Handel* engage.---
 I'm quite in a Rapture with sweet *Monticelli* :---
 I wonder what's come of poor, dear *Farinelli* !
 He ne'er will return, I very much fear.
 Oh ! pray have you ever seen *Garrick* play here ?
 Pray give me Permission to mend up your Fire.
 Lord ! how strangely I look ? --- But have you heard
 from the Squire

Since he went out of Town ? --- You seem grave, Lady
Betty-----

I think Green and Gold upon Slippers looks pretty ;---
 Of Damask, or Velvet, which best do you like ?---
 Oh ! my Nephew at last is to carry a Pike.---
 I thought last Night's Party would never have ended :
 From such stupid Mortals may I be defended !
 Did you mind how she look'd when I said she renounc'd,
 And how, when the Rubber was over, she flounc'd ?---
 I thought my good Lady, as it then was so late,
 Might have had the good Manners to have ask'd us to
 eat :---

And her Sister, for Breeding so vastly admir'd ;---
 But where little is given, there's little requir'd.---
 I'm sure those that mind them have but little to do.---
 By the way, how goes Matters 'twixt *Bellmour* and you?
 I thought, long ere this, to have given you Joy ;
 Now really, my Dear, I think you're too coy.
 I'll swear he's the handsomest Man in the World.---
 Lord ! your Hair, my dear Child, is most frightfully
 curl'd :
 But

But here comes more People ; my Dearest, adieu :
I hope I shall see you, when you have nought else to do.

SIMPLE SIMON.

QUOTH *Simon* to *Thomas* (and shew'd him his Wife)
See *Thomas* ! see here ! the Delight of my Life.
Look at her again ! --- Did you ever Behold
Such Sweetness, enshrin'd in so charming a Mold ?
For conjugal Virtue she never had Peer :
To me, all engaging ; --- to others, severe.
But then to enjoy her ! Good Gods ? such a Feast
Were fit for a Monarch, --- or even a Priest.
Would she but consent, you shall taste of the Bliss,
This Man's my Acquaintance ; *Sue*, grant him a Kiss.
Sue yielded ; and *Thomas* accepted the Grace :
The Husband fate by, and beheld the Embrace ;
O'erjoy'd that his Wife would so far condescend,
As to honour her Spouse, by obliging his Friend.
How suddenly *Cupid* can Poison impart !
It pass'd thro' the Lips, and it tickled the Heart.
They ey'd one another with mutual Good-will ;
And *Simon* commended his Moiety still.
Friend *Thomas*, you'll visit your Neighbour again ?
Your Treatment shall always be hearty and plain.
From Eleven till Two I am daily at 'Change :
At any Time else Sir : --- Pray, do not make strange !
Tom promis'd : The Bottle went once more about,
And then they most courteously lighted him out.
Sue added her Compliment too at the Door :
My Husband has mention'd the Time, Sir, before :
From Eleven till Two he is never at Home. ---
I hope, Sir, you'll do us the Honour to come.
Tom's Words was repeated: The Sense of the Promise
Appear'd in the Eyes of both *Susan* and *Thomas*.
But *Simon* was blinded with Love of the Dame. ---
If *Susan* was visited, " Who was to blame ? "

The HIDDEN CHARM.

IN *Lancashire*, as Stories tell,
 There did an ancient Woman dwell;
 Who for her Heir a Grandson had,
 A pretty lusty Country Lad:
 Who milk'd her Cows, and fed her Hens,
 And saw her Pigs safe in their Pens.
 From thence about a Mile of Ground,
 There stood a little Country Town,
 To which this Lad would often stray,
 Purely to have a Game at Play:
 But growing older, you may guess,
 He grew more prone to Wickedness.
 Now, here observe me what I say,
Jack always with his Granny lay.
 One Night, when they were both in Bed,
 A merry Thought came in his Head.
 He'd often heard his Comrades say,
 When Lads and Lasses were at play,
 Each pretty Nymph in secret wore
 A----Something, all Mankind adore.
 Big with the Project, *Jack* design'd
 That Night, before he slept, to find
 This hidden Charm of Womankind.
 When he thought Granny fast a-sleep,
 Resolv'd to play at *Creep-Mouse, Creep*.
 But she at length perceiving *John*,
 And vow'd with him to have some Fun.
 Accordingly she did provide
 A Pair of Jaws, which fast she ty'd,
 In proper Place th'ensuing Night;
 Poor *Johnny* prov'd the fatal Bite;
 For he (as usual) wou'd be feeling,
 His Hand soft' down the Bed-cloaths stealing,
 Just as he was t' th' Center come,
 She caught him nicely by the Thumb.

Poor *Jack* began to kick and roar,
 The more he cry'd, she pinch'd the more ;
 Which so encreas'd the raging Pain,
 He vow'd he'd ne'er come there again.

But some Years after this, d'ye mind,
 Our *Jack* was for a Wife inclin'd ;
 Would strut about with manly Pride,
 Leading his Sweetheart by his Side.
 There wa'n't a Country Wake or Fair,
 But he wou'd always take her there ;
 And then, before, he would not fail,
 To treat her well with Cakes and Ale ;
 He sung her merry Songs beside,
 And told her she should be his Bride.
 But what does all this Talk avail ?
 I tire my Reader with my Tale.

The Match between them be'ng agreed,
 Towards the Church we shall proceed ;
 Where many a Jolly Lad and Lass
 Went laughing with them o'er the Grass :
 But, Oh ! what sad Mischance befel,
 My fault'ring Muse is griev'd to tell,
 Sad luck to this unmarry'd Lass !
 Our *John* began to hang an Arse ;
 Just as they came t' th' Church, I vow,
 Quoth he, I'll not be marry'd now.
 They cry'd, pray what's your Reason, *Johnny* ?
 Says he, a Story of my Granny
 Has now so fresh come in my Pate---
 O much I dread the Teeth, dear Kate !
 And if you'll not to this agree,
 Before we wed to let me see,
 It cannot, must not, shall not be.

To please the Clown, she gave Consent,
 So back behind the Church they went,
 There plainly she, (where was the Harm ?)
 Unveil'd to him this hidden Charm.
 Enough, quoth *John* ! I spy ! I spy !
 I'll not be marry'd, no not I !---

The Nymph for laughing cou'dn't forbear,
 And cry'd, What is't you see, my Dear?
 Oh! Z---ds, quoth he, enough, enough,
 I see the Mouth! And by your Laugh
 I'm sure the Teeth are not far off.
 And so, dear *Kate*, farewell, good-b'ye,
 For I'll not have you; no not I.

The ODD NINE-PENCE.

BEGIN, my Muse, a Comic Tale,
 That's merry, sure, and cannot fail
 To please some merry Sort of Folk;
 Nay, who but sometime love a Joke?
 Reader, if you'll give Ear a while,
 I'll answer for't, 'twill make you smile:
 Believe me, e'er I had begun it,
 It made me laugh to think upon it.
 But hold, my Muse! e'er I go through,
 I must consider on it too-----
 For should some squeamish Madam hear,
 She'd cry, such Stuff offends the Ear;
 And yet, but turn your Head awry,
 She'll laugh, as well as you or I.
 There's not a Lady of the best,
 But likes to hear a merry Jest.
 By this encourag'd, I'll begin;
 For nothing venture, nothing win.

At *Aberdeen* (as Stories tell)
 There did a comely Damsel dwell;
 Who many Sweethearts had 'tis said,
 But she with Frowns their Pains repaid:
 For she (if you believe it can)
 Abhor'd the very Thoughts of Man.

Such Tales as these we seldom meet;
 For now our Lasses have more Wit.
 If a brisk Lover comes to woo 'em,
 They're not afraid what he'll do to 'em;

But here my Case is quite contrary,
 This Lads wou'd not consent to marry !
 For, oh ! says she, what cruel Pain
 Young Brides on Wedding-Nights sustain !
 Yet once it happen'd on a Time,
 As I shall make appear in Rhime.
 'This Lads, with other Lasses, went
 Together to a Merriment ;
 When many pleasant Tales were past,
 Of Matrimony talk'd at last :
 How happy 'twas to be a Bride,
 With a kind Husband by their Side.
 If (says the Lads) this Life you praise,
 Brings with it such delightful Days,
 I could be glad to change my Station,
 And have a Spouse--on this Condition ;
 Provided I can find a Swain,
 Who is not like to other Men,
 But void of----Parts unfit to name.
 On this I wou'd consent to marry ;
 If not, I'll still a Maiden tarry.

This Declaration she had made,
 Was quickly round the Parish spread :
 A brisk young Spark without Delay
 To court her went th'ensuing Day :
 But here it will prolong my Story,
 To tell you Tales of *Jack-a-nory* ;
 But to be short, he told her plain,
 He was not like to other Men ;
 And after wed she'd find no more---
 But just the same as sh'was before.

This seem'd to please her to the Life,
 She soon consents to be his Wife.
 The Match is made, the Day is set,
 And joyfully this Couple met
 At *Hymen's* Dome, and in his Bands
 Of Matrimony join'd their Hands.
 The Wedding-Day in Mirth being spent,
 To Bed at length this Couple went.
 But *John*, resolv'd t'uphold the Joke,
 Did not so much as touch her --- Smock ;

But

But both till Morning slept, and then,
As she was wont, she rose again.

The Neighbours now flock'd in apace,
They wish her Joy, cry, *How's the Case?*
How do you like the Change of Life,
The Joys that flow 'twixt Man and Wife?
She answer'd,---*I no Joys have seen,*
Nor do I scarce know what you mean.

Each learned Gossip tells the Dame
Such Things as I'm ashamed to name,
Which rais'd in her a furious Flame;
The Thoughts of some unknown Delight,
She wish'd and pray'd again for Night;
And yet she doubted what to do,
Lest Spouse's Words should prove too true.

Now wish'd-for Night at length came on,
But still 'twas all the same with *John*.

The second Morning soon appears,
And shews the Bride still full of Cares.
She tumbles, tosses, kicks, and spurns,
And sigh'd, and whimpers too by turns,
Her Spouse, who knew full well her Ail,
Cry'd, *Speak, my Dear, are you not well?*
Come, tell me quickly what's your Grief;
I'll try and get you some Relief.

There is a Cause (she said) 'tis true,
And yet my Dear, I blame not you;
But sure I was the worst of Fools!

To have a Man without his --- Tools.
I've ten-score Pounds in yonder Place---
But what is that in such a Case!

I'll freely give it ev'ry Jot,
Had I a Man, had --- you know what.

Is this, said he, the Cause you grieve,
I'll try your Troubles to relieve;
Soon to some able skill'd Physician
I'll go, and tell him my Condition;
Perhaps he may by Art remove
This sad Defect in Feats of Love.

She, pleas'd at this, jump'd out of Bed,
As nimble as a Hare, 'tis said;

Tripp'd cross the Chamber in her Smock,
 Ope'd instantly the trusty Lock,
 And thence took out, with Joy and Pleasure.
 Two Hundred Pounds in golden Treasure,
 Which she resign'd to Spouse's Care,
 And cry'd, *Pray do the best, my Dear.*
 He goes.---First, took the shining Ore ;
 But scarce had got without the Door,
 E'er she call'd out, *Oh ! Husband, stay,*
 And take this *Odd Nine-Pence*, I pray ;
 'Tis all the Money that I have,
 And be propitious to your Slave.

He's gone ---- now she impatient burns,
 And thinks it long till he returns ;
 Her itching Fancy Pleasure feigns,
 Yet she can scarce tell what it means.
 But *John*, who well had play'd his Part,
 Is now return'd with joyful Heart ;
 Well pleas'd to think he'd got the Money,
 And something else to please his Honey.
 He quickly takes her in his Arms,
 And treats her with unusual Charms,
 With Kisses sweet, repeating o'er
 Such Joys she never knew before.
 What tho' he'd pleas'd her to the Heart,
 She long'd to know each secret Part ;
 Made many faint Efforts, and fain
 She would her wanton Thoughts explain.
 At length grown bolder, by desire
 To know, did thus of Spouse enquire:
 What are those two, quoth she, my Dear,
 Which do so --- hard and --- round appear ?
 Those two, says he, so hard and round,
 My Dear, are the Two Hundred Pound ;
 Yet she could not be satisfy'd,
 And thus again impert'nent cry'd,
 Pray, what's that --- that --- oh ! L---d I can't,
 It makes me laugh to think upon't.
 That---t'other Thing, you know, my Dear,
 Which did so stiff and long appear ?

He

He told her, (for she would know all)
 He did it the *Odd Nine-Pence* call.
 Oh! L---d, quoth she, then I declare,
 I wish they all *Nine-Pences* were.

SUSANNAH *and the* TWO ELDERS.

WHEN Fair *Susannah*, in a cool Retreat
 Of shady Arbours shunn'd the sultry Heat,
 Two wanton Letchers to her Garden came,
 And, rushing furious, seiz'd the trembling Dame.
 What Female Strength could do, her Arms perform,
 And guarded well the Fort they strove to storm.
 The Story's antient, and (if rightly told)
 Young was the Lady, but the Lovers Old.

Had the Reverse been true! had Authors sung,
 How that the Dame was old, the Lovers young!
 If she had then the blooming Pair deny'd,
 With tempting Youth and Vigour on their Side,
 Lord! how the Story would have shock'd my Creed!
 For that had been a Miracle indeed.

The MILLER of TROMPINGTON.

AT *Trompington*, not far from *Cambridge*, stood
 A-cross a pleasant Stream, a Bridge of Wood;
 Near it a Mill, in low and plashy Ground;
 Where Corn from all the neighb'ring Parts was ground.
 The sturdy *Miller*, with his powder'd Locks,
 Proud as a Peacock, subtle as a Fox,
 Could pipe, and fish, and wrestle, throw a Net,
 Turn drinking Cups, and teach your Dogs to fet;
 Brawny, big-bon'd, strong made was ev'ry Limb,
 But few durst venture to contend with him.

A Dagger

A Dagger hanging at his Belt he had,
 Made of an ancient Sword's well temper'd Blade;
 He wore a *Sheffield Whittle* in his Hose;
 Broad was his Face, and very flat his Nose;
 Bald as an Ape behind was this Man's Crown;
 No one could better beat a Market down:
 But *Millers* will be Thieves; he us'd to steal,
 Slyly and artfully, much Corn and Meal.

This *Miller's* Wife came of a better Race,
 The Parson's Daughter of the Town she was:
 Her Portion small, her Education high,
 She had her Breeding in a Nunnery.
 ' Whoe'er he marry'd (*Simkin* boldly said)
 ' Should be a Maid well-born, and nicely bred,
 You'd laugh to see him in his best Array,
 Strutting before her on a Holy Day.
 If any boldly durst accost his Wife,
 He drew his Dagger, or his *Sheffield Knife*.
 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a jealous Fool;
 She manag'd cunningly her stubborn Tool.
 'To all beneath her, insolently high;
 Walk'd like a Duck, and chatter'd like a Pye:
 Proud of her Breeding, forward, full of Scorn,
 As if she were of noble Parents born;
 With other Virtues of the same Degree,
 All learn'd in that choice School, the *Nunnery*.

Their Daughter was just twenty, coarse and bold;
 A Boy too in a Cradle, six Months old.
 Thick, short, and brawny, this plump Damsel was,
 Her Nose was flat, her Eyes were grey as Glass;
 Her Haunches broad, with Breasts up to her Chin;
 Fair was her Hair, but tawny was her Skin.

A mighty Trade this lusty *Miller* drove,
 All for Convenience came, not one for Love,
 Much Grift from *Cambridge* to his Lot did fall,
 And all the Corn they us'd at *Scholar's-hall*.
 Their *Manciple* fell dangerously ill;
 Bread must be had, their Grift went to the Mill:
 This *Simkin* moderately stole before,
 Their Steward sick, he robb'd them ten-times more.

THEIR

Their

Their Bread fell short ; the *Warden* storm'd ; with Skill
 Examined those who brought it from the Mill.
 The *Miller* to a strict Account they call :
 He impudently swears he gave them all.

Two poor young Scholars, hungry, much distress'd
 (Who thought themselves more wise than all the rest)
 Intreat the *Warden*, the next Corn he sent,
 To trust it to their prudent Management :
 Both would attend him with such Care and Art,
 Defy him then to steal the smallest Part.

At last the *Warden* grants what they desire ;
 All is got ready as these Two require.
 Bold Men, tho' disappointed, ne'er are sham'd ;
 One was call'd *Allen*, t'other *John* was nam'd ;
 Both Northern Men, both in one Town were born,
 They mount, and lead the Horse that bears the Corn.
 ' Be careful, *Allen* cries, and do not stray.'
 " Fear nothing he replies, I know the Way."
 Thus they jog on, and on the Road contrive
 To catch the Thief ; till at the Mill they 'rive.

" Ho *Sim*, says *John*, what ho, the *Miller* there
 " Who calls ? says *Simkin*, tell me who you are.
 " How fares your comely Daughter and your Wife ?"
 ' What, *John* and *Allen*, welcome by my Life ;
 The *Miller* said, ' What Wind has brought you hither ?'
 " That which makes old Wives trudge, brought us to-
 " gether.

" Who keeps no Man, must his own Servant be ;
 " Our *Manciple* is very sick, and we
 " Are with the Corn from our good *Warden* come,
 " To see it ground, and bring it safely home :
 " Dispatch it, *Sim*, with all the Haste you may."
 ' It shall be done (he says) without Delay.
 ' What will you do while I have this in Hand ?'
 Says *John*, " Just at the Hopper will I stand,
 " (In my whole Life I never saw Grist ground,)
 " And mark the Clack how justly it will sound."
 ' Ah ! Chum *John*, cries *Allen*, will you so ?
 ' Then will I watch how it steals out below.'

Sim, at their Plot maliciously did smile ;
 None could, they thought such learned Clerks beguile.
 He

He meant to cast a Mist before their Eye;
 In spite of all their fine Philosophy;
 Neither should find where he convey'd the Meal;
 The narrower they watch'd, the more he'd steal.
 These Scholars for their Flour, shall have the Bran;
 The learned'st Clerk is not the wisest Man.
 Then out he steals, and finds, where, by the Head,
 Their Horse hung fasten'd underneath a Shed:
 He slips the Bridle o'er his Neck; the Steed
 Makes to the Fens, where Mares and Fillies feed.
 Unmifs'd comes *Sim*, finds *John* fix'd at his Post,
 And *Allen* diligent, no Meal was lost:
 ' Now do me Justice, Friends he says, you can
 ' Convince your *Warden* I'm an honest Man.'
 Now the great Work is done, the Corn is ground,
 The Grift is sacked, and every Sack well bound:
John runs to fetch the Horse; aloud he cries,
 " Come hither *Allen*;" *Allen* to him flies.
 " O Friend, we are undone!"----' What mean you,
 ' *John*?
 " Look there's the *Bridle*, but our *Horse* is gone!"
 " Gone! whither? says he,'---" Nay, Heav'n knows,
 " not I,"----
 Out bolts *Sim*'s Wife, and (with a ready Lye)
 She cries, " I saw him toss his Head, and play,
 " Then slip the loosen'd Reins, and trot away."
 ' Which Way? they both demand---- " With wanton
 " Bounds."
 " I saw him scamp'ring tow'rd yon fenny Ground:
 " Wild Mares and Colts in those low Marshes feed."
 Away the Scholars run with utmost Speed,
 Forget their Former cautious Husbandry;
 Their Sack does at the *Millers* Mercy lie.
 He half a Bushel of their Flour does take,
 Then bids his Wife secure it in a Cake.
 ' I'll send these empty Boys again to School,
 ' To plot and study who's the greater Fool:
 ' Look where the learned Blockheads make their Way,
 ' Let us be merry, while those Children play.'
 These silly Scholars ran from Place to Place;
 Now here, now there, unequal was the Chace.

They

They call him by his Name, whistle and cry,
Ho Ball ! but *Ball* is pleas'd with Liberty.
 At Night into a narrow Place they brought him,
 Drove him into a Ditch, and there they caught him.

Weary and wet, as Cattle in the Rain,
Allen, and simple *John*, come back again.

" Alas ! cries *John*, would I had ne'er been born !

" When we return, we shall be laugh'd to Scorn.

" Call'd by the *Fellows*, and our *Warden*, Fools ;

" Our Grist is stolen, and we the *Miller's Tools*."

Thus *John* complains : *Allen* without Remorse,
 Goes to the Barn, and in he turns his Horse.

Both cold and hungry, wet and dawb'd with Mire ;

They find the *Miller* sitting at his Fire ;

" We can't return, they say, before 'tis Light,

" So beg for Lodging in your Mill To-night."

Simkin replies, ' Welcome with all my Heart,

' I'll find you out the most convenient Part.

' My House is straight, but you are learned Men ;

' You can by Dint of Argument maintain,

' That twenty Yards a Mile in Breadth comprise :

' Now show your Art, and make a *Miller* wise.'

" You're merry, Friend ; but wet and clammy Earth,

" Hunger and Cold, provoke few Men to Mirth.

" A Man complies with necessary Things,

" Content with what he finds, or what he brings.

" 'Tis Meat and Drink we earnestly desire ;

" To warm and dry us with a better Fire.

" Look, we have Coin to pay what we demand !

" We ne'er catch Falcons with an empty Hand.

Sim sends his Daughter to a neighb'ring House,

For good strong Ale, and roasts a well fed Goose.

Though homely was his Room, it was not small ;

They had no other, it must serve them all,

The Daughter makes for these two Youths a Bed,

Lays on clean Sheets, with Blankets fairly spread.

Twelve Foot beyond, in the remotest Place,

There stood another for their Daughter *Grace*.

The Supper does with sprightly Mirth abound,

Each has his Jest, the nappy Ale goes round ;

Nor

Nor the squab Daughter, nor the Wife were nice,
 Each Health the Youths began, *Sim* pledg'd it twice.
 The healthy Liquor stupefies their Care,
 But Midnight past, they all to rest repair.
 The *Miller* yawn'd, his Eyes began to close ;
 The Wife got *Sim* to Bed, he had his Dose.
 She follow'd him ; but she was gay and light,
 Her Whistle had been wetted too that Night ;
 She plac'd the Child in Cradle by her Side,
 To give it Suck, or rock it if it cry'd.
 The Daughter too, when once the Ale was gone,
 Retir'd to Bed ; so *Allen* did, and *John*.
 Sleep on the most did instantly prevail ;
 The *Miller*'s lusty Dose of potent Ale
 Made him like any Stone-horse snort and snore,
 The Treble was behind, the Base before :
 The Wife's Hoarse-tenor vacant Parts did fill,
 The Daughter bore her Part with wond'rous Skill,
 They might be heard a Furlong from the Mill. }

When this melodious Concert first began,
 Young *Allen* tumbling, pushes his Friend *John* :
 ' It is impossible to Sleep, he says,
 ' I'll up and dance, while this Choice Music plays.
 He cries, " What means my Brother ? " --- *Allen* said,
 ' I mean to steal into the Daughter's Bed.
 ' 'Tis said, the Man who in one Point is griev'd,
 ' Ought in another Point to be reliev'd.
 ' Our Corn is stol'n, and we like Fools are caught
 ' The Daughter shall repay the Father's Fault. ---
 " O *Allen*, he replies, think while you can,
 " Fore Heav'n the *Miller* is a dang'rous Man !
 " Should he discover you, I would be loth
 " The Thief should wreak his Vengeance on us both.
 ' I fear him not, says *Allen*, I am young ;
 ' Tho' he's well set, my Sinews are as strong.
 Then up he gets ; now Friend good Luck (he said)
 The Daughter's Trumpet led him to her Bed ;
 Half stupefy'd with Ale, she sprawling lay ;
 He softly creeping in, soon hit his Way ;
 Soon put all knotty Questions out of doubt,
 Stopping her Mouth, prevented crying out.

John

John grumbling lay, while *Allen's* Place was void.

"Am I then idle, while my Friend's employ'd ?"

"He can revenge himself for all his Harms,

"He has the *Miller's* Daughter in his Arms,

"While I lie spiritless, benum'd and cold ;

"I shall be jear'd to Death, when this is told ;

"They nothing can perform, who ne'er begin ;

"Faint Heart, they say, did ne'er fair Lady win."

Then up he rose, and softly groping round,

He found the Cradle standing on the Ground,

Close by the *Miller's* Bed ; this unesp'y'd

He took, and set it by his own Bed-side.

The *Miller's* Wife had now more Grist to grind,

(Some Mills by Water move, and some by Wind)

The proper Utenfil not plac'd at hand,

She rose, by pure Necessity constrain'd.

The grand Affair dispatch'd, and feeling round

Her Husband's Bed, no Cradle could be found.

"Where am I ? *Benedicite* ! she said,

"This is undoubtedly the Scholars Bed."

Then turning t'other Way, her Hand did light

Full on the Cradle.---Now, she cry'd, *I'm right*.

Lifting the Cloaths, into the Bed she leap'd,

And close to *John* full harmlessly she crept :

In a short Time he takes her in his Arms,

And kindly treats her with unusual Charms.

She thought (strange Fancies working in her Mind)

Some *Saint* had made her Husband over-kind.

Propitious Stars this Fortune did bestow

On both, till the third Cock began to crow.

Now *Allen* fancy'd Light would soon appear,

He kiss'd the Wench, and said, 'My *Grace* ! my Dear !

'Thou kindest of thy Sex, the Day comes on,

'And we must part,---"Alas, will you be gone,

"She said, and leave poor harmless me alone ?"

'If I stay longer, we are both undone ;

'For should your Father wake, and find me here,

'What will become of me and you, my Dear ?'

That dreadful Thought (she cries) distracts my Heart,

"Too soon you won me, and too soon we part."

X

Then

John

Then clinging round his Neck, with weeping Eyes,
 She says, "Remember me!" *Allen* replies,
 'I'll quickly find Occasion to return;
 'You shall not long for *Allen's* Absence mourn.'
 "Farewell, she cries! But, Dearest, one Word more;
 "You'll find upon a Sack behind the Door
 "A Cake, and under it a Bag of Meal;
 "The Flour my Father and myself did steal
 "Out of your Sack; but take it, 'tis your own;
 "Be careful, Love—not a Word more, begone."

Now *Allen* softly feeling for his Bed,
 By Chance his Hand laid on the Cradle-head.
 And shrinking from it, said (with no small Fear
 'That Rogue the *Miller* and his Wife lie there.'
 Turning, he finds *Sim's* Pallet, in he crept;
 'I'm right, he says, dull *John* all Night has slept.
 Then shaking himself, 'Wake, Swineherd, *Allen* cries,
 'I've joyful News.'—"What?" grumbling *Sim* replies.
 'I am the luckiest Rogue—by this *no Light*,
 'I have had full Employment all the Night:
 'The Daughter kindly paid her Father's Score,
 'All Night I have embrac'd her.'—"O the Whore!
 "O thou false Traytor, Clerk! thou hast defil'd
 "Our honest Family, deflow'r'd our Child!
 "Thy Life shall answer it."—With that he caught
 At *Allen's* Throat: Young *Allen* stoutly fought.
 Both give and take, returning Blows with Blows;
 But *Allen* struck the *Miller* on the Nose
 With all his Force; out flies the streaming Gore,
 And down it runs: They tumble on the Floor;
 Then up they get, lab'ring with equal Strife:
Sim stumbled backwards quite across his Wife.
 She fast asleep, none of this Scuffle heard;
 Wak'd by his Fall, and heartily afear'd:
 "Help, *Holy Cross of Broholm*! (O I faint!)
 "Help my good *Angel*! help my *Patron Saint*!
 "The *Fiend* lies on me like a Load of Lead!
 "Remove this Devil, this Night-mare, or I'm dead!"
 Then up starts *John*, and turns 'em from the Wife,
 Hunts for a Cudgel to conclude the Strife.

Up gets the *Miller*, *Allen* grasps him close,
 Both play at Hard-head, struggling to get loose.
 Out steps the Wife, well knowing where there stood,
 In a By-corner, a tough Piece of Wood;
 On this she seiz'd, and by a glimm'ring Light
 Which enter'd at a Chink, saw something white:
 But by a foul Mistake, 'twas her ill Hap
 To take *Sim*'s bald Pate for the Scholar's Cap.
 She lifts the Staff, it fell on his bare Crown,
 Strong was the Blow, she knock'd her Husband down.
 'O, I am slain! the *Miller* loudly cry'd;
 "Live to be hang'd thou Thief," *Allen* reply'd.
 Away they go, first take their Meal and Cake,
 Then lay the Grist upon their Horse's Back.
 To *Scholars-hall* they march, for now 'twas Light,
 Pleas'd with the strange Adventures of the Night.

The Wife the Scholars curses, binds *Sim*'s Head,
 Then lifts him up, and lays him on the Bed.
 'Wife, says he, our Daughter is defil'd!
 'That Villain *Allen* has debauch'd our Child!
 'Mistaking me for *John*, he told me all;
 'Ten thousand Furies plague that *Scholars-hall*.
 "'O false abusive Knave! (the Wife reply'd)
 "'In ev'ry Word the Villain spake, he ly'd.
 "'I wak'd and heard our harmless Child complain,
 "'And rose to know the Cause, and ease her Pain.
 "'I found her torn with Gripes, a Dram I brought,
 "'And made her take a comfortable Draught;
 "'Then lay down by her, chaf'd her swelling Breast,
 "'And lull'd her in these very Arms to Rest.
 "'All was Contrivance, Malice all, and Spite;
 "'I have not parted from her all this Night."
 Then is she innocent? "Ay, by my Life,
 "As pure and spotless—as thy Bosom Wife."
 I'm satisfy'd, says *Sim*, O that damn'd Hall!
 I'll do the best I can to starve them all.
 And thus the *Miller* of his Fear is eas'd,
 The Mother and the Daughter both well pleas'd.

The DISAPPOINTED DAMSEL,

TWO Fellow-Servants, *John* and *Sue*,
(As I'll relate my Tale to you)

Long in one House had dwelt together,
And shew'd great Kindness for each other,
Till Love had rais'd in either's Breast
A Passion, ne'er before express'd.

It chanc'd one Night, as by the Fire
The Maid was sat, and *John* sat by her,
That something did his Spirits move,
And thus the *Clown* express'd his Love.

My Dear, believe me, this is true,
I've long retain'd a Love for you,
Oft wish'd with you in Bed to be,
And I have wish'd so too, quoth she.
They'd not much Courting, Night drew on,
The Match is struck 'tween *Sue* and *John*;
They quickly had agreed to—wed,
I only mean by go'ng to Bed.
To lie together for a Night,
And try how this—and that—does right.

But to proceed, Sir, with my Jest,
The Master safe retir'd to Rest,
And Servants all to Bed are gone,
Excepting only *Sue* and *John*.

And they were going; but the worst
Was, who, and who should go up first.

I won't go first, the Damsel cry'd,
Neither will I, Sir *John* reply'd;

Howe'er but little more was said,
John bore her in his Arms to Bed.

While they undress, I must disclose,
Between them some Dispute arose;

Sue cry'd, who first must get to bed?
It is your Place, *John* softly said,

Then so I will, reply'd the Maid,

So made no Words, but on the Spot,
 Stript off her Coats, and in she got.

As here she lay with longing Arms,
 Panting, dissolv'd all o'er in Charms,
 Thus unto *John* she smiling said,
 Why *John*, why don't you come to Bed ?
 But *John* (I can't think what he ail'd)
 His Heart and Strength at once both fail'd ;
 And thus the Clown stood in a Pause,
 Cry'd, * Charges, Charges, that's the Cause ;
 Quoth he, I dare not come to Bed,
 I'm of the Charge so much afraid.
 The Maid still willing to prevail,
 Said † *Charges* sure can tell no Tale ;
 So let me clasp thee in these Arms,
 And you partake of all my Charms.

Yet 'twould not do ; the Maid in haste
 Rose up, and caught him round the Waist,
 And said, you shall rewarded be
 For all your dull Stupidity.

With that she dragg'd him to the Stairs,
 And down she flung him Head and Ears ;
 Descend, you clownish Dog, she said,
 And ne'er more may you touch a Maid.

The Master hearing such a Clatter,
 Rose up to know what was the Matter ;
 The Maid reply'd, with little Fear,
 'Tis only *Charges* fall'n down Stairs.
 At this he in a Passion said,
 You faucy, bold, mischievous Jade,
 I'd rather giv'n a Crown I swear,
 Than you had thrown my Dog down Stair
 Because so well he hunts a Hare.

*But, Sir, she answer'd I declare,
 You'd better keep your Money ;
 If he is something at a Hare,
 He's nothing at a Coney.*

* He meaning the Charges of a Child.

† She meaning her Master's Dog so called.

The CAPTAIN and the SAILOR.

A S *John* the Sailor and his Lads,
 One Morn were tripping o'er the Grass;
 To gather *White-Thorn*, as they say,
 It being on the First of *May*,
 They did a jolly Captain meet,
 And courteously each other greet.
 First, *John* the Sailor touch'd his Hat,
 The Captain bow'd, began to chat,
 Saying, *John*, pray how came this to pass?
 Where pick'd you up this comely Lass,
 With rosy Cheeks and sparkling Eyes,
 Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise!
 Tempting to some more secret Bliss,
 Oh! *John* I must,—must have a Kiss;
 And you, whene'er you meet my Dame,
 Shall welcome be to do the same.

Now, some Days after, being fair,
 The Captain walk'd to take the Air;
 Led in his Hand his comely Bride,
 Which luckily young *Johnny* spy'd;
 And bowing said, Sir, you know what,
 I hope you han't your Word forgot:
 No, *John* (he answer'd) by my Life,
 'Tis your Turn now, see here's my Wife.
John smiling, cock'd his Hat aside,
 And boldly kiss'd the Captain's Bride,
 Crying, Oh! ye Gods, I'd give a Crown,
 Had he but laid my *Nancy* down.
 What then (quoth Madam) would you do!
 Why we'd have had a Tumble too.

The MERRY COBLER.

I T happen'd on a Winter Night,
 From whence I shall my Tale indite,
 A Merry Cöbler and his Wife,
 To pass the tedious Hours of Life,
 Agreed when they had Supper done,
 To have a Game at *Thirty-One*.

Yet without either Cards or Dice,
 You may suppose 'twas something Nice :
 To please this rum old Couple's Hearts,
 They reckon'd up their Game by F——s.

Old *Joan*, impatient who should win,
 Cries, come my Dear, I'll first begin ;
 So crack she went; he let another;
 Next time she let six altogether.

He play'd again; she let three more,
 Which made her Number half a Score,
 Now fair and even they go on,
 Till *Joan* had reach'd to Twenty-one.

The Cöbler now began to fret,
 And fume, for fear he should be beat ;
 While she as much began to grin,
 Well pleas'd to think how she should win ;
 And yet possess'd with Woman's Fear:
 Would often cry, You cheat my Dear ?
 Oh ! Muse, and will you tell the rest ?
 No, rather leave it to be guess :
 And yet, why was my Tale begun ?
 If I leave off before it's done.

Then here again I will proceed ;
 I'm Twenty-one, quoth she. Agreed,
 Says he, 'tis true,——then straining hard,
 I'm Game, she cry'd, here's a gay Card !
 And true it was; for on my Word,
 Our flew a swinging yellow T——d ;

And

And such a Hogoo with the Soil,
 You might have smelt it half a Mile !
 So to conclude, my dainty Tale is done ;
 For *Joan* the Game has very foully won.

The LOU looking for his HEIFER.

I T so besel,———a silly Swain,
 Had sought his *Heifer* long in vain,
 For wanton, *She* had frisking stray'd,
 And left the Lawn to seek the Shade.
 Around the Plain *He* rolls his Eyes,
 Then to the Wood, in Haste he hies ;
 Where singling out the tallest Tree,
He climbs in Hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that Way to pass,
 A jolly *Lad* and buxom *Lass* :
 The Place was apt, the Pastime Pleasant ;
 Occasion with her Forelock present :
 The Girl agog, the Gallant ready ;
 So lightly down he lays my Lady ;
 But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
 That she some certain Charms display'd.
 Which with such Wonder struck his Sight,
 (With Wonder much ; more with Delight)
 That loud he cry'd, in Rapture, What !
 What see I, Gods ! what see I not !
 But nothing nam'd ; from whence 'tis Guess'd,
 'Twas more than well can be express'd.

The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
 Strait stopt him short in mid Career :
 And louder cry'd, *Ho ! honest Friend,*
That of thy seeing seest no End ;
Dost see the Heifer that I seek ?
If dost, pray be so kind to speak.

The

The LEAKY VESSEL.

HIRCO, an old, but am'rous Blade,
 Had sometime kept a pretty Majd,
 Whom to debauch he oft had try'd,
 But had as often been deny'd,
 Fair Promises at first were us'd,
 But first with Scorn the Girl refus'd;
 Nor could his Coin prevail upon her,
 To sell her Love, or wound her Honour;
 Old *Hirco* thought he ne'er should do't,
 And so gave o'er the vain Pursuit.

HIRCO had all his Life been one,
 They call a boon Companion;
 And in his House had always Liquor
 To entertain the 'Squire or Vicar,
 From bottl'd Ale to good *French* Claret,
 And Stout so stale, no Head could bear it;
 Man's greatest Sin he often said,
 Was sneaking soberly to Bed;
 Believ'd that parting Dry-Lips was
 Of *Sodom's* Fire the fatal Cause;
 Hell's Torments he did really think,
 Not scorching Flames, but want of Drink;
 He made it plain from sacred Writ,
 That Wine was for the Stomach fit;
 And therefore he, for Conscience Sake,
 A hearty Dose would often take.
 But when inflam'd with gen'rous Liquor,
 His Pulse beat high, and Blood mov'd quicker;
 Then Fancy brought into his Arms,
 His Wench dress'd up in all her Charms;
 Her ruddy Cheeks, her well-turn'd Nose,
 Her little Mouth, her Eyes like Sloes;
 Her less'ning Shape, her swelling Bubbies,
 Her Lilly Hand, and Lips of Rubies;

A thou-

A thousand Beauties yet unseen,
 That might have tempted Saints to sin ;
 Made *Hirco* wish he durst renew,
 Th' Attack he once had made on *Sue* ;
 What Pity 'tis, he often said,
 So sweet a Wench should die a Maid ;
 That *Sukey* should (and who could tell
 But that she might) lead Apes in Hell :
 But *Sue* most bravely had withstood
 His first Attacks, and call'd him lewd
 And filthy Beast, and often swore,
 She would not stay a Moment more,
 For all his Gold beneath his Roof,
 If e'er he talk'd his foolish Stuff.
 Aw'd by her Threats old *Hirco* strove
 To banish his ill-fated Love.

It happen'd on a certain Night,
 That *Hirco* did some Friends invite ;
 About the Time when o'er the Nation,
 Roast Beef and Minced-pies were in Fashion.
 The sparkling Glass went briskly round,
 Each Toper bravely stood his Ground ;
 And swore, he wish'd that Heaven's Thunder,
 Wou'd strike him dead, if he knock'd under.
 The godly P—r—n, who was there,
 Said *Amen* to the hearty Prayer.
 T' expel the Rawness of the Beer,
 And keep from Phlegms their Stomachs clear ;
 Each made a Chimney of his Nose,
 And Clouds of Smoke around them rose.
 The Smoke the upper Regions gain'd,
 And round the Brain the Cloud remain'd,
 But now 'twas late, the watchful Cock,
 Had long since crow'd it Twelve a Clock.
 And each Man thought, though none had Grace
 To own it, Bed the proper Place.
 Here one extended on the Floor,
 In Liquor swam, yet call'd for more ;
 A second swallow'd whilst he cou'd,
 But at the last, went out and spu'd ;

Another

Another roar'd and hoop'd aloud,
 A fourth reel'd round the Room, and vow'd,
 In spite of *Hirco's* old *October*,
 G—d da da d—mn him he was sober.
 Most of the rest to sleep began,
 Amongst 'em there was scarce a Man
 Had Strength, but *Hirco* and the P—rf—n,
 Their Stools upright to set their Arse on.
 With Grief the Master of the Feast,
 Beheld the State of ev'ry Guest;
 He with'd he could with all his Heart,
 New Vigour to 'em all impart;
 My Friends, said he, come let's cheer up,
 And briskly take the other Cup;
 A Plague, what makes you all so dull?
 I han't got half a Belly full;
 Rouse up for Shame, my jolly Boys,
 Be merry, sing, and make a Noise;
 I've in my Cellar now a Tub,
 Believe me, Friends, of Charming Bub;
 To keep it longer would be Folly,
 I'll pierce it now and we'll be jolly;
 He said, and rising on his Legs,
 Takes up a Piercer, cuts some Pegs.
 Seizes a Tankard; thus equipt,
 Down Stairs into the Cellar slipt.

Old *Hirco's* Maid, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
 Her Master's last Discourse did hear.
 For though she kept her Body chaste,
 And Love unlawful would not taste,
 Yet the poor Girl was often dry,
 And lov'd good Liquor by the bye;
 And when old *Hirco* was without,
 She'd to the Tub, pull Vent-pin out;
 And with a Straw the cunning Gipsy,
 Would sometimes suck, 'till she was tipsy;
 And as she never chose the worst,
 This Tub had often quench'd her Thirst.
 But now she found the Time was come,
 T' acquit her, or pronounce her Doom:

Her

Her Master now must miss his Drink,
 Or else, To morrow, he would think
 His Crew had, what was missing, drank,
 And ne'er mistrust his *Sukey's* Prank :
 Not dreaming, that by frequent Vent,
 The Spirit of the Beer was spent ;
 And that 'twould be but poor and flat ;
 But she poor Soul, ne'er thought of that.

Mean while the busy honest Drunkard,
 Had with it fill'd a swinging Tankard ;
 And from the Cellar making haste,
 Return'd to give his Friends a Taste.
 By Right Divine, the learned As
 Must on the Ale his Judgment pass ;
 He drank a Bumper, cry'd, a Fox,
 This cursed Beer e'nt Orthodox ;
 Took t'other Glas and shook his Head,
 O fye, said he, 'tis flat and dead.

As *Hirco's* Faith was very little,
 He never could believe each Tittle ;
 Not even of what was given out
 To be Damnation, but to doubt ;
 Much less he credited a Tale,
 Which so disgrac'd his choicest Ale,

On Sanctity he cast a Frown,
 Then fill'd a Glas and soak'd it down.
 But how bewilder'd did he look,
 To find that *Roger* Truth had spoke ;
 He fretted, rav'd, the Compass swore,
 And curs'd 'till he could curse no more.
 The P—r—n cries, why here's a Clatter,
 Will Swearing, pray now, mend the Matter ?
 The Beer I do believe well brew'd,
 The Fault's the Vessel where it stood ;
 Or else the Bung-hole is in Fault,
 By not being stop't up as it ought.
 Cry'd *Hirco*, I am either blind,
 Or in a Moment's Time I'll find
 The fatal Cause of this Disaster—
Sukey went down to light her Master :

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But, Lord ! how silly did she look !
 Like Aspen Leaves éach Member shook,
 And she was 'in such a piteous Fright,
 She scarce had Pow'r to hold the Light.

Mean while the Don b' his Nuckle found,
 The Barrel gave an empty Sound :
 Surpriz'd, he cries, I am undone,
 Good God ! Why, half my Beer is gone.
 The P—rf—n from above replied,
 Look under, and on ev'ry side ;
 I'll hold a Crown, if you but seek
 About the Tub you'll find a Leak.
 Whilst thus the crafty P—rf—n said,
Hirco by chance look'd on his Maid :
 Disorder'd and confus'd she stood,
 Her Cheeks were red with flushing Blood,
 And from her Master quick she turn'd.
 Cry'd *Hirco, Sukey*, I'll be burn'd,
 If you han't someway been the Ruin
 Of this, my last *October* Brewing ;
 She trembling on her Knees did fall,
 Begg'd his Pardon, and told him all.
 Said he, this Tale will make my Friends,
 For want of Liquor, some amends ;
 I'll up and tell them all, I swear ;
 For G—d's sake, Sir, said she, forbear ;
 Lord ! is there no way to atone
 For such a Fault ? There is but one
 That I can think of, he reply'd,
 I've often ask'd and you deny'd
 A little Favour, if you'll grant it,
 (And now I really think I want it)
 I'll hold my Tongue ; if you refuse,
 I'll up, and out the Story goes.
 She paus'd, she blush'd, she cry'd, but knew
 Not either what to say, or do.

Mean while of Kissing he'd his fill,
 Nor could he keep his Fingers still ;
 One Hand upon her Bosom lay,
 Whilst t' other took a different Way ;

Y

Then

But

Then on a Faggot-pile he laid
 The tender, yielding, lovely Maid :
 The Wench was buxom, plump, and sappy,
 And fit to make a Lover happy.

Whilst they in am'rous Transports lay,
 The P—rf—n wonder'd at their Stay ;
 And ask'd them what they were about.
 Cry'd *Hirco*, Z—ds, the Leak's found out,
 Thro' which my Nectar daily flows ;
 Be sure, said *Roger*, stop it close,
 I'll try, said he, but, on my Soul,
 It is a dev'lish swinging Hole.

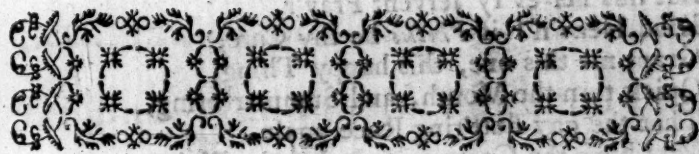
The ROBBER *robb'd.*

A Certain Priest had hoarded up
 A Mass of secret Gold ;
 And, where he might bestow it safe,
 He knew not to be bold.

At last it came into his Thought,
 To lock it in a Chest,
 Within the Chancel ; and he wrote
 Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry Grig, whose greedy Mind
 Did long for such a Prey,
 Respecting not the sacred Words,
 That on the Casket lay.

Took out the Gold ; and blotting out
 The Priest's Inscript, thereon
 Wrote, *RESSURREXIT, non est hic ;*
 Your God is rose, and gone.



P O E M S, EPIGRAMS, &c.

PHILLIS'S *Wedding.*

Y Fops address'd, by Beaux admir'd
Phillis with Grandmamma retir'd
With sad Regret beheld the Trees,
More naked grow at ev'ry Breeze.
Ah! fading Leaves, of late so gay!

Emblems of Beauty's sad Decay!
She sigh'd to think the hasty Year
Brought Winter, Cold, and Frost so near.
For now each tender trembling Beau,
In Flannel wrapt from Top to Toe,
In Haste to Town impatient flies,
Too cold for Warmth from Looks or Eyes:
Whilst Grandmamma poor *Phillis* keeps,
As by the Parlour Fire she sleeps,
To read good Sermons, pious Things,
Grave Hist'ries, *Chronicles* or *Kings*.
Ah Task severe! for not one Play,
To pass a sullen Hour away;
Nor did the Nymph resign'd to Fate,
Bear this imprison'd, pensive State;

But this her ev'ry fervent Pray'r,
 Kind Heav'n ! if *Phillis* be thy Care,
 Grant me this one, this happy Thing,
 Quick turn the Month, and Summer bring,
 That the gay flutt'ring Race again,
 May bless the Groves, and glad the Plain.
 But Heav'n, who ever better knows,
 To grant our Wishes, or our Vows,
 At once the gentle Maid to save,
 Call'd hence her Matron to the Grave.
 Thrice happy Change ! all bounteous Heav'n !
 For this each grateful Vow be giv'n.
 See, *Phillis* flies the lonesome Shades,
 The purling Brooks, the russet Meads ;
 In Town, she turns her Nights to Days,
 At Balls, Assemblies, Masques, and Plays ;
 And daily haunts in Coach to Court,
 For Fops and Beaux a public Sport.
 She weds a Lord, and bears his Name,
 Of broken Fortune, worthless Fame ;
 Now fly her Money and Estates,
 To pay his long contracted Debts ;
 He begs the Jointure settled on her,
 For which he pawns his Love and Honour.
 Both worthless Pledges, gone to rot,
 That will not bring him in a Groat ;
 They're spent, when cancell'd are the Deeds,
 And Want and Poverty succeeds ;
 With nought their Titles to support,
 They live Beggars on the Court.
 Poor *Phillis* now repents in Vain,
 And wishes Grandmamma alive again.

Hear this, ye vain, deluded Fair,
 For Place and Titles are but Air ;
 A warm good-natur'd Country Squire,
 With well plow'd Lands, and Sea Coal Fire,
 Shall give you more substantial Pleasure,
 Than Dress, or Titles, empty Treasure !

The BAG-WIG and the TOBACCO-PIPE.

A FABLE.

A Bag-Wig of a jauntee Air,
 Trick'd up with all a Barber's Care,
 Loaded with Powder and Perfume,
 Hung in a Spendthrift's Dressing-Room ;
 Close by its Side, by Chance convey'd,
 A black Tobacco-Pipe was laid ;
 And with its Vapours far and near,
 Outstunk the Essence of Monsieur :
 At which its Rage, the Thing of Hair,
 Thus, bristling up, began to declare :
 ' Bak'd Dirt, that with Intrusion rude
 ' Breaks in upon my Solitude ;
 ' And with thy fetid Breath defiles
 ' The Air for forty thousand Miles.—
 ' Avaunt—Pollution's in thy Touch—
 ' Oh barbarous *English* !—horrid *Dutch* !
 ' I cannot bear it.—Here, *Sue, Nan,*
 ' Go call the Maid to call the Man ;
 ' And bid him come without delay,
 ' To take this odious Pipe away—
 ' Hideous !—sure some one smoak'd thee, Friend
 ' Reversely at his t'other End.
 ' Oh, what mixt Odours ! what a throng
 ' Of Salt and Sour, and Stale and Strong !
 ' A most unnatural Combination,
 ' Enough to mar all Perspiration.—
 ' Monstrous !—again—'twould vex a Saint,
 ' *Susan*, the Drops—or else I faint !'
 The Pipe (for 'twas a Pipe of Soul)
 Raising himself upon a Bowl
 In Smoke like Oracle of old,
 Did thus his Sentiments unfold :

' Why what's the Matter, Goodman *Swagger*,
 ' Thou flaunting, *French*, fantastic Bragger?
 ' Whose whole fine Speech is (with a Pox)
 ' Ridiculous and Heterodox.
 ' 'Twas better for the *English* Nation,
 ' Before such Scoundrels came in Fashion:
 ' When none sought Hair in Realms unknown,
 ' But every Blockhead wore his own.
 ' Know, Puppy, I'm an *English* Pipe,
 ' Deem'd worthy of each *Briton's* gripe;
 ' Who with my Cloud-compelling Aid,
 ' Help our Plantations, and our Trade;
 ' And am, when sober, and when mellow,
 ' An *upright*, *downright* honest Fellow.
 ' Tho' Fools, like you; may think me rough,
 ' And scorn me 'cause I am in Buff;
 ' Yet your Contempt I glad receive,
 ' 'Tis all the Fame that you can give.
 ' None *Finery* or *Foppery* prize,
 ' But they *who've something to disguise*;
 ' But *simple Nature* hates abuse,
 ' And Plainness is the Dress of Use.

The ART of COQUETRY.

YE lovely Maids! whose yet unpractis'd Hearts!
 Ne'er felt the Force of Love's resistless Darts;
 Who justly set a Value on your Charms,
 Pow'r all you wish, but Beauty all your Arms;
 Who o'er Mankind would fain exert your Sway,
 And teach the lordly Tyrant to obey;
 Attend my Rules, to you alone address,
 Deep let them sink in every Female Breast.
 The Queen of Love herself my Bosom fires,
 Assists my Numbers and my Thoughts inspires:
 Me she instructed in each secret Art,
 How to enslave, and keep each vanquish'd Heart;

The

The Sigh that heaves by stealth, the starting Tear,
 The melting Languish, the obliging Fear;
 Half utter'd Wishes, broken, kind Replies,
 And all the silent Eloquence of Eyes;
 To teach the Fair by various Wiles to move
 The soften'd Soul, and lead the Heart to love.
 Proud of her Charms, and conscious of her Face,
 The haughty Beauty calls forth every Grac,
 With fierce Defiance throws the killing Dart;
 By Force she wins, by Force she keeps the Heart.
 The witty Fair a nobler Game pursues,
 Arms at the Head, but the rapt Soul subdues.
 The languid Nymph enslaves with softer Art,
 With sweet Neglect she steals into the Heart.
 Slowly she moves her swimming Eyes around,
 Conceals her Shaft, but meditates the Wound;
 Her gentle Languishments the Gazers move,
 Her Voice is Music, and her Looks are Love.
 To few tho' Nature may these Gifts impart,
 What she witholds, the Wise can win from Art.
 Then let your Airs be suited to your Face,
 Nor to a Languish tack a sprightly Grace.
 The short round Face, brisk Eyes, and auburn Hair,
 Must smiling Joy in every Motion wear,
 The quick unsettled Glance must deal around,
 Hide all Design, and seem by Chance to wound.
 Dark, rolling Eyes a Languish may assume,
 These the soft Looks and melting Airs become:
 The Pensive Head upon the Hand reclin'd,
 As if some sweet Disorder fill'd the Mind;
 Let the heav'd Breast a struggling Sigh restrain,
 And seem to stop the falling Tear with Pain.
 The Youth, who all the soft Distress believes,
 Soon wants the kind Compassion which he gives.
 But Beauty, Wit, and Youth my sometimes fail,
 Nor always o'er the stubborn Soul prevail;
 Then let the fair One have recourse to Art;
 Who cannot storm, may undermine the Heart.
 First form your artful Looks with studious Care,
 From mild to grave, from tender to severe;

Oft on the careless Youth your Glances dart,
 A tender Meaning let each Glance impart.
 Whene'er he meets your Looks, with modest Pride,
 And soft Confusion turn your Eyes aside,
 Let a soft Sigh steal out as if by Chance,
 Then cautious turn, and steal another Glance.
 Caught by these Arts, with Pride and Hope elate,
 The destin'd Victim rushes on his Fate:
 Pleas'd, his imagin'd Victory pursues,
 And the kind Maid with soft Attention views.
 Contemplates now her Shape, her Air, her Face,
 And thinks each Feature wears an added Grace;
 Till Gratitude, which first his Bosom proves,
 By slow Degrees sublim'd, at length he loves.
 'Tis harder still to fix than gain a Heart;
 What's won by Beauty, must be kept by Art.
 Too kind a Treatment the blest Lover cloys,
 And oft Despair the growing Flame destroys:
 Sometimes with Smiles receive him, sometimes Tears,
 And wisely balance both his Hopes and Fears.
 Perhaps he mourns his ill-requited Pains,
 Condemns your Sway, and strives to break his Chains;
 Behaves as if he now your Scorn defy'd,
 And thinks at least he shall alarm your Pride:
 But with Indifference view the seeming Change,
 And let your Eyes to seek new Conquests range;
 While his torn Breast with jealous Fury burns,
 He hopes, despairs, adores and hates by turns;
 With Anguish now repents the weak Deceit,
 And powerful Passion bears him to your Feet.
 Strive not the jealous Lover to perplex,
 Ill suits Suspicion with that haughty Sex;
 Rashly they judge, and always think the worst,
 And Love is often banish'd by Distrust.
 To these an open free Behaviour wear,
 Awful disguise, and seem at least sincere;
 Whene'er you meet, affect a glad Surprise,
 And give a melting Softness to your Eyes:
 By some unguarded Word your Love reveal,
 And anxiously the rising Blush conceal.

By Arts like these the Jealous you deceive;
 Then most deluded when they most believe.
 But while in all you seek to raise Desire,
 Beware the fatal Passion you inspire;
 Each soft intruding Wish in Time reprove,
 And guard against the sweet Invader Love.
 Not for the Tender were these Rules design'd,
 Who in their Faces show their yielding Mind:
 Whose Eyes a native Languishment can wear,
 Whose Smiles are artless, and whose Blush sincere:
 But for the Nymph who Liberty can prize,
 And vindicate the Triumph of her Eyes:
 Who o'er Mankind a haughty Rule maintains,
 Whose Wit can manage what her Beauty gains:
 Such by these Arts their Empire may improve,
 And unsubdu'd controul the World by Love.

PHYLLIS; or the Progress of LOVE.

Desponding *Phyllis* was endu'd
 With ev'ry Talent of a Prude:
 She trembled when a Man drew near;
 Salute her and she turn'd her Ear;
 If o'er-against her you was plac'd,
 She durst not look above your Waist:
 She'd rather take you to her Bed,
 Than let you see her dress her Head:
 In Church you hear her thro' the Crowd,
 Repeat the *Absolution* loud;
 In Church secure behind her Fan,
 She durst behold that Monster *Man*:
 There practis'd how to place her Head,
 And bite her Lips, to make them red;
 Or, on the Mat devoutly kneeling,
 Would lift her Eyes up to the Ceiling,
 And heave her Bosom, unaware,
 For Neighb'ring Beaux to see it bare.

At

At length a lucky Lover came,
 And found Admittance to the Dame.
 Suppose all Parties now agreed,
 The Writings drawn, the Lawyer fee'd,
 The Vicar and the Ring bespoke ;
 Guess, how could such a Match be broke ?
 See then, what Mortals place their Bliss in !
 Next Morn, betimes, the Bride was missing.
 The Mother scream'd, the Father chid ;
 Where can this idle Wench be hid ?
 No News of *Phyl* ! The Bridegroom came,
 And thought his Bride had skulk'd for Shame ;
 Because her Father us'd to say,
 The Girl *had such a bashful Way*.

Now *John* the Butler must be sent,
 To learn the Road that *Phyllis* went.
 The Groom was wish'd to saddle *Crop* ;
 For, *John* must neither light, nor stop.
 But find her wheresoever she fled,
 And bring her back Alive or Dead.

See here again the Dev'l to do ;
 For, truly, *John* was missing too.
 The Horse and Pillion both were gone !
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with *John*.

Old Madam, who went up to find
 What Papers *Phyl* had left behind,
 A Letter on the Toilet sees,
To my much honour'd Father—These.
 ('Tis always done, Romances tell us,
 When Daughters run away with Fellows)
 Fill'd with the choicest Common-Places,
 By others us'd in the like Cases ;

“ That, long ago, a *Fortune-Teller*
 “ Exactly said what now befel her ;
 “ And in a *Glass* had made her see
 “ A *Serving-Man* of low Degree.
 “ It was her Fate, must be forgiven,
 “ For *Marriages were made in Heaven* :
 “ His Pardon begg'd ; but to be plain,
 “ She'd do't if 'twere to do again.

“ Thank

" Thank God, 'twas *neither Shame nor Sin,*
 " For *John* was come of *honest Kin.*
 " Love never thinks of Rich and Poor,
 " *She'd beg with John from Door to Door.*
 " Forgive her, if it be a Crime,
 " She'll never do't *another Time.*
 " She ne'er before in all her Life
 " Once disobey'd him, *Maid or Wife.*
 " One Argument she summ'd up all in,
 " The *Thing was done and past recalling.*
 " And therefore hop'd she should recover
 " His Favour when his *Passion's over !*
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was—his *most Obedient Daughter."*

Fair Maidens all attend the Muse,
 Who now the wand'ring Pair pursues.
 Away they rode in homely sort,
 Their Journey long, their Money short ;
 The loving Couple well bemoir'd ;
 The Horse and both the Riders tir'd ;
 Their Victuals bad, their Lodgings worse ;
Phyl cry'd, and *John* began to curse ;
Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a Limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him :
John wish'd that he had broke his Leg,
 When first for her he quitted *Peg.*

But what Adventures more beset 'em,
 The Muse hath now no Time to tell 'em ;
 How *Johnny* wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
 Till *Phyllis* all her Trinkets pawn'd :
 How oft she broke her Marriage Vows,
 In Kindness, to maintain her Spouse,
 Till Swains unwholsome spoil'd the Trade ;
 For now the Surgeon must be paid,
 To whom those Perquisites are gone,
 In Christian Justice due to *John.*

When Food and Raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a Period to the Farce,
 And with exact Poetic Justice ;
 For *John* is Landlord, *Phyllis* Hostess :

They

They keep, at *Staines*, the *Old Blue-Boar*,
Are Cat and Dog, and Rogue and Whore.

*An Imitation of HORACE's Invitation of
TORQUATUS to Supper.*

IF *Bellwill* can his gen'rous Soul confine
To a small Room, few Dishes, and some Wine,
I shall expect my Happiness at Nine.
Two Bottles of smooth *Palm*, or *Anjou White*,
Shall give a Welcome, and prepare Delight.
Then for the *Bourdeaux* you may freely ask,
But the *Champaigne* is to each Man his Flask.
I tell you with what Force I keep the Field,
And if you can exceed it, speak, I'll yield.
The snow-white *Damask* Ensigns are display'd,
And glitt'ring Salves on the Side-board laid.
Thus we'll disperse all busy Thoughts and Cares,
The Gen'ral's Counsels, and the Statesman's Fears :
Nor shall Sleep reign in that precedent Night,
Whose joyful Hours lead on the glorious Light,
Sacred to *British* Worth in *Blenheim's* Fight.
The Blessing of good Fortune seem refus'd,
Unless sometimes with gen'rous Freedom us'd.
'Tis Madness, not Frugality, prepares
A vast Excess of Wealth for squand'ring Heirs.
Must I of neither Wine, nor Mirth partake,
Lest the censorious World should call me Rake ?
Who unacquainted with the gen'rous Wine,
E'er spoke bold Truths, or fram'd a great Design ?
That makes us fancy ev'ry Face has Charms,
That gives us Courage, and then finds us Arms :
Sees Care disburthen'd, and each Tongue employ'd,
The Poor grow rich, and every Wish enjoy'd.
This I'll perform, and promise you shall see
A Cleanliness from Affectation free :

No

No Noise, no Hurry, when the Meat's set on,
 Or when the Dish is chang'd, the Servants gone:
 For all Things ready, nothing more to fetch,
 Whate'er you want is in the Master's Reach.
 Then for the Company, I'll see it chose,
 Their emblematic Signal is the Rose.
 If you of *Freeman's* Raillery approve,
 Of *Cotton's* Laugh, and *Winner's* Tales of Love,
 And *Bellair's* charming Voice may be allow'd,
 What can you hope for better from a Crowd?
 But I shall not prescribe, consult your Ease,
 Write back your Men, and number as you please:
 Try your Back-stairs, and let your Lobby wait,
 A Stratagem in War is no Decoit.

L' ALLEGRO, or MIRTH.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
 Of *Cerberus* and blackest Midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid Shapes, and Skrieks, and Sighs unholy,
 Find out some uncouth Cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous Wings,
 And the Night-Raven sings;
 There under Ebon Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,
 In dark *Cimmerian* Desert ever dwell.
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heaven yclep'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by Men Heart easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a Birth
 With two Sister-Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
 Or whether (as some Sages sing)
 The frolick Wind, that breathes the Spring,
 Zephyr with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,

Z

There

There on Beds of Violets blue,
 And fresh-blown Roses wash'd in Dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a Daughter fair,
 So bucksome, blithe, and debonair ;
 Hasten thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* Cheek,
 And love to live in Dimple sleek ;
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter, holding both his Sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastick Toe :
 And in thy Right Hand lead with thee
 The Mountain-Nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give the Honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprov'd Pleasures free ;
 To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
 And singing startle the dull Night.
 From his Watch-Tower in the Skies,
 Till the dappled Dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come in sight of Sorrow,
 And at my Window bid Good-morrow,
 Through the Sweet-Brier, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine :
 While the Cock with lively Din
 Scatters the Rear of Darkness thin ;
 And to the Stack, or the Barn-Door,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before.
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,
 From the Side of some hoar Hill,
 Through the high Wood echoing shrill.
 Sometime walking not unseen
 By Hedge-row Elms, or Hillocks green,
 Right against the Eastern Gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his State,

Rob'd in Flames and Amber Light,
 The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight:
 While the Plowman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singing blithe,
 And the Mower whet's his Scythe,
 And every Shepherd tells his Tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.
 Straight mine Eye hath caught new Pleasures,
 Whilst the Landkip round it measures;
 Rustet Lawns and Fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling Flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren Breast
 The labouring Clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with Daïsies py'd,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide:
 Towers and Battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies
 The Cynosure of neighbouring Eyes.
 Hard by a Cottage Chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged Oaks,
 Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
 Are at their savory Dinner set
 Of Herbs and other Country Messes,
 Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses;
 And then in haste her Bower she leaves
 With *Thyrsis* to bind the Sheaves;
 Or if the earlier Season lead
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
 Sometimes with secure Delight
 The Upland Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocund Rebecks sound
 To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd Shade:
 And Young and Old came forth to play
 On a Sun-shine Holiday;
 Till the live-long Day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut brown Ale,

With Stories old of many a Feat.
 How *Fairy Mab* the Junkets eat ;
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
 And he by Friar's Lanthorn led ;
 Tells how the drugging *Goblin* sweat,
 To earn his Cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one Night, ere Glympse of Morn,
 His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn,
 That ten Day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's Length,
 Basks at the Fire his hairy Strength ;
 And crop-full out of Doors he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus done the Talès, to Bed they creep,
 By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tower'd Cities please us then,
 And the busy Humm of Men,
 Where Throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In Weeds of Peace high Triumphs hold ;
 With Store of Ladies whose bright Eyes
 Rain Influence, and judge the Prize
 Of Wit or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron Robe, with Taper clear,
 And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,
 With Masque, and antique Pageantry,
 Such Sights as youthful Poets dream
 On Summer Eves by haunted Stream.
 Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
 If *Johnson's* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespear*, Fancy's Child,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wild ;
 And ever against eating Cares
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Airs :
 Married to immortal Verse,
 Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
 In Notes, with many a winding Bout
 Of linked Sweetness long drawn out,

With

With wanton Heed, and giddy Cunning,
 The melting Voice through Mazes running ;
 Untwisted all the Chains that tye
 The hidden Soul of Harmony.
 That *Orpheus*' self may heave his Head
 From golden Slumber on a Bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* Flowers, and hear
 Such Strains, as would have won the Ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These Delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

The RURAL LASS.

MY Father and Mother, (what ail 'em ?)
 Pretend I'm to young to be wed ;
 They expect, but in Troth I shall fail 'em,
 That I finish my *Chairs* and my *Bed*.
 Provided our Minds are but cheery,
Wooden Chairs wonnot argue a *Glove*,
 Any *Bed* will hold me and my Deary,
 The main Chance in Wedlock is Love.
 My Father, when ask'd if he'd lend us
 An Horse to the Parson to ride ;
 In a *Wheel-barrow* offer'd to send us,
 And *John* for the *Footman* beside.
 Would we never had ask'd ; for whip it
 To the Church though two Miles and a Half,
 Twice as far 'twere a Plesure to trip it ;
 But then how the People would laugh.
 The Neighbours are nettled most sadly,
 Was e'er such a forward bold Thing ?
 ' Sure Girl never acted so madly !'
 Thro' the Parish these backbitings ring.
 Yet I will be married To-morrow,
 And charming young *Harry's* the Man ;

My Brother's blind Nag we can borrow,
And he may prevent us that can.

Not waiting for Parents consenting,
My Brother took *Nell* of the *Green* ;

Yet both far enough from repenting,
Now live like a *King* and a *Queen*.

Pray when will your gay Things of *London*,
Produce such a Strapper as *Nell's* ?

Their Wives by their Husbands are undone,
As *Saturday's* News-paper tells.

Poll Barnly said, over and over,
I soon should be left in the Lurch ;

For *Harry* she knew was a Rover,
And never would venture to Church.

And I know the Sorrows that wound her,
He courted her once he confest ;

With another too great, when he found her,
He bid her take them she lik'd best.

But all that are like her, or would be,
May learn from my *Harry* and me,

If Maids would be Maids while they should be,
How faithful their Sweet-hearts would be,

My Mother says cloathing and feeding
Will soon make me sick of a Brat ;

But though I prove sick in my Breeding,
I care not a Farthing for that.

For if I'm not hugely mistaken,
We can by the Sweat of our Brow ;

Stick a *Hog* once a Year for fat *Bacon*,
And all the Year round keep a *Cow*.

I value no *Dainties* a Button,
Course Food will our Stomachs allay ;

If we cannot get *Veal*, *Beef*, and *Mutton*,
A *Cbine* and a *Pudding* we may.

A Fig for your richest Brocading,
In *Lindsey* there's nothing that's base ;

Your *Finery* soon sets a fading,
My *Dowlafs* will stand beyond *Lace*.

I envy

I envy not Wealth to the Miser,,
 Nor would I be plagu'd with his store :
 To eat all and wear all is wiser ;
Enough must be better than *more*.

So nothing shall tempt me from *Harry*,
 For he is as true as the Sun :
Eve with *Adam* was order'd to marry,
 This World it should *end* as *begun*.

MISS and the BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

A Tender Miss, whom Mother's Care
 Bred up in wholesome Country Air.
 Far from the Follies of the Town
 Alike untaught to Smile or Frown ;
 Her Ear unus'd to Flatt'ry's Praise,
 Unknown in Woman's wicked Ways ;
 Her Tongue from modish Tattle free,
 Undipt in Scandal and Bohea ;
 Her genuine Form and native Grace,
 Was Virgin of a Looking-glass :
 No Cards she dealt, nor flirted Fan,
 A Stranger to Quadrille and Man ;
 But simple liv'd, just as you know
 Miss *Chloe* did—some Weeks ago.

As now the pretty Innocent.
 Walk'd forth to take the early Scent,
 She tripp'd about the murmur'ing Stream,
 That oft had lull'd her thoughtless Dream.
 The Morning sweet, the Air serene,
 A thousand Flowers adorn the Scene ;
 The Birds rejoicing round appear
 To chuse their Comforts for the Year ;
 Her Heart was light and full of Play,
 And like herself, all Nature gay,

On such a Day, as Sages sing,
 A Butterfly was on the Wing;
 From Bank to Bank, from Bloom to Bloom,
 He stretch'd the Gold-bespangled Plume:
 Now skims along, and now alights,
 As Smell allures, or Grace invites;
 Now the Violet's freshness sips;
 Now kifs'd the Rose's scarlet Lips;
 Became anon the Daisy's Guest,
 Then prest the Lilly's snowy Breast;
 Not long to one vouchsafes to stay,
 But just salutes and flies away.

The Virgin saw, with Rapture fir'd;
 She saw, and what she saw desir'd,
 The shining Wings, and starry Eyes,
 And burns to seize the living Prize:
 Her beating Breast, and glowing Face,
 Betray her native love of Dress,
 And all the Woman, full exprest,
 First flutters in her little Breast:
 Ensnar'd by empty outward show,
 She swift pursues the Insect Beau;
 O'er gay Parterres she runs in haste,
 Nor heeds the Garden's flowery waste.

Long as the Sun with genial Power,
 Increasing warm'd the sultry Hour,
 The Nymph o'er every Border flew,
 And kept the shieing Game in View:
 But when, soft breathing through the Trees,
 With coolness came the Evening Breeze;
 As hovering o'er the Tulip's Pride,
 He hung with Wing diversify'd,
 Caught in the Hollow of her Hand,
 She held the Captive at Command.

Fluttering in Vain to be releast,
 He thus the gentle Girl address:
 Loose, generous Virgin, loose my Chain;
 From me what Glory canst thou gain?
 A vain, unquiet, glittering Thing,
 My only boast a gorgeous Wing;

From

From Flower to Flower I idly stray,
 The Trifler of a Summer's Day.
 Then let me not in Vain implore,
 But leave me free again to soar.

His Words the little Charmer mov'd,
 She the poor Trembler's Suit approv'd.

His gaudy Wings he then extends,
 And flutters on her Fingers ends:
 From thence he spoke, as you shall hear,
 In Strains well worth a Woman's Ear.
 When now the young and tender Age
 Is pure, and heedless to engage;

When in thy free and open Mein
 No self-important Air is seen;
 Unknowing all, to all unknown,
 Thou liv'st, or prais'd, or blam'd by none.
 But when unfolding by Degrees
 The Woman's fond Desire to please,
 Studious to heave the artful Sigh,
 And expert of the Tongue and Eye,
 Thou sett'st thy little Charms to show,
 And sports familiar with the Beau;
 Forsaking then the simple Plain,
 To mingle with the courtly Train,
 Thou in the midnight Ball shalt see
 Things apparell'd just like me:
 Who round and round, without Design,
 Tinsel'd in empty Lustre shine:
 As dancing through the spacious Dome,
 From Fair to Fair the Friskers roam,
 If charm'd with the embroider'd Pride,
 The Victim of a gay Outside,
 From Place to Place, as me just now,
 The glittering Gewgaw you pursue,
 What mighty Prize shall crown thy Pains?
 A Butterfly is all thy Gains!

The pretty BAR-KEEPER.

RELAX, sweet Girl, your wearied Mind,
 And hear the Poet talk,
 Gentlest Creature of your Kind,
 Lay aside your Spunge and Chalk :
 Cease, cease the Bar-bell, nor refuse
 To hear the jingle of the Muse.
 Hear your numerous Vot'ries Prayers,
 Come, O come, and bring with thee
 Giddy Whimsies, wanton Airs,
 And all Love's soft Artillery ;
 Smiles and Throbs, and Frowns, and Tears,
 With all the little Hopes and Fears.
 She heard—she came—and e'er she spoke,
 Not unravish'd you might see,
 Her wanton Eyes that wink'd the Joke,
 E'er her Tongue could set it free.
 While her forc'd Blush her Cheeks enflam'd,
 And seem'd to say she was asham'd.
 No Handkerchief her Bosom hid,
 No Tippet from our Sight debars
 Her heaving Breasts with Moles o'erspread,
 Markt, little Hemispheres, with Stars ;
 While on them all our Eyes we move,
 Our Eyes that meant immoderate Love.
 In every Gesture, every Air,
 Th' imperfect Lisp, the languid Eye,
 In every Motion of the Fair
 We awkward Imitators vie,
 And forming our own from her Face,
 Strive to look pretty, as we gaze.
 If e'er she sneez'd, the mimic Crowd
 Sneez'd too, and all their Pipes laid down

If she but stoopt, we lowly bow'd,
 And fullen, if she 'gan to frown,
 In solemn Silence sat profound---
 But did she Laugh?—the Laugh went round.

Her Snuff-box if the Nymph pull'd out,
 Each *Jobnian* in responsive Airs,
 Fed with the tickling Dust his Snout,
 With all the Politesse of Bears.

Dropt she her Fan beneath her Hoop?
 Ev'n stake-stuck *Clarians* strove to stoop,

The Sons of culinary *Kay's*
 Smoaking from the eternal Treat,
 Dost in ecstatic Transport gaze,
 As though the Fair was good to eat;
 Ev'n gloomiest *King's-men*, pleas'd a while,
 Grin horribly a ghastly Smile.

But hark; she cries, 'Mamma calls,
 And strait, she's vanish'd from our Sight;

'Twas then we saw the empty Bowls,
 'Twas then we first perceiv'd it Night;

While all, sad Synod, silent moan,
 Both that she went—and went alone.

The HAPPY SHEPHERD. *From*
 SPENCER'S Fairy Queen.

O The great Happiness which Shepherds have,
 Whoso loaths not too much the poor Estate,
 With Mind that ill Use doth before deprave,
 Ne measures all Things by the costly Rate
 Of Riotise, and Semblants outward brave!
 No such sad Cares, as wont to macerate
 And rend the greedy Minds of covetous Men,
 Do ever creep into the Shepherd's Den.

Ne

Ne cares he if the Fleece, which him arrays,
 Be not twice steeped in *Assyrian* Dye ;
 Ne glistering of Gold, which underlays
 The Summer Beams, do blind his gazing Eye ;
 Ne Pictures Beauty, nor the glancing Rays
 Of precious Stones, whence no good cometh by ;
 Ne yet his Cup embost with Imagery
 Of *Batus*, or of *Alcon's* Vanity.

Ne aught the welky Pearls esteemeth he,
 Which are from *Indian* Seas brought far away :
 But with pure Breast from careful Sorrow free,
 On the soft Grass his Limbs doth oft display,
 In sweet Spring-time, when Flowers Variety,
 With sundry Colours paints the sprinkled Lay :
 There lying all at ease, from Guile or Spight,
 With Pipe of Fenny Reeds doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himself, with Palm bedight,
 His looser Locks doth wrap in Wreath of Vine :
 There his Milk-dropping Goats be his Delsight,
 And fruitful *Pales*, and the Forest green,
 And darksome Caves in pleasant Vallies pight,
 Whereas continual Shade is to be seen,
 And where fresh springing Wells, as Chrystal neat,
 Do always flow, to quench his thirstie Heat.

O! who can lead then a more happy Life,
 Than he, that with clean Mind and Heart sincere,
 No greedy Riches knows, nor bloody Strife,
 No deadly Fight of Warlike Fleet doth fear,
 Ne runs in Peril of Foe's cruel Knife,
 That in the sacred Temples he may rear
 A Trophee of his glittering Spoils and Treasures,
 Or may abound with Riches above measure ?

Of him his God is worship'd with his Syth,
 And not with Skill of Craftsman polished :
 He joys in Groves, and makes himself full blyth,
 With fundry Flowers in wild Fields gathered :
 Ne Frankincense he from *Panchaea* buyth,
 Sweet quiet harbours in his harmless Head,
 And perfect Pleasure builds her joyous Bowre,
 Free from sad Cares, that rich Mens Hearts devour.

This

This all his Care, this all his whole Endeavour,
 To this his Mind and Senses he doth bend,
 How he may flow in Quiet's matchless Treasure,
 Content with any Food that God doth send;
 And how his Limbs, resolv'd through idle Leisure
 Unto sweet Sleep he may securely lend,

In some cool Shadow from the scorching Heat,
 The whiles his Flock their chawed Cuds do eat;

O Flocks ! O Fauns ! and O ye pleasant Springs
 Of *Tempe*, where the Country Nymphs are ripe !
 Through whose costly Care each Shepherd sings
 As merry Notes upon his rustick Fife,
 As that *African* Bard, whose Fame now rings
 Through the wide World, and leads as joyful Life,
 Free from Troubles, and from worldly Toyl,
 In which fond Men do all their Days turmoyle.

The TWO BEAVERS. A FABLE.

'T WERE well, my Friend, for Human Kind,
 Would ev'ry Man his Bus'ness mind;
 In his own Orbit always move,
 Nor blame, nor envy those above.
 A Beaver, well advanc'd in Age,
 By long Experience render'd sage,
 Was skill'd in all the useful Arts,
 And justly deem'd a Beast of Parts;
 Which he apply'd (as Patriots shou'd)
 In cultivating publick Good.

This Beaver on a certain Day,
 A friendly Visit went to pay
 To a young Cousin, pert and vain,
 Who often rov'd about the Plain:
 With ev'ry idle Beast conferr'd,
 Hearing, and telling what he heard.
 The vagrant Youth was gone from home,
 When th' ancient Sage approach'd his Dome;

A a

Who

Who each Apartment view'd with Care,
 But found each wanted much Repair.
 The Walls were crack'd, decay'd the Doors,
 The Corn'lay mouldy on the Floors;
 Thro' gaping Crannies rush'd amain
 The blust'ring Winds with Snow and Rain.
 The Timber all was rotten grown,—
 In short, the House was tumbling down.
 The gen'rous Beast, by Pity sway'd,
 Griev'd to behold it thus decay'd;
 And while he mourn'd the tatter'd Scene,
 The Master of the Lodge came in.

The first Congratulations o'er,
 They rest recumbent on the Floor;
 When thus the young conceited Beast
 His Thoughts impertinent exprefs'd.

I long have been surpriz'd to find,
 The Lion grown so wond'rous kind
 To one peculiar Sort of Beasts,

While he another Sort detests;
 His royal Favour chiefly falls
 Upon the Species of Jack-alls;
 They share the Profits of his Throne,
 He smiles on them, and them alone.
 Mean while, the Ferret's useful Race,
 He scarce admits to see his Face;
 Traduc'd by Lies and ill Report,
 They're banish'd from his regal Court,
 And counted, over all the Plain,
 Opposers of the Lion's Reign.

Now I conceiv'd a Scheme last Night,
 Would doubtless set this Matter right:
 These Parties should unite together;
 The Lion partial be to neither,
 But let them both his Favours share,
 And both consult in Peace and War.
 This Method (were this Method try'd)
 Would spread politick Basis wide,
 And on a Bottom broad and strong,
 Support the social Union long—

But Uncle, Uncle, much I fear,
 Some have abus'd the Lion's Ear;
 He listens to the Leopard's Tongue;
 That cursed Leopard leads him wrong:
 Were he but banish'd far away——
 You don't attend to what I say!

Why really, Couz, the Sage rejoin'd,
 The Rain and Snow, and driving Wind,
 Beat thro' with such prodigious Force,
 It made me deaf to your Discourse.
 Now, Couz, were my Advice pursu'd,
 (And sure I mean it for your Good)
 Methinks you should this House repair;
 Be this your first and chiefest Care.
 Your Skill the Voice of Prudence calls
 To stop these Crannies in the Walls,
 And prop the Roof before it falls.
 If you this needful Task perform,
 You'll make your Mansion dry and warm;
 And we may then converse together,
 Secure from this tempestuous Weather.

The Monkey who had seen the World.

A FABLE.

A Monkey, to reform the Times,
 Resolv'd to visit foreign Climes;
 For Men in distant Regions roam
 To bring politer Manners home.
 So forth he fares, all Toil defies:
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous Snare was laid,
 Poor *Pug* was caught, to Town convey'd,
 There sold; (How envy'd was his Doom,
 Made Captive in a Lady's Room!)
 Proud as a Lover of his Chains,
 He Day by Day her Favour gains.

Whene'er the Duty of the Day,
 The Toilette calls ; with mimic Play
 He twirls her Knots, he cracks her Fan,
 Like any other Gentleman.
 In Visits too his Parts and Wit,
 When Jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
 Proud with Applause, he thought his Mind
 In ev'ry courtly Art refin'd ;
 Like *Orpheus* burnt with publick Zeal,
 To civilize the Monkey Weal ;
 So watch'd Occasion, broke his Chain,
 And fought his native Woods again.

The hairy *Silvans* round him press,
 Astonish'd at his Strut and Dress,
 Some praise his Sleeve, and others glote
 Upon his rich embroider'd Coat,
 His dapper Perriwig commending
 With the black Tail behind depending,
 His powder'd Back, above, below,
 Like hoary Frosts, or fleecy Snow ;
 But all, with Envy and Desire,
 His fluttering Shoulder-Knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries,
 I come to make a Nation wise ;
 Weigh your own Worth ; support your Place,
 The next in Rank to human Race.
 In Cities long I pass'd my Days,
 Convers'd with Men, and learnt their Ways ;
 Their Dress, their courtly Manners see ;
 Reform your State, and copy me.
 Seek ye to thrive ? In Flattery deal,
 Your Scorn, your Hate, with that conceal,
 Seem only to regard your Friends,
 But use them for your private Ends,
 Stint not to *Truth* the Flow of Wit,
 Be prompt to lye, whene'er tis fit ;
 Bend all your Force to spatter Merit ;
 Scandal is Conversation's Spirit ;
 Boldly to every Thing pretend,
 And Men your Talents shall commend ;

I know

I knew the Great. Observe me right,
So shall you grow like Man polite.

He spoke and bow'd, with mutt'ring Jaws
The wond'ring Circle grinn'd Applause.

Now warm with Malice, Envy, Spite,
Their most obliging Friends they bite ;
And fond to copy human Ways,
Practise new Mischiefs all their Days.

Thus the dull Lad, too tall for School,
With Travel finishes the Fool,
Studious of every Coxcomb's Airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores and swears,
O'erlooks with Scorn all virtuous Arts,
For Vice is fitted to his Parts.

The ALLEY. In Imitation of SPENCER.

IN ev'ry Town'where *Thamis* rolls his Tide,
A narrow Pass there is with Houses low ;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the Notes of infant Woe,
The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall :
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so ?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the Wall ;
And as they crouchen low, for Bread and Butter call.

And on the broken Pavement here and there,
Doth many a stinking Sprat and Herring lie ;
A Brandy and Tobacco Shop is near,
And Hens, and Dogs, and Hogs, are feeding by ;
And here a Sailor's Jacket hangs to dry ;
At ev'ry Door are Sun-burnt Matrons seen,
Mending old Nets to catch the scaly Fry ;
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between,
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd Scolds ; bad Neighbourhood
I ween.

The snappish Cur (the Passenger's Annoy)
 Close at my Heel with yelping Treble flies;
 The whimp'ring Girl, and hoarser-screaming Boy,
 Join to the yelping Treble, shrilling Cries;
 The scolding Quean to louder Notes doth rise,
 And her full Pipes those shrilling Cries confound;
 To her full Pipes the grunting Hog replies;
 The grunting Hog alarms the Neighbours round,
 And Curs, Girls, Boys, and Scolds, in the deep Base are
 drown'd.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a Roof of Thatch,
 Dwelt *Obloquy*, who in her early Days
 Baskets of Fish at *Billinggate* did watch,
 Cod, Whiting, Oysters, Mackrel, Sprat, or Plaice:
 There learn'd the Speech from Tongues that never
 cease.

Slander beside her, like a Magpye, chatters,
 With *Envy* (spitting Cat) dread Foe to Peace;
 Like a curs'd Cur, *Malice* before her clatters,
 And vexing ev'ry Wight, tears Cloaths and all to Tatters.

Her Dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Colliers Hand,
 Her Mouth was black as Bull Dogs at the Stall;
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd not Lace nor Band,
 And Bitch and Rogue her Answer was to all;
 Nay, e'en the Parts of Shame by Name wou'd call;
 Whene'er she pass'd by a Lane or Nook,
 Wou'd greet the Man who turn'd him to the Wall,
 And by his Hand obscene the Porter took;
 Nor never did askance like modest Virgin look.

Such Place hath *Deptford*, Navy Building Town,
Woolwich and *Wapping*, smelling strong of Pitch:
 Such *Lambeth*, Envy of each Band and Gown,
 And *Twick'nam* such, which fairer Scenes enrich,
 Grots, Statues, Urns, and *Jo—n's Dog* and *Bitch*,
 Ne Village is without, on either Side,
 All up the Silver *Thames*, or all a down
 Ne *Richmond's* self, from whose tall Front are ey'd
 Vales, Spires, meand'ring Streams, and *Windfor's* tow'ry
 Pride.

The SPELL.

W Hene'er I wive, young *Strepbon* cry'd
 Ye Pow'rs that o'er the Noose preſide !
 Wit, Beauty, Wealth, and Humour give,
 Or let me ſtill a Rover live :
 But if, all theſe no Nymph can ſhare,
 And I'm predeſtin'd to the Snare,
 Let mine, ye Pow'rs ! be doubly fair.

Thus pray'd the Swain in Heat of Blood,
 While *Cupid* at his Elbow ſtood ;
 And twitching him, ſaid, Youth be wiſe,
 Aſk not Impoſſibilities :
 A faultleſs Make, a manag'd Wit,
 Humour and Fortune never met :
 But if a Beauty you'd obtain,
 Court me bright *Phillis* o'the Brain ;
 The dear *Idea* long enjoy,
 Clean is the Blifs, and will not cloy.
 But truſt me Youth, for I'm ſincere,
 And know the Ladies to a Hair ;
 Howe'er ſmall Poets whine upon it,
 In Madrigal, and Song, and Sonnet ;
 Their Beauty's but a *Spell* to bring
 A Lover to th' enchanted Ring,
 Ere the Sack-Poſſet is digeſted,
 Or half of *Hymen's* Taper waſted,
 The winning Air, the wanton Trip,
 The radiant Eye, the Velvet Lip,
 From which you fragrant Kiſſes ſtole,
 And ſeem'd to ſuck her ſpringing Soul.—
 Theſe, and the reſt, you doted on,
 Are nauſeous or inſpid grown ;
 The *Spell* diſſolves, the Cloud is gone,
 And *Sachariſſa* turns to *Joan*.

The

The COUNTRY RECTOR.

A Single Church, not large but neat,
 A People rather good than great;
 No Organ-pipes, but those of Speech,
 To bury Christians, read and preach;
 An Income easy tax'd and clear,
 A round two hundred Pounds a Year;
 'The Tythe well paid, without Law-strife,
 A decent, kind, indulgent Wife,
 Not full of Tongue, nor proudly bred,
 A Partner true to Marriage-bed;
 A Dame that seeks no Plays, nor Balls,
 Such Dames are apt to catch their Falls:
 If any Children, one, or two,
 In Temper good, in Duty true;
 A strong-built House, with Orchard fair
 And Apple-crops, autumnal Cheer;
 A Garden cloath'd with Greens and Fruits,
 And intermix'd with other Roots;
 A Walk with Turf, or Gravel laid,
 To talk or smoke, in Sun or Shade;
 An Arbour-bench to sit and read
 Old *Baker's* Chronicles, or *Speed*,
 A pleasant Study with Sunshine
 To meditate on Page Divine;
 A Poultry Breed, a fruitful Sow.
 A trusty Cur, a well milch'd Cow,
 A turnspit Dog, A tabby Cat,
 'To roast the Joint, to catch the Rat;
 For now and then 'tis roast-meat Day.
 And who can sleep where Vermin play?
 A Dairy-room for Cream and Cheese;
 A Pond to swim the Ducks and Geese;
 Or water Dapple's dirty Shoes,
 When Rector comes from reading News;
A neighbouring

A neighbouring Clergy kind and free,
 That—give and take Civility;
 Of Humour good, or Mirth and Sense,
 That o'er a Glafs some Wit difpenfe;
 For where's the Crime to meet and prate
 Of Country News, or Tricks of State?
 Some neighbouring Gent or goodly Worth,
 Who scorns to boast of Wealth or Birth,
 That won't assume the Courtiers Frown,
 Yet keep above the surly Clown;
 That loves his Country, King, and Church,
 And in no Dues the Parish lurch;
 Enough to keep a Maid and Man,
 Let this be *Dick*, and that be *Nan*;
 A Table sleek, one honest Dish,
 Of Mutton, Veal, of Fowl, or Fish,
 A Pile of Sallad fresh and green,
 A Plate of Fruit just pick'd and clean;
 A Pipe and Box of *Weekly's* best
 To hit the Tooth of smocking Guest,
 A Cup of hearty nut-brown Ale,
 And sound *October*, smooth, not stale,
 With native Cyder, strong and fine,
 Some unbrew'd Port, and Mountain Wine,
 To give my Friend and Patron both,
 When they vouchsafe to visit Cloth;
 A Scholar, Christian, and Divine,
 That knows no harm in Whist or Wine;
 Or Gammon' Table (Parsons play)
 To rattle off a gloomy Day,
 For fear the Hippo, sad Disease,
 Should seize the Nerves, and Spirits tease;
 With Parts enough from God above,
 To preach the Truth in Gospel Love;
 To search good Books, both old and new,
 Tho' wrote by *Roman*, *Greek*, or *Jew*;
 To read with Taste both verse and prose,
 And Sermons of himself compose,
 Against the Atheist, Pope, and *Turk*,
 Without purloining *Barrow's* Work;
 For

For if the Parish smells a Thief,
 They'll play the same in Hay and Sheaf,
 And joke the Priest with this homebred;
 We rob the Living, you the Dead.
 Thus the State-parties clash and jar,
 And play fine Arts for Peace or War;
 Tho' *Will* and *Bob*, the garter'd Knight,
 Can't yet agree who governs right,
 To get the Staff is all the Strife,
 A Staff that seldom lasts for Life;
 My pastoral Staff is still the same,
 Let who will act the primier Game,
 Tho' state Disputes are reigning still,
 'Twixt *Britain's George*, and *Spain's Don Phil*.
 My Parish Peace is all my Care,
 My *Gibraltar* is settled there;
 My Congress meets in Vestry Floor,
 To fix the Rates of Church and Poor;
 My Plenipo's are Farmers twain,
 Full wise in Acres, Sheep, and Grain,
 The Price of Stocks, that bubble bite,
 Which rise at Morn, and sink at Night,
 That shifting Tide, which ebbs and flows
 At every Mail, as *Europe* goes,
 Affects me not with rise or fall,
 The Price of Corn is all in all.
 Let my small Substance, round and sound,
 Consist of some few Hundred Pounds,
 Laid up, or out, no Matter where,
 To help old Age, or leave my Heir;
 For ancient Priest, like turnspit Breed,
 Are slighted most, when most they need;
 Debarr'd their Dues, and half forgot,
 Abus'd, and valu'd not a Jot;
 Whence prudent Parsons think it best,
 To keep some Guineas in a Nest.
 As Magazine of useful Store
 To buy new Books, or help the Poor;
 To set a Son or Daughther out,
 Or Curate pay in Day of Gout:

With

With this fair Competence of Life,
 Exempt from City Smoak or Strife,
 I'll run no Risk, I'll break no Bounds,
 Nor cheat the World with half Compounds ;
 I'll fear no rapping Duns at Door,
 Because I'll seldom run in Score.
 Wife *Agur's* Wish is all I crave,
 From this kind Moment to my Grave ;
 Enough, few Friends, old Books, good Wife,
 An easy and a healthful Life ;
 May I thus live in Peace and Sense,
 With Spirits free, and Innocence,
 And breathe fresh Air on wholesome Hill,
 To save the Charge of Doctor's Bill ;
 Below grand Wealth, above sad Want,
 I envy not great *Will of Cant*.
 Nor King himself, nor Queen so fair,
 That glorious View, that Royal Pair ;
 Yet still I love great *George's* Line.
 It best becomes each true Divine ;
 Who knows, but either King or Queen,
 May turn the Rector to a Dean ?
 But what are Deans but Belly Struts,
 Like Puddings black, Fat, Blood, and Guts ?
 Besides, I want Court Chaplain's Face,
 I can't bow low to Lords in Place ;
 Let me in free Plight fit me down
 Plain Rector of a Country Town,
 With Parsonage fat, though Body lean,
 With Stomach good, and Conscience clean,
 Not stain'd with Simony, nor Vice,
 Nor brib'd to Vote at Court for Price ;
 Let me act fair, with Peace within,
 An Enemy to none but Sin ;
 A Friend to all, a Slave to none,
 A Friend to Gospel Laws and Throne ;
 Each *Sunday* teach the Christian plain,
 The noted Laws of God and Man,
 To live and chant as Saints above,
 In Bonds of universal Love,

Till Nature gives this Life release,
And limits Time to die in Peace,

The TROUT. *A* FABLE.

A *Trout*, the plumpest in the Tide,
Had long the Angler's skill defy'd
With Pleasure nibbled ev'ry Bait,
And balk'd his sure-expected Fate :
While self-conceit enflam'd his Breast,
He, to himself these Lines address'd :
How wise am I to know my Good !
What Cowards half the finny Brood !
I feast on Rarities at Will ;
My Sense evades the latent Ill.
He spoke : Impending in the Brook,
A Gentil wriggled on the Hook ;
He nibb'd with Caution, as before,
The Dainty tempted more and more ;
Grown bold, he snapt the rich Repast,
And on the Beard was caught at last :
Compell'd to quit the liquid Glass,
He beat, till dead, the bending Grass.

So fares the *Maid*, whom Love inspires
With tender Thoughts, and soft Desires ;
To whom true Virtue is unknown :
That Guardian of the Fair alone.
She may, a while, fan up the Flame,
And not commit an Act of Shame :
But soon longs after farther Sweets ;
Pursues her Wish, and Ruin meets,
Does Wisdom's blissful Precepts shun,
Nor sees her Folly, till undone.

MELESINDA'S

MELESINDA'S *Misfortune, on the burning her Smock.*

TIR'D with the Business of the Day,
 Upon her Couch supinely lay
 Fair *Melesinda*, void of Care,
 No living Creature being near :
 When strait a calm and gentle Sleep
 Did o'er her drowsy Eye-lids creep.
 Her Senses thus by Fetters ty'd,
 By nimble Fancy were supply'd ;
 Her quick Imagination brought
 Th' Ideas of her waking Thought.
 She dream'd herself a new-made Bride,
 In Bed by young *Philander's* Side ;
 The Posset's eat, the Stocking's thrown,
 And all the Company withdrawn :
 And now the blest'd *Elizium*
 Of all her wish'd for Joy is come ;
Philander, all dissolv'd in Charms,
 Lies raptur'd in her circling Arms.
 With panting Breasts, and swimming Eyes,
 She meets the visionary Joys :
 In all the amorous Sports of Love,
 Which height of Extasy could move.
 But as she roving did advance
 Her trembling Legs (O dire Mischance !)
 The Couch being near the Fire's Side,
 She expanded them (alas !) too wide ;
 Expos'd her nethermost Attire
 Unto th' Embraces of the Fire :
 So the chaste Phoenix of the East
 With Fluttering fires her spicy Nest ;
 So *Semele*, embracing *Jove*,
 Burn'd both with Fire, and with Love,
 The Flames at first did trembling seize
 The dangling Hem of this lost Prize ;

But, finding no Resistance higher,
 (As 'tis their Nature to aspire)
 Approaching near the Seat of Bliss,
 Centre of earthly Happiness,
 Which more of real Pleasure yields
 Than all the feign'd *Elizian* Fields.
 But Ignorance must now excuse
 The Silence of my bashful Muse;
 Her Modesty had ne'er the Face
 T' ascend above the Gartering-place:
 But doubtless 'twas a lovely Sight
 The Fire beheld by its own Light.
Ovid wish'd himself a Flea,
 That (so transform'd) he might survey
 His Love all o'er, and uncontroll'd
 Her ev'ry Grace and Charm behold:
 Had *Ovid*'s Flea been there that Night,
 I fear he'd had but small Delight,
 His rival Flames had spoil'd his Bliss,
 And made him curse his Metamorphosis.
 At last, the Flames were grown so rude,
 They boldly ev'ry where intrude:
 They soon recall'd the Lady's Sense,
 And chas'd the pleasing Vision thence.
 Soon as her Eyes recover'd Light,
 She strait beheld the dismal Sight;
 Beheld herself the Blazing-Star,
 Or bright-tail'd Glow-worm, to appear.
 She had not Time to meditate
 Upon the Strangeness of her Fate:
 But was confin'd to lay about,
 To put the impious Fire out.
 The amorous Flames were loth to go,
 They kiss'd her Hand at ev'ry Blow;
 And round her Ivory Fingers play,
 And seem'd as if they begg'd to stay;
 Vanquish'd at last, they did retire,
 And in a gloomy Smoke expire:
 When, viewing of her half-burnt Smock,
 Thus to herself the sad Nymph spoke;

' Is this th' Effect of Dreams ? Is this
 ' The Fruit of all my fancy'd Bliss ?
 ' Misfortunes will, I see, betide,
 ' When Maidens throw their Legs too wide ;
 ' Had I but kept my Legs a-crois,
 ' I and my Smock had had no Loss,
 ' I ought I'm sure, t' have took more heed,
 ' For ne'er had Virgin greater Need ;
 ' My Kindness, and my little Care,
 ' Have left me scarce a Smock to wear.
 ' Some have been begg'd, some have been burn'd,
 ' All are to Clouts or Tinder turn'd.
 ' Two Smocks last Night the Flame surpriz'd,
 ' And in the Flasket sacrific'd ;
 ' Others I did on Friends bestow,
 ' (Not dreaming I should want them now :)
 ' But I could bear the Loss of them,
 ' Had not the Fire disturb'd my Dream.
 ' There is a Saying frights me too,
 ' But Heav'n forbid it should be true
 ' That when a Virgin burns her Train,
 ' She all her Life must so remain.
 ' I dare not be of this Belief ;
 ' For, should I, I should die with Grief ;
 ' Live always here a Nun-like Life ;
 ' And never, never be a Wife ;
 ' Never enjoy a Marriage-Bed,
 ' Nor lose a hated Maidenhead !
 ' Ah, cruel Flames ! you're too unkind
 ' To bring these Fancies to my Mind !
 ' Down, down, into your Native Hell,
 ' In your own blazing Regions dwell ;
 ' Trouble me no more, let me possess
 ' My Linnen, or my Dream, in Peace.'
 Thus the poor Nymph bewail'd her treacherous Luck,
 At once to lose so good a Dream and Smock.

The DECISION.

MY *Florio*, wildest of his Sex,
 (Which fure the veriest Saint would vex)
 From Beauty roves to Beauty;
 Yet though abroad the Wanton roam,
 Whene'er he deigns to stay at Home,
 He always minds his Duty.
 Something to every charming She,
 In thoughtless Prodigality,
 He's granting still and granting;
 To *Phillis* that, to *Chloe* this,
 And every Madam, every Miss,
 Yet I find nothing wanting.
 If haply I his Will displease,
 'Tempestuous as th' autumnal Seas,
 He foams and rages ever:
 But when he ceases from his Ire;
 I cry, such Spirit, and such Fire,
 Is, surely, wondrous clever.
 I ne'er want Reason to complain,
 But sweet is Pleasure after Pain,
 And ev'ry Joy grows greater;
 Then trust me, Damsels, whilst I tell,
 I should not like him half so well,
 If I could make him better.

THIRSI^s and PHYLLIDA. *A Pastoral**Thirsis.*

TELL me whence these Sorrows grow,
 And why these Tears thy Cheeks o'erflow?
 Whilst here we sit beneath the Shade,
 That Elms with mingling Branches made.

O lovely Nymph ! tell, tell me why
 You in this mournful Posture lie ?
 On thee my Joys or Woes depend,
 Thro' thee begun, thro' thee will end.

Phyllida.

Oh lovely Boy ! my doating Heart
 Ne'er can from thy sweet Presence part ;
 Think now thy Jealousy to blame.
 These Tears I shed revive the Flame :
 No Days, nor Hours, nor Moments fleets,
 But still thy Form my Fancy meets ;
 Leave off to grieve ! for all I say
 Does only prove you bear the Sway.

Thirsis,

O Shepherdess ! O happy Swain !
 O charming Maid, thou'st eas'd my Pain !
 Thy Graces so illustrious shine,
 Thou'rt *Venus* all, and Love Divine:
 No more let Tears o'erflow thy Eyes,
 No more let Grief obstruct our Joys:
 Here let us careful tend our Herd,
 And view the lofty Elms o'erspread
 Their Branches, and at last compose
 An Arbour fit for soft Repose :
 Here let us live content and free,
 And few you'll find so blest as we.

Phyllida.

Fond Shepherd, now no more repine ;
 My tender Flock shall feed with thine :
 Dear Youth ! I only seem'd to grieve,
 To try how far you would forgive :
 For you long since have won my Heart,
 In all your Grievs I've shar'd a Part ;
 And now increase of Love does rise,
 Mixed with sweet celestial Joys ;
 I'll draw the Mask, cast by the Veil,
 And will no more my Love conceal.

Both.

But now shall Love and Scenes of Joy
 In raptur'd Bliss our Lives employ :
 No more shall Grief affect our Bliss,
 Or Fear impair our Happiness.

*An EPISTLE from S--- J---, Esq; in the
 Country, to the Right Hon. the Lord
 LOVELACE in Town.*

IN Days, my Lord, when Mother Time,
 Tho' now grown old, was in her Prime,
 When SATURN first began to rule,
 And JOVE was hardly come from School,
 How happy was a Country Life !
 How free from Wickedness and Strife !
 Then each Man liv'd upon his Farm,
 And thought and did no Mortal Harm ;
 On mossy Banks fair Virgins slept,
 As harmless as the Flocks they kept ;
 Then Love was all they had to do,
 And Nymphs were chaste, and Swains were true.

But now, whatever Poets write,
 'Tis sure the Case is alter'd quite,
 Virtue no more in rural Plains,
 Or Innocence, or Peace remains ;
 But Vice is in the Cottage found,
 And Country Girls are oft unfound ;
 Fierce Party-rage each Village fires,
 With Wars of Justices and Squires ;
 Attorneys, for a Barley Straw,
 Whole Ages hamper Folks in Law ;
 And ev'ry Neighbour's in a Flame
 About their Rates, or Tythes, or Game :
 Some quarrel for their Hares and Pigeons,
 And some for Diff'rence in Religions :

Some hold their Parson the best Preacher,
 The Tinker some a better Teacher ;
 These to the Church they fight for, Strangers,
 Have Faith in nothing but her Dangers ;
 While those, a more believing People,
 Can swallow all Things—but a Steeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
 Care little how these Matters go,
 And equally detest the Strife
 And usual Joys of Country Life,
 Have by good Fortune little Share
 Of its Diversions, or its Care ;
 For seldom I with 'Squires unite,
 Who hunt all Day, and drink all Night ;
 Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
 A Quarter Sessions, or Cock-fighting :
 But then no Farm I occupy,
 With Sheep to rot and Cows to die ;
 Nor rage I much, or much despair,
 Tho' in my Hedge I find a Snare ;
 Nor view I, with due Admiration,
 All the high Honours here in Fashion ;
 The great Commissions of the Quorum,
 Terrors to all who come before 'em ;
 Militia Scarlet, edg'd with Gold,
 Or the white Staff High-sheriffs hold ;
 The Representative's caressing,
 The Judge's Bow, the Bishops Blessing.
 Nor can I for my Soul delight
 In the dull Feast of neighb'ring Knight,
 Who, if you send three Days before,
 In white Gloves meets you at the Door,
 With Superfluity of Breeding
 First makes you sick, and then with Feeding.
 Or if of Ceremony cloy'd,
 You wou'd next Time such Plagues avoid,
 And visit without previous Notice,
 JOHN, JOHN, a Coach !—I can't think who 'tis,
 My Lady cries, who spies your Coach,
 Ere you the Avenue approach ;

Lord,

Lord, how unlucky!—Washing-day!
 And all the Men are in the Hay!
 Entrance to gain is something hard,
 The Dogs all bark, the Gates are barr'd;
 The Yard's with Lines of Linnen cross'd,
 The Hall-door's lock'd, the Key is lost;
 These Difficulties all o'ercome,
 We reach at Length the Drawing-room,
 Then there's such Trampling over-head,
 Madam you'd swear was brought to-bed;
 Miss in a Hurry bursts her Lock,
 To get clean Sleeves to hide her Smock;
 The Servants run, the Pewter clatters,
 My Lady dresses, calls, and chatters,
 The Cook-maid raves for want of Butter,
 Pigs squeak, Fowls scream, and Green Geese flutter.
 Now after three Hours tedious waiting,
 On all our Neighbours Faults debating,
 And having nine times view'd the Garden,
 In which there's nothing worth a Farthing,
 In comes my Lady, and the Pudden:
 You must excuse, Sir,—on a sudden—
 Then, that we may have Four and four,
 The Bacon, Fowls, and Colly-flow'r
 Their ancient Unity divide,
 The Top one graces, one each Side;
 And by and by the second Course
 Comes lagging like a distanc'd Horse;
 A Salver then to Church and King,
 The Butler sweats, the Glasses ring;
 The Cloth remov'd, the Toasts go round,
 Bawdy and Politicks abound;
 And as the Knight more tipsy waxes,
 We damn all Ministers and Taxes.
 At last the ruddy Sun quite sunk,
 The Coachman tolerably drunk,
 Whirling o'er Hillocks, Ruts, and Stones,
 Enough to dislocate one's Bones,
 We home return, and wond'rous Token
 Of Heaven's kind Care, with Limbs unbroken.

Afflict us not, ye Gods, tho' Sinners,
 With many Days like this, or Dinners !
 But if Civilities thus teaze me,
 Nor Business, nor Diversions please me,
 You'll ask, my Lord, how Time I spend ?
 I answer, with a Book, or Friend :
 The circulating Hours dividing,
 'Twixt Reading, Walking, Eating, Riding ;
 But Books are still my highest Joy,
 These earliest please, and latest cloy.
 Sometimes o'er distant Climes I stray,
 By Guides experienc'd taught the Way ;
 The Wonders of each Region view,
 From Frozen LAPLAND to PERU ;
 Bound o'er rough Seas, and Mountains bare,
 Yet ne'er forsake my Elbow Chair.
 Sometimes some fam'd Historian's Pen
 Recalls past Ages back again,
 Where all I see, through every Page,
 Is but how Men with senseless Rage
 Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
 To serve a Priest's, or Statesman's Turn ;
 Tho' loaded with a diff'rent Aim,
 Yet always Asses much the same.
 Sometimes I view with much Delight,
 Divines their holy Game-cocks fight ;
 Here Faith and Works at Variance set,
 Strive hard who shall the Vict'ry get :
 Presbytery and Episcopacy
 There fight so long, it would amaze ye :
 Here Free-will holds a fierce Dispute
 With Reprobation absolute ;
 There Sense kicks Transubstantion,
 And Reason pecks at Revelation,
 With learned NEWTON now I fly
 O'er all the rolling Orbs on high,
 Visit new Worlds, and for a Minute
 This old one scorn, and all that's in it :
 And now with labouring BOYLE I trace
 Nature through ev'ry winding Maze,

The

The latent Qualities admire
 Of Vapours, Water, Air, and Fire :
 With pleasing Admiration see
 Matter's surprising Subtlety ;
 As how the smallest Lamp displays,
 For Miles around, its scatter'd Rays ;
 Or how (the Case still more t' explain)
 * A Fart, that weighs not half a Grain,
 The Atmosphere will oft perfume
 Of a whole spacious Drawing-room.
 Sometimes I pass a whole long Day
 In happy Indolence away,
 In fondly meditating o'er
 Past Pleasures, and in hoping more :
 Or wander through the Fields and Woods,
 And Gardens bath'd in circling Floods,
 There blooming Flow'rs with Rapture view,
 And sparkling Gems of Morning Dew,
 Whence in my Mind Ideas rise
 Of CÆLIA's Cheeks, and CHLOE's Eyes.
 'Tis thus, my Lord, I, free from Strife,
 Spend an inglorious Country Life ;
 These are the Joys I still pursue,
 When absent from the Town and you ;
 Thus pass long Summer Suns away,
 Busily idle, calmly gay ;
 Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
 Not having much, or wishing more ;
 Except that you, when weary grown
 Of all the Follies of the Town,
 And seeing, in all publick Places,
 The same vain Fops and painted Faces,
 Would sometimes kindly condescend
 To visit a dull Country Friend :
 Here you'll be ever sure to meet
 A hearty Welcome, tho' no Treat,
 One who has nothing else to do,
 But to divert himself and you :

* See BOYLE's *Experiments*.

A House,

A House, where Quiet guards the Door,
 No rural Wits smoak, drink, and roar ;
 Choice Books, safe Horses, wholesome Liquor,
 Clean Girls, Backgammon, and the Vicar.

An INVITATION to DINNER.

I F you, dear Joe, at an old Friends Request,
 Will deign to be a no-pay Surgeon's Guest ;
 An Instance of your Friendship let me see,
 And leave five Dishes once, for two with me.
 Since last we cross'd the Deep, how chang'd the Scene,
 Tho' scarce two circling Years have roll'd between ;
 Whole Piles of Lace, from Regimentals torn !
 And half-worn Coats all *Monmouth-street* adorn.
 Old *Ocean's* Sons, though lately rich as brave,
 Can never learn that useful Art—to save.

Long o'er thy Head O may the Pendant play,
 Blest with a joyous Ward-room, and full Pay ;
 Yet be not thy discarded Friends forgot,
 Tho' hard your Skipper's and your Doctor's Lot ;
 He who with Skill a Navy's Helms could guide,
 Now, a dull Master's Mate, consults the Tide ;
 Condemn'd to blend, for Men or Horses, stuff,
 I mix a Bolus, or retail some Snuff,
 Visit a Patient on a worthless Steed,
 Draw Teeth for Sixpence, or for Sixpence Bleed,
 'Tis hard (no Mate the Drudgery to pursue)
 To mix the Clyster and inject it too.
 My Lady's Parrot's silent, Squirrel ill,
 Or favourite Jackoe seems to want a Pill ;
 These I contrive to visit at Mid-day,
 Since often the kind Lady asks to stay.
 'Tis too well known, that those who serve the Nine,
 And no-pay Surgeons, cannot always dine.
 I, in Ward-room, could direct the Treat,
 Contrive the Table, see that all was neat ;

Three

Three Dishes daily smoaking on the Board,
 With Tart or Pudding that might feast a Lord ;
 My Pride, alas ! has met a dreadful Fall,
 Sometimes I can't afford to dine at all.

Jack, bring the Mefs-bowl,—quick the Boy'd appear:
 Alas ! no Mefs-bowl now, no Jack is near ;
 All fly the House, where Poverty's a clog,
 My House's Temp'rance would not suit the Dog.
 A wither'd Dame, of sixty Years or more,
 My only Servant, breathes within my Door.

You know I dare not keep a blooming Maid,
 For fear I should, at least it would be said,
 Three hundred Pounds already gone ! you'll say,
 Three hundred Pounds, almost an Age's pay !
 Expensive 'tis t' attend upon the the Great,
 But more Expensive on the Fair to wait :
 You know the Widow, whom I us'd t' adore,
 Her I admir'd, her Jointure greatly more ;
 During her Reign, what Poet can express
 The Expençe of Servants Fees, of Treats and Dress ?
 All was agreed—but by myself betray'd,
 Unhappy Appetite—I kiss'd her Maid.

No Fricassee, then, now my Table boasts,
 No Wine's by Stealth, convey'd from *Gallia's* Coasts ;
 Yet I'll provide two Dishes—roast and boil'd ;
 These cook'd with little Art, are seldom spoil'd ;
 Stingo three Bottles the kind Justice lends,
 Six Bottles more the kinder Butler sends ;
 Of Wine two Bottles, Cyder half a score,
 Twelve Lemons, Sugar half a Loaf, or more,
 Brandy enough, but O ! no Rum in store !
 (Shall *Gallia's* Spirit the kind Bowl disgrace ?)
 Prithee, *Joe*, bring one Bottle from thy Case.
 Bring with thee—happy in his Loves,
 Bring *Crocus*, and whom else thy Choice approves ;
 But let him not, elate with full-pay Pride,
 His broken Brother's paultry Shop deride.
 Two Friends of mine will readily be there,
 And make Amends for homely Bill of Fare :

Harry th' Exciseman, ever blithe and gay,
And chearful always, as at Quarter-day ;
He'll raise the Laugh, then sudden quit the Room,
To kiss the Maid, or parly with the Groom.
The Curate, of but thirty Pounds a Year,
Learned, of Manners gentle, Heart sincere,
There sparkling o'er the Bowl his Wit shall shine,
All Mirth—for, Oh ! he cannot always dine.
To please, we'll all exert our every Power,
And Music and the Muse shall bless the Hour ;
No Son of Dulness shall our Joy controul,
But each Man think alone, and speak his Soul.
Great G—'s Health the Loyal Bowl shall grace,
The P—'s, D—'s, and all the Royal Race ;
A—'s and W—'s Healths then shrink the Bowl,
And S—'s, Delight of every Seaman's Soul.
Proud of her new-built Ships, should Galliadare,
Let me for these the artful Band prepare,
And heal for those the Wounds of glorious War.
Again we'll triumph—keep us but in pay,
Again reign Conquerors o'er the boundless Sea ;
France shall be humbled, Spain shall be our Slave,
And Wealth come floating home on every Wave.

EPIGRAM I.

Women the best Politicians.

ONE Night plump *Sue* and Coachman *Ned*,
 A Bargain struck in haste to wed ;
 A Crown was stak'd, the Pair consented
 To lose their Pledge who first repented :
 Time for the Matrimonial Farce,
 To-morrow comes—*Ned* hangs an Arse.
 Of bad the best poor *Suky* makes,
 And angry claims his forfeit Stakes :
Ned frankly paid it, as agreed,
 Of a worse Bargain to be freed ;

Quoth he, Thou'rt welcome on my Life,
 A cheap Divorcement from a Wife.
 —The crafty Quean, who feign'd awhile,
 Soon answer'd with a jeering Smile,
 ' Ah Fool, 'tis well you first relented,
 ' I'd lost—had you but seem'd contented ;
 ' Gladly your Freedom I'll restore,
 ' One Shilling spend, and pocket four.'
 Ladies, lay *Ovid's* Rules apart,
 In Love learn thriftier *Susan's* Art.

II.

WHEN *Lupus* has wrought hard all Day,
 And the declining Sun,
 By stooping to embrace the Sea,
 Tells him the Day's nigh done ;
 Then to his young Wife home he hies,
 With his sore labour sped ;
 Who bids him welcome home, and cries,
 Pray, Husband, come to Bed.
 Thanks, Wife, quoth he ; but I were blest,
 Would'st thou once call me to my Rest.

III.

THY Eyes and Eye-brows I could spare ;
 Nor for thy Nose do I much care ;
 I could dispense, too, with thy Teeth ;
 And with thy Lips, and with thy Breath,
 And with thy Breast, and with thy Belly,
 And with that which I won't tell ye ;
 And, to be short — hark, in thy Ear ;
 Faith I could spare thee All, my Dear.

IV.

Giles Jolt and his Cart.

GILES *Jolt*, as sleeping in his Cart he lay,
 Some pilf'ring Villain stole his Team away :
Giles wakes and cries—What's here, a dickins, what !
 Why how now—Am I *Giles*, or am I not ?

If he—I've lost six Geldings to my Smart :
If not — Oddsbuddikins, I've found a Cart.

V.

WHEN *Phyllis* confess'd her, the Father was rash,
And so, without further Reflection,
Her delicate Skin he condemn'd to the Lash,
While himself would bestow the Correction.
Her Husband, who heard this, oppos'd it, by urging,
That he, in regard to her Weakness,
And to save her soft Back, would himself bear the
Scourging,
With humble Submission and Meekness.
She piously cry'd, when the Priest gave Accord,
To shew what Devotion was in her,
He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord,
For, alas ! I'm a very great Sinner.

VI.

The best Cure for Love.

OF two Reliefs, to cure a Love-sick Mind,
Flavia prescribes Despair ; I urge be kind :
Flavia be kind : The Remedy's as sure,
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest Cure.

VII.

On a WELCHMAN.

A *Welchman* coming late into an Inn,
Asked the Maid, what Meat there was within,
Cow-heels she answered, and a Breast of Mutton ;
But quoth the *Welchman*, since I am no Glutton,
Either of these shall serve : To Night the Breast,
The Heels i'th' Morning ; then light Meat is best ;
At Night, he took the Breast, and did not pay,
I'th' Morning, took his *Heels* and ran away.

VIII.

The Dart. To the Lady L— M—.

WHene'er I look, I may descry
A little Face peep through that Eye,
Sure that's the Boy, who wisely chose
His Throne among such Beams as those ;
Which if his Quiver chance to fall,
May serve for Darts to kill withall.

IX.

WHEN *Loveless* marry'd Lady *Jenny*,
Whose Beauty was—the ready Penny ;
I chose her, says he, like old Plate,
Not for the Fashion, but the Weight.

X.

To CHARINUS, an ugly Woman's Husband.

CHARINUS, 'twas my Hap of late,
To have a Sight of thy dear Mate :
So white, so flourishing, so fair,
So trim, so modest, debonnair ;
That if good *Jove* wou'd grant to me
A Leash of Beauties, such as she,
I'd give the Devil, at one Word,
Two, that he'd take away the third.

XI.

TEN Months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
And was brought, in a laudable Manner, to bed ;
She warbled her Groans with so charming a Voice,
That one half of the Parish was stunn'd with the Noise :
But when *Florimel* chose to lie privately in,
Twelve Months before she and her Spouse were akin,
She chose, with such Prudence her Pangs to conceal,
That her Nurse, nay her Midwife, scarce heard her once
squeal.
Learn Husbands, from hence, for the Peace of your Lives,
That Maids make not half such a Tumult as Wives.

XII. Nature's

XII.

Nature's chief Gifts unequally are carv'd ;
 She surfeits some, while many more are starv'd :
 Her Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before
 Was common Good, is now made private Store :
 Nothing that's good we have among us common ;
 But all enjoy the common Ill——a Woman.

XIII.

A lame BEGGAR.

I Am unable, yonder Beggar cries,
 To stand, or move ; if he says true, he lies.

XIV.

*On a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy
 of CATO!*

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their *Cato's Fate*,
 Still with dry Eyes the Tory *Celia* sat ;
 But, tho' her Pride forbid her Eyes to flow,
 The gushing Waters found a Vent below.
 Tho' secret, yet with copious Streams she mourns,
 Like twenty River-gods, with all their Urns.
 Let others screw an hypocritick Face,
 She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place !
 Here Nature reigns, and Passion, void of Art ;
 For this Road leads directly to the Heart.

XV.

FAIR as the blushing Grape she stands,
 Tempting the Gatherer's ready Hands ;
 Blossoms and Fruit in her together meet,
 As ripe as *Autumn*, and, like *April*, sweet.

XVI.

BLEST be the Princes, who have fought
 For pompous Names, or wide Dominion :
 Since, by their Error, we are taught,
 That Happiness is but Opinion.

XVII.

WHEN Gammar Gurton first I knew,
 Four Teeth in all she reckon'd ;
 Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,
 And t'other two, a second.

Courage, old Dame, and do not fear
 The third, whene'er it comes :
 Give me but t'other Jug of Beer,
 And I'll insure your Gums.

XVIII.

COME, *Meg*, be quick, and make the Bed ;
 Now tuck the Feet, now place the Head ;
 I'll kiss you, if you don't bestir ye :
 Quoth *Meg*, I can't abide to hurry.

XIX.

ON his Death-bed poor *Lubin* lies ;
 His Spouse is in Despair ;
 With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
 They both express their Care.

A diff'rent Cause, says Parson *Sly*,
 The same Effect may give ;
 Poor *Lubin* fears, that he shall die ;
 His Wife, that he may live.

XX.

PHYLLIS's Age.

HOW old may *Phyllis* be, you ask,
 Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages ?
 To answer is no easy Task :
 For she has really two Ages.

Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,
 Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on ;
 All Day let Envy view her Face ;
 And *Phyllis* is but twenty-one.

Paint,

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,
At Night, Astronomers agree,
The Ev'ning has the Day bely'd ;
And *Phyllis* is some forty three.

XXI.

YOU ask, dear *Will*, what we disdain,
What Girls our Fancy please :
We like not those give too much Pain,
Nor those we win with Ease :
For those our Passions starve, and these will cloy :
The Middle only gives the greatest Joy.

XXII.

MY Love and I for Kisses plaid ;
She would keep Stakes ; I was content ;
But when I won, she would be paid ;
I angry, ask'd her, what she meant ?
Nay, since, quoth she, you wrangle thus in vain,
Give me my Kisses back ; take yours again.

XXIII.

In uxorem optatam.

A Batchelor would have a Wife that's wife,
Fair, rich, and young, a Maiden, for his Bed,
Nor proud, nor churlish, but of faultless Size,
A Country Housewife, in the City bred.
But he's a Fool, and long in vain hath staid ;
He should bespeak her ; there's none ready made.

XXIV.

Tunc tua res agitur.

A Jealous Merchant, that a Sailor met,
Ask'd him the Reason, why he meant to marry ;
Knowing that Ill their Absence might beget,
That still at Sea constrained are to tarry :
Sir, quoth the Sailor, think you that so strange ?
'Tis done the Time while you but walk the 'Change.

XXV. A

XXV.

The Courtier and Scholar.

A Haughty Courtier meeting in the Streets
 A Scholar, him thus insolently greets ;
Base Men to take the Wall, I ne'er permit ;
 The Scholar said, I do, and gave him it.

XXVI.

The Pious HYPOCRITE.

O *LIVIA*'s gay, but looks devout,
 And Scripture-proofs she throws about,
 When first you try to win her ;
 But pull your Fob of Guineas out,
 Fee *Jenny* first, and never doubt
 To make the Saint a Sinner.

Baxter by Day is her Delight ;
 No Chocolate must come in Sight,
 Before two Morning Chapters :
 But, lest the Spleen should spoil her quite,
 She takes a civil Friend at Night,
 To raise her holy Raptures.

So have I seen a Glow worm gay
 All Night her fiery Tail display,
 Encourag'd by the Dark ;
 And yet the fullen Thing, all Day,
 Snug, in the lonely Thicket lay,
 And hid the native Spark,

XXVII.

On Mr. HEARNE, the great Antiquary.

POX on't, says *Time* to *Thomas Hearne*,
 Whatever I forgot, you learn.

XXVIII.

FAIR *Ussy*, in a merry Mood,
 Consulted her Physician,
 What Time was best to stir the Blood,
 And Spirits, by Coition.

Quoth *Woodward*, If my Judgment's right,
And Answer worth returning,
You'll find it pleasantest o'er Night,
Most wholesome in the Morning.

Quoth *Ursty*, Then, for Pleasure's Sake,
Each Ev'ning will I take it ;
And ev'ry Morning, when I wake,
My constant Physick make it.

XXIX.

To a Lady of PLEASURE.

MY Heart is proud your Chains to wear,
But Reason will not stoop :
I love that Angel's Face ; but fear
The Serpent in your Hoop.

That Circle is a magic Spell,
To make the wisest fall ;
Its Centre black and deep, like Hell,
Contains the Dev'l and all.

Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love :
But, oh, what Pains succeed !
When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove,
And Love, a Fire indeed.

XXX.

Dean SWIFT on his own Deafness.

DE A F, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my Friends a Burthen grown,
N more I hear my Church's Bell,
Than if it rang out for my Knell :
At Thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a Cart :
Nay, what's incredible, alack !
I hardly hear a Woman's Clack.

XXXI. WHILST

The LADY's Resolve.

WHILST Thirst of Praise, and vain Desire of Fame,
 In ev'ry Age, is ev'ry Woman's Aim;
 With Courtship pleas'd; of silly Toasters proud;
 Fond of a Train, and happy in a Crowd;
 On each poor Fool bestowing some kind Glance;
 Each Conquest owing to some loose Advance;
 Whilst vain Coquets affect to be pursu'd,
 And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd;
 Let this great Maxim be my Virtue's Guide;
 In Part she is to blame, who has been try'd;
 He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

The Monkies. To our modern BEAUX.

WHoe'er with curious Eye has rang'd
 Through *Ovid's* Tales, has seen,
 How *Jove*, incens'd, to Monkies chang'd
 A Tribe of worthless Men.

Repentant, soon th' offending Race
 Intreat the injur'd Pow'r,
 To give them back the human Face;
 And Reason's Aid restore.

Jove, sooth at length, his Ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their Pray'r;
 But th' other half he bade the Wind
 Disperse in empty Air.

Scarce had the Thunderer giv'n the Nod,
 That shook the vaulted Skies,
 With haughtier Air the Creature strode,
 And stretch'd their dwindled Size.

The Hair in Curls luxuriant now
 Around their Temples spread;
 The Tail that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the Head.

The Head remains unchang'd within
 Nor alter'd much the Face;
 It still retains its native Grin,
 And all its old Grimace.

The hollow Cheeks began to fill,
 That meagre look'd and wan;
 The Mouth incessant chatter'd still,
 But mock'd the Voice of Man.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bade them take their Place,
 (Restoring them their antient Claim)
 Among the human Race.

Man with Contempt the Brute survey'd,
 Nor would a Name bestow:
 But Woman lik'd the motley Breed,
 And call'd the Thing a *BEAU*.

XXXIII.

On a Pack of CARDS.

HENCE, ye deluding, subtle, painted Foes;
 Back to the D—l, whence ye first arose:
 A *Pack* of you, scarce worth a single Groat,
 Have Thousands, oft ere now, reduc'd to nought:
 Women with you do pass loose Time away;
 You, who no less inconstant are than they:
 Ye rob Mens Days of Bus'ness and Delights;
 Of sweet and precious Sleep ye rob their Nights:
 In short, whatever Game is play'd with you,
Knaves commonly have got the most to do.

XXXIV.

IF Death must come, as oft as Breath departs,
 Then he must often die, who often farts;
 And if to die, be but to lose one's Breath,
 Then Death's a Fart; and so a Fart for Death.

XXXV. *The*

XXXV.

The Marriage CERTIFICATE.

UNDER this Hedge, in stormy Weather,
I join'd this Whore * and Rogue together;
And none but him who made the Thunder,
Can put this Whore and Rogue asunder

XXXVI.

LESBIA forever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now hang me, but for all her Art,
I find that I have gain'd her Heart.
My Proof is thus, I plainly see,
The Case is just the same with me;
I curse her every Hour sincerely,
Yet hang me, but I love her dearly.

XXXVII.

SYLVIA, methinks you are unfit,
For your Lord's great Embrace,
For though we all allow you Wit,
We can't a handsome Face.
Then where's the Pleasure, where's the Good,
Of spending Time and Cost?
For if your Wit ben't understood,
Your Keeper's Bliss is lost.

XXXVIII.

On GILES and JOAN.

WHO says that *Giles* and *Joan* at Discord be?
Th' observing Neighbours no such Mood can see.
Indeed, poor *Giles* repents he married ever;
But that his *Joan* doth too. And *Giles* would never,
By his free Will, be in *Joan's* Company;
No more would *Joan* he should. *Giles* riseth early,

* *She was big with Child when the Ceremony was performed.*

And

And having got him out of Doors is glad :
 The like is *Joan* : But, turning Home, is sad ;
 And so is *Joan*. Oft times when *Giles* doth find
 Harsh Sights at Home, *Giles* wisheth he were blind ;
 All this doth *Joan* : Or, that his long-yearn'd Life
 Were quite out-spun : the like Wish hath his Wife.
 The Children that he keeps, *Giles* swears are none
 Of his begetting ; and so swears his *Joan*.
 In all Affections she concurrerh still :
 If now, with Man and Wife, to will and nill
 The self-same Things, a Note of Concord be,
 I know no Couple better can agree.

XXXIX.

Written over a Gate.

HERE lives a Man, who, by Relation,
 Depends upon Predestination ;
 For which the Learned and the Wise,
 His Understanding much despise :
 But I pronounce, with loyal Tongue,
 Him in the Right, them in the Wrong :
 For how could such a Wretch succeed,
 But that, alas ! it was decreed ?

XL.

CHLOE brisk and gay appears,
 On Purpose to invite :
 Yet, when I press her, she, in Tears,
 Denies her sole Delight.

Whilst *Celia*, seeming shy and coy,
 To all her Favours grants ;
 And secretly receives that Joy,
 Which others thinks she wants.
 I would, but fear I never shall,
 With either Fair agree ;
 For *Celia* will be kind to All,
 But *Chloe* won't to Me.

D d

XLI. The

XLI.

The fortunate SAILOR.

HONEST *Sim* and his Wife once to Sea took a Trip,
 When a sudden cross Wind overfet the light Ship;
 Hand in Hand over Deck went this Couple together,
Susan sunk like a Stone, *Simon* swam like a Feather.
 Thank my Stars, says the Man (safe escap'd from the
 Flood,)

'Tis a bad Wind, indeed, that blows no-body Good.

XLII.

PHYLLIS, the fairest of Love's Foes,
 Though fiercer than a Dragon;
Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd Beaus,
 What has she now to brag on?
 So long she kept her Legs so close,
 Till they have scarce a Rag on.

Compell'd, thro' Want, this wretched Maid
 Did sad Complaints begin;
 Which surly *Strepbon* hearing, said,
 It was both Shame and Sin,
 To pity such a lazy Jade,
 As would not play nor spin.

XLIII.

Courage misplaced.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
 He took to his Heels and ran for his Life.
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the Squabble,
 And screen'd him at once from the Shrew and the Rab-
 ble;
 Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome Advice;
 But *Tom* is a Fellow of Humour so nice,
 Too proud to take Counsel, too wise to take Warning,
 That he sent to all three a Challenge next Morning,
 Three Duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his Life,
 Then went home again, and was thresh'd by his Wife.

XLIV. A

XLIV.

A Case to the CIVILIANS.

NO KES went, he thought, to *Styles's* Wife to bed,
Nor knew his own was laid there in her Stead :
Civilian, is the Child he then begot
To be allow'd legitimate, or not ?

XLV.

*MINERVA's Mistake. To the beautiful and ingenious
Miss *****.*

MINERVA one Day, pray let no Body doubt it,
Rid an airing from *Oxford* six Miles, or about it,
Where she spy'd a young Damsel, so blooming and fair,
That, Ah *Venus* ! She cry'd, is your Ladyship there ?
Pray is not yon *Oxford* ? And lately you swear,
Neither you, nor ought like you, shou'd ever come there ;
Do you thus keep your Promise ! And am I defy'd ?
The Virgin drew near her, and smiling reply'd,
My Goddess ! what have you your Pupil forgot ?
Your Pardon my Dear — is it you, *Molly Scot* ?

XLVI.

The disappointed Husband.

A Scolding Wife so long a Sleep possess'd,
Her Spouse presum'd her Soul was now at Rest,
Sable was call'd, to hang the Room with black,
And all their Cheer was Sugar-rolls, and Sack :
Two mourning Staffs stood Centry at the Door,
And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The Cloaks and Tears and Handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd in woeful Pomp to *Abchurch-Yard*.
When, see of narrow Streets what Mischiefs come !
The very Dead can't pass in quiet Home.
By some rude Jolt the Coffin Lid was broke,
And *Madam* from her Dream of Death awoke.

D d 2

Now

Now all was spoil'd ! The Undertaker's Pay,
 Sour Faces, Cakes, and Wine quite thrown away.
 But some Years after, when the former Scene,
 Was acted, and the Coffin nail'd again,
 The tender Husband took especial Care
 To keep the Passage from Disturbance clear ;
 Charging the Bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his Dear in such another Fright.

XLVII.

VENUS mistaken.

WHEN *Chloe's* Picture was to *Venus* shown,
 Surpriz'd the Goddeſs took it for her own,
 And what, ſaid ſhe, does this bold Painter mean ?
 When was I bathing thus ? And naked ſeen ?
 Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride ;
 And who's blind now, *Mamma*, the Urchin cry'd ?
 'Tis *Chloe's* Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast ;
 Friend *Howard's* Genius fancied all the reſt.

XLVIII.

On Miſs FLOYD.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandſire *Jove* intreat,
 To form ſome Beauty by a new Receipt ;
Jove ſent, and found far in a Country Scene,
 Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Looks ſerene :
 From which Ingredients, firſt the dext'rous Boy,
 Pick'd the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy ;
 The *Graces* from the Court did next provide,
 Breeding and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride.
 Theſe *Venus* cleans'd from every ſpurious Grain,
 Of Nice Coquet, affected, pert and vain.
Jove mix'd up all ; and his beſt Clay employ'd,
 Then call'd the happy Composition, FLOYD.

XLIX.

RICH *Gripe* does all his Thoughts and Cunning bend,
 T' increaſe that Wealth he wants a Soul to ſpend ;
 Poor *Shifter* does his whole Contrivance ſet,
 To ſpend that Wealth he wants the Senſe to get.

How

How happy would to each appear his Fate,
 Had *Gripe* his Humour, or he *Gripe's* Estate?
 Kind Fate and Fortune! blend 'em, if you can,
 And, of two Wretches, make one happy Man.

L.

The Musical CONTEST.

SOME say, that Signior *Bononcini*,
 Compar'd to *Handel's* a meer Ninny;
 Others aver, that to him *Handel*
 Is scarcely fit to hold the Candle.
 Strange, that such high Disputes shou'd be,
 'Twixt *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*.

LI.

The Resignation.

MY sickly Spouse, with many a Sigh,
 Oft tells me—*Billy*, I shall die:
 I griev'd; but recollected strait,
 —'Tis bootless—to contend with Fate;
 So Resignation to Heav'n's Will,
 —Prepar'd me for succeeding Ill:
 'Twas well it did; for, on my Life,
 'Twas Heav'n's Will to spare my Wife.

LII.

On a stingy BEAU.

CURIO's rich Side-board seldom sees the Light,
 Clean is his Kitchen, and his Spits are bright;
 His Knives and Forks, all rang'd in even Rows,
 No Hands molest, or Fingers interpose;
 A curious Jack, hung up to please the Eye,
 For ever still; whose Flyers never fly:
 His Plates unsullied, shining on the Shelf;
 For *Curio* dresses nothing, but himself:

LIII.

The Scotch Weather-Wife.

SCOTLAND, thy Weather's like a modish Wife;
 Thy Winds and Rains maintain perpetual Strife:
 So termagant, awhile her Thunder tries
 And, when she can no longer scold—she cries.

LIV.

On a hasty Marriage.

MARRIED! 'tis well! a mighty Blessing!
 But poor's the Joy, no Coin possessing?
 In ancient Time, when Folk did wed,
 'Twas to be one at Board and Bed,
 But hard's his Case, who can't afford,
 His Charmer either Bed or Board.

LV.

*On the KING'S STATUE placed on the Top of
Bloomfbury-Steeple.*

THE King of Great Britain was reckon'd before
 The Head of the Church by all good Christian People;
 His Subjects of Bloomfbury have added one more
 To his Titles—and made him the Head of the Steeple.

LVI.

CUPID mistaken.

WHERE *Chloe* in the shady Grove was laid,
 Thither by chance the wanton *Cupid* stray'd:
 Awhile he view'd the Nymph, then cries in Passion,
 "Mamma, Mamma, you'll miss your Affignation;
 "For *Mars* is waiting."——*Chloe* rais'd her Head,
 "My pretty Boy, sure you've mistook," she said;
 "How like, cries he, may one be to another!
 "For, as I live, I thought you was my Mother."

LVII. *The*

LVII.

The Law-Suit.

TWO Parties had a Diff'rence, and the Cause
Did come to be decided by the Laws :

The bribing Plaintiff did the Judge present
With a new Coach ; t'other, with same Intent,
Gives him two Horses ; each with like Design
To make the Judge to his own Side incline.
The Cause being try'd, the Plaintiff's overthrown ;
O Coach said he, thou art the wrong way gone !
The Judge reply'd, It cannot but be so ;
For where his Horses draw, your Coach must go.

LVIII.

The Courtship.

A Swarm of Sparks, young, gay, and bold,
Lov'd *Sylvia* long ; but she was cold :
Interest and Pride the Nymph controul'd ;
So they in vain their Passion told.
At last came *Dulman* ; he was old,
Nay, he was ugly ; but had Gold :
He came, and saw, and took the Hold,
While Brother Beaus their Loss condol'd ;
Some say, she's wed ; I say she's fold.

LIX.

The NONPAREIL.

EARLY this Morn, a Time to Muses kind,
Willing to draw one Woman to my Mind,
Wife without Pride, without Coquetting fair,
Chaste as the unblown Rose, yet free as Air ;
In Language easy, and in Temper sweet,
And moderately learn'd, and simply great ;
Who ne'er one Step from Virtue's Paths had trod,
True to her Friend, but truer to her God.

—But,

—But, when I on the Picture thought, I cry'd,
No such can be, and flung my Pen aside.
 My Muse then kindly whisper'd, *Such can be*,
 Bid me *Clarinda* write——and that was she.

LX.

*Written in the Window of the Deanery-House of
 St. Patrick in DUBLIN.*

AR E the Guests of this House still doom'd to be
 cheated ?

Sure the Fates have decreed, they by Halves shou'd be
 treated !

In the Days of old *John* *, if you came here to dine,
 You had Choice of good Meat, but no Choice of good
 Wine ;

In *Jonathan's* † Reign, if you come here to eat,
 You have choice of good Wine, but no choice of good
 Meat.

Oh *Jove* ! then how fully might all Sides be blest,
 Wou'dst thou but agree to this humble Request ;
 Put both Deans in one ; or, if that's too much Trouble,
 Instead of the Dean, make the Deanery double.

LXI.

The Lover's LEGACY.

UNhappy *Strepbon*, dead and cold,
 His Heart was from his Bosom rent,
 Embalm'd, and in a Box of Gold,
 To his beloved *Kitty* sent.
 Some Ladies might, perhaps, have fainted,
 But *Kitty* smil'd upon the Bauble ;
 A Pin-cushion, said she, I wanted,
 Go put it on the Dressing-Table.

* *The late Dean.*

† *Dr. SWIFT, the then Dean.*

[LXII. *Memo*]

Mens MULIEBRIS.

NAture to all does Provision make,
 And what Men want in Head they have in Back;
 Then who can disapprove the Fair One's Rules,
 Who talk with *Men of Sense*, but kiss with *Fools*.

LXIII.

On CRASSUS a covetous Parson.

U Nform'd in Nature's Shop while *Crassus* lay,
 A cumb'rous heap of coarse neglected Clay,
 Pray, Madam, says the Foreman of the Trade,
 What of yon Paltry Rubbish must be made?
 For it's too gross, said he, and unrefin'd,
 To be the Carcase of a thinking Mind;
 Then it's too lumpy, and too stiff to make
 A Fop, a Beau, a Wittling, or a Rake;
 Nor is it for a Lady's Footman fit,
 For Ladies Footmen must have Sense and Wit:
 A Warrior must be vigilant and bold,
 And therefore claims a brisk and active Mould;
 A Statesman must be skill'd in various Arts,
 A Mistress must have Charms, a Pimp have Parts.
 A Lawyer without Craft will get no Fees,
 This Matter, therefore, will make none of these;
 In short, I plainly think it good for nought,
 But, Madam, I desire your better Thought.
 Why, *Tom*, said she, in a disdainful Tone,
 Amongst the Sweeping let it then be thrown.
 Or make — a Parson of the useless Stuff,
 'Twill serve a preaching Blockhead well enough.

LXIV.

A MONG the Fair that *Hyde-Park Circus* Grace,
Canidia seeks Admirers of her Face;
 In vain her Airs her Arts she tries,
 Among those Beauties that engage all Eyes:

Bright

Bright Rays, like Diamonds, they around 'em fling,
Whilst she is but the *Cypher* of the *Ring*.

LXV.

One Thing needful.

T—R, a Priest of modern Date,
(Our modern Priests are short and fat)
Perch'd in the Pulpit gravely cries,
Young Men and Maidens, great and small,
There's * *One Thing needful for you all* :
And *He* the *Virgin's* Wants supplies.

LXVI.

A SIMILE.

Women to Cards may be compar'd : We play
A Round or two ; when us'd, we throw away,
Take a fresh Pack ; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts and shuffles with the dirty Leaving.

LXVII.

The RAPTURE.

CR Y'D *Strepson*, panting in *Cosmelia's* Arms,
I die, bright Nymph, I die amidst your Charms ;
Chear up, dear Youth, reply'd the Maid,
Dissolv'd in am'rous Pain,
All Men must die (bright Boy, you know)
E'er they can rise again.

LXVIII.

The HUSBAND.

THE Poets sing of old, that am'rous *Jove*
In various Shapes perform'd the Feats of Love.
Chang'd to a Swan, he rifled *Leda's* Charms,
And with a Rival Whiteness fill'd her Arms.

* *Alluding to his Text.*

On

On *Danae's* Lap he fell a Golden Shower :
 (Gold is the surest Friend in an Amour.)
 Now in a Bull's or Satyr's grisly Shape,
 He on some Beauty makes a welcome Rape.
 Nor think it strange, that *Jove's* Almighty Power,
 Thro' these base Forms, taught Females to adore :
 A Likeness less agreeable he try'd,
 He came a Husband to *Amphitryon's* Bride ;
 And in a Husband's Shape could welcome prove,
 Who must not own the Omnipotence of *Jove* ?

LXIX.

On WEDLOCK.

IN Marriage are two happy Things allow'd,
 A Wife in Wedding Sheets, and in a Shroud :
 How can a Marriage State then be accurs'd,
 Since the last Day's as happy as the first ?

LXX.

*A Character of SCOTLAND, taken from a Pane of
 Glass, in an Inn in the Northern Road.*

WHoe'er he is desires to see
 A barren Land without a Tree,
 The rankest Beggary and Pride,
 As close as Nits and Lice ally'd,
 Be poison'd when he eats and drinks,
 Or flavour'd with all Kinds of Stinks ;
 Whoe'er would bite, or would be bit,
 Would get the Itch, or be beshit,
 Let him to *Scotland* but repair,
 He'll find all these Perfections there.

LXXI.

WHAT IS IT LIKE ? or, VERSES upon Old
 T——R's Marriage with Miss GRAVES.

SEVEN Matrons old were met o'er Brandy,
 All knowing Dames as any can be ;

And

And All agreed to raise their Glee
By Jest and Bawdy Simile.

I've thought, cries *Dorcas*, with a Sneeze,
I've thought of something strangely queer;
'Tis like reply'd each Sister Hag,
'Tis like a Leek, a Frog, a Stag,
A Blister, a Sexton, and a Ruin:
Now tells us, *Dorcas*, what thou'rt a brewing.

I mean, cry'd she, a simple Sage,
A compound strange of Youth and Age:
A Winter in the Garb of Spring,
A sputtering Snake without a Sting;
A Lion tame, a lambent Fire,
All Impotence, yet all Desire;

A Boaster great, as great a Failer,
Or, in one Word, I mean old T——r.

He's like a Leek, because 'tis said
His Tail is green, tho' grey his Head,
He's like a Frog, because I'm told,
His Blood's so phlegmatic and cold,
That tho' the Female round him plays,
He'll——but once in forty Days.

Then like a Stag he'll needs appear,
For a Stag ruts but once a Year;
And ev'ry Year new Antlers spread
Fresh Honours o'er his aged Head.

He's like a Blister none denies,
For sure he's rais'd by *Spanish* Flies.
He's like a Sexton, for 'tis known
O'er many a Wench h'as laid a Stone.

But now, since Age his Strength depraves,
Some abler Man must dig his Graves.

He's like a ruin'd House, because
He's crack'd, and pack'd, and full of Flaws.

His Roof is bare, his Timber broke,
His Front all black with Smut and Smoke;

His Stones are loose, his Yard decay'd;

Alas! poor *Moll* must die a Maid.

LXXII.

*The PETITION of Justice B——ns's Horse, to his
Grace the Duke of N——.*

QUITE worn to the Stumps, in a piteous Condition,
I present to your Grace this my humble Petition:
Full twenty-eight Stone, as all the World says,
(To me it seems more) my plump Master weighs.
A Load for a Team this, yet I all alone,
To *Claremont* must draw him, for Help I have none;
O'er *Essex's* hot Sands, in a dry Summer's Day,
How I sweat and I chafe, and I pant all the Way;
But when I return, and the Draft is increas'd,
By what he has cramm'd——a Stone at the least,——
No single Horse can be, in Conscience, thought able
To draw both the Justice, and eke Half your Table.
This, my Case, gracious Duke, to your tender Com-
passion

I submit, and O! take it in Consideration,
To drive with a Pair, put the Squire in the Way,
Your Petitioner then, bound in Duty, shall *Neigh*.

LXXIII.

The Real AFFLICTION.

DORIS, a Widow, past her Prime,
Her Spouse long dead, Wailing doubles;
Her real Grievs increase by Time.
And what abates, improves her Troubles.
Those Pangs her prudent Hopes suppress'd,
Impatient now she cannot smother:
How should the helpless Woman rest?
One's gone;——nor can she get another.

LXXIV.

On JULIA's throwing a Snow Ball.

JULIA, young, wanton, flung the gather'd Snow,
Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry Blow:

'Tis cold I cry'd, bnt, ah ! too soon I found,
Sent by that Hand, it dealt a Scorching Wound.
Resistless Fair ! we fly thy Pow'r in vain,
Who turn't to fiery Darts the frozen Rain.
Burn, *Julia*, burn like me, and that Desire,
With Water which thou kindlest, quench with Fire.

LXXV.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA makes a sad Complaint she has lost her
 Lover,
Why nothing strange I in that News discover.
Nay, then thou'rt dull ; for here the wonder lies ;
She had a Lover once ! — Don't that surprize ?

LXXVI.

On a handsome IDIOT.

WHEN *Lesbia* first I saw so heavenly fair,
 With Eyes so bright, and with that awful Air,
I thought my Heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his, who snatch'd celestial Fire ;
But soon as e'er the beauteous Idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral Lips such Folly broke ;
Like Balm the trickling Nonsense heal'd my Wound,
And what her *Eyes* enthrall'd, her *Tongue* unbound.

LXXVII.

Sir TOBY's Journey.

AS *Sir Toby* reel'd home, with his Skin full of Wine,
To his House in the Square, from his Friends at
 the *Vine*,
He snuff'd the fresh Air, and his Noddle turn'd round ;
He stagger'd, b—ut gain'd not an Inch of his Ground.
Get home ! quoth the Knight ; why, this ne'er can do,
If, for one Step gain'd forward, I backward reel two :
I'll return to the *Vine*.—o, as one may suppose,
Sir Toby intended to follow his Nose.

But

But this retrogade Knight ne'er alter'd his Pace,
And, gaining Ground backwards, found out the right
Place :

The Sot's Mathematicks at length did prevail,
And Sir *Toby* steer'd home by the Help of his Tail.

LXXVIII.

*Grace after Meat ; spoken extempore by a Gentleman
at the Table of a MISER, who, once in his Life,
made a sumptuous Entertainment.*

THanks for this Miracle, for 'tis no less
Than to eat Manna in the Wilderness :
Where Hunger reign'd, there we have found Relief,
And seen the Wonder of a Chine of Beef.
Chimnies have smoak'd that never smoak'd before,
And we have eat, where we shall eat no more.

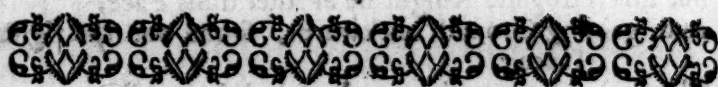
LXXIX.

*On Sir MARMADUKE WYVILL's receiving three
Letters by the same Post, advising of the Death of
his Mistress, his Wife, and his Horse.*

I'VE lost my Mistress, Horse and Wife ;
But when I think on human Life,
I'm glad it is no worse.
My Wife was ugly, and a Scold ;
My Mistress was grown lean, and old ;
I'm sorry for my Horse.

LXXX.

AH, me! quoth *Betty*, who could e'er have thought,
Such Mischief could arise almost from Nought ?
Which had she known e'er she began to swell,
Each Yard of Pleasure she'd have made an Ell.



EPITAPHS.

I. *Of By-Words.*

HERE lies a round Woman, who thought *mighty odd*
Every Word she e'er heard in this Church about
God.

To convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her Heart she held *Nature* more *Clever*.
Tho' he talk'd much of Virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other, she found better *Fun* ;
For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the Clouds was but *comical*.
In this World, she despis'd every Soul she met here,
And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but *queer*.

2. *On a Spanish Nobleman who dy'd for Love.*

Here lies Don *Alonzo*,
Slain by a Wound receiv'd under
His left Pap ;
The Orifice of which was so
Small, no Surgeon could
Discover it.

Reader ;
If thou would'st avoid so strange
a Death,
Look not upon *Lucinda's* Eyes.

3. *On*

3. *On a Stumbling Horse.*

Here lies a Horse beneath this Stone,
 Who living oft hath lain on one :
 A noble Steed, who as he went
 Proclaimed still his great Descent.
 A proudly-headed Nag he was,
 And hence it often came to pass
 That he his Feet not valued,
 But still stood much upon his Head.
 He was no War Horse, yet he knew
 The Art of squat and lye perdue.
 Yet many Horses train'd in Wars
 Had never half so many Scars ;
 There's only this small Difference in't,
 Their's were by Steel, and his by Flint.
 He was no Hunter, nor did care
 To follow Chace of Fox or Hare ;
 Yet had his Property of Hound,
 He still was smelling on the Ground.
 And though Dame Nature did not frame
 Him for a Finder of the Game,
 Yet were it lost, none certainly
 Would sooner stumble on't than he.
 He was no Racer, as some say,
 Tho' some conclude the other way,
 And say for Swiftnes he might run
 Against the Horses of the Sun :
 For tho' full swift Don *Phæbus* be,
 This would be sooner down than he.
 For his Religion, Critic Wit
 Does vary much in guessing it :
 Some say he was Conformist Breed
 He bow'd so low ; but some this Steed
 Think may for Nonconformist go,
 At every Thing he stumbled so.
 Some think him *Presbyter*, 'cause he
 Brought Rider down to Parity.
 But some say no ; for by this Knack
 He still threw *Jocky* from his Back.

Some think him *Papist*, 'cause so prone
 He was to worshipping of Stone.
 Some think, again, by tripping he
 Confuted Infallibility :
 But most allow him, which is worse,
 No more Religion than a Horse.
 So now his Death's no Wonder, is't ?
 For Mother Earth long since he kiss'd,
 And what it was full well did know,
 To turn his Heels up, long ago.
 If any to inquire shall please
 What caus'd his Death, 'twas a Disease
 Call'd Epilepsy by learn'd *Leech*,
 But Falling-Sickness in plain Speech.
 And now, good Coroner, since he hath
 By his own Stumbling caus'd his Death,
 In King's Highway pray let him rest,
 With this Inscription on his Breast.

Despise me not, ye passing Steeds
 Nor toss in Scorn your lofty Heads :
 What mine is now may be your Lot ;
 For where's the Horse that stumbles not ;
 But since my Charity does enjoin
 To wish you milder Fates than mine ;
 Whene'er it is your hap to stumble,
 Oh may you trip, but never tumble.

4. In Stow Gardens.

To the Memory
 of

SIGNOR FIDO ;

An *Italian* of good Extraction :

Who came into *England*,

Not to bite us, like most of his Country,

But to gain an honest Livelihood.

He hunted not after Fame,

Yet acquired it :

Regardless of the Praise of his Friends,

But most sensible of their Love.

Tho'

Tho' he liv'd among the Great,
He neither learned nor flattered any Vice.

He was no Bigot,
Nor doubted of any of the 39 Articles.
And if to follow Nature,
And to respect the Laws of Society,
Be Philosophy,

He was a perfect Philosopher.

A faithful Friend,
An agreeable Companion,
A loving Husband :

And, tho' an *Italian*,
Was distinguished by a numerous Offspring,
All which he lived to see take good Courses.

In his old Age he retir'd
To the House of a Clergyman in the Country,
Where he finish'd his earthly Race,
And dy'd an Honour and Example to the whole Species.

Reader,
This Stone is guiltless of Flattery ;
For he, to whom it is inscribed,
Was not a Man,
But a
Greyhound.

5.

Quod fuit esse, quod est, quod non fuit esse quod esse,
Esse quod est, non esse quod est, non est, erit esse.

Paraphras'd in English.

What we have been, and what we are,
The present, and the Time that's past,
We cannot properly compare
With what we are to be at last.

Tho' we ourselves have fancy'd Forms,
And Beings that have never been :
We into something shall be turn'd,
Which we have not conceiv'd or seen.

6.

Here lies the Body of *John a Treen*,
Who dy'd in the Year fifteen hundred and neen,
On *March* the five and twentieth Day,
And he that will die after him may.

7. *In Topliff Church-Yard in Yorkshire.*

I *John Bell* of *Crakehill* lys under this Stein,
Four of my own Sons laid it on my Weam.
I was a Man of my Meat, and Master of my Wife,
And liv'd in my own House without mickle Strife.
If thou be'st a better Man in thy Time than I was in mine,
Take this Stein off my Weam, and ly'en on Top of thine.

8. *On a very chaste Maid.*

Here lies the Body of a beauteous Maid,
Whose secret Parts no Man did e'er invade;
Scarce her own Hand she would admit to touch,
That Virgin Spring altho' it itch'd so much:
She dy'd at eighteen Years of Age, and then
She gave to Worms what she deny'd to Men:
But 'twas her last Request, with dying Groans,
To have no Tomb at all, if built with Stones;
Such vig'rous Things she always us'd to wage,
And fear'd they would disturb her in her Grave.

9. *On John Pettigrew, Minister at GIVAN near Glasgow, SCOTLAND.*

Here lies a Reverend *Givan*-Priest,
Who fore again his Will deceas'd:
His Soul's to *Abraham's* Bosom fled:
As by his reverend Elders said:
Others, who knew his youthful Toys,
Say *Sarah's* rather was his Choice:
But be't as 'twill his Scabbard's humbled,
Death trip'd up his Heels, and down he tumbled.



R I D D L E S.

R I D D L E I.

THEY who first form'd me, were within my Womb,
 In Fight I'm vanquish'd when I overcome.
 The Mistresses I court are very shy,
 And *Parthian* like, would kill me as they fly.
 Yet ne'er was Swain so constant as I am
 No Breast e'er harbour'd so unfeign'd a Flame;
 For th' End of my Pursuit, and my Desire
 Is, clasp'd in their Embraces to expire;
 And then Life from me does in Transports fly;
 For I ne'er truly live, but when I die.

II.

FROM the Retirements of the Dead,
 To Regions where no Mortals tread
 I mount: Then borne, I first on high,
 Become the Object of the Eye.
 To those, who see me from below,
 I'm habited in sable Show;
 But when descended from my Height,
 My Robes are of the purest White,
 Whilst I am hastening to my Fate,
 Unfollid yet my Virgin State,
 No Down of Swan was e'er so light,
 So soft, so beautiful and bright.

An

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 My Robes are of the purest White,
 Whilst I am hastening to my Fate,
 Unfullid yet my Virgin State,
 No Down of Swan was e'er so light,
 So soft, so beautiful and bright.

An

An emblematick Innocence ;
 A cold, but yet a sure, Defence.
 Great Nature's Nurse I mask, and place
 Protection o'er her rev'rend Face :
 But for this tender Action, I
 Unpitied, unregarded die ;
 Trodden and mixt with common Earth ;
 Mean Fate ! for so sublime a Birth.

III.

BRED in the Womb of Mother Earth,
 Unseen by mortal Eyes,
 'Till Nature ripens to the Birth,
 And then I upwards rise.

I take a Run on Earth below,
 Can stand yet have no Feet,
 I take a Round yet cannot go,
 And then I mount my Height.

When tow'ring aloft, I fly,
 And beat the gentle Air,
 Protected from th' inclement Sky,
 Yet all its Storms can bear.

When Mortals are involv'd in Ills,
 I sing with mournful Voice,
 If Mirth their Hearts with Gladness fills,
 I celebrate their Joys.

I, like the glorious Sun above,
 Who rounds the Globe with Light,
 In Motion circular do move ;
 Have Beams though not so bright.

I headstrong and unruly grow,
 If left unto my Will,
 Which always proves my Overthrow,
 And, sometimes, others kill.

I, like

I, like the Moon in clouded Air,
 Around i'th' Dark do range,
 Like her, my Movement's regular,
 Like her, am given to change.

And, as the Lark, with warbling Throat,
 Ascends upon the Wing,
 So I lift up my chearful Note,
 And as I mount, I sing.

IV.

I 'M blacker than a Winter's Night,
 Yet bring innum'r'ous Deeds to light ;
 The Negro's is fairer Hue,
 Yet *Celia* loves my face to view,
 And from its Lines collects her Fortune ;
 Not Coffee-grounds are half so certain,
 'Tis I that secretly reveal,
 The Pains which anxious Lovers feel,
 And surer than the Doctors cure
 The Ills which pining Maids endure.
 I'm read in *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *Greek*,
 And in most Tongues which Mortals speak.
 I undertake all Kinds of Verse,
 Tragick or Comic Themes rehearse.
 I rise to Epic, sink to Farces,
 Like *Homer* write, or *Cibber's* Verses.
 A greater Trav'ler ne'er was known,
 I visit ev'ry learned Town,
 For carrying News all over *Europe*,
 Who would exceed me has but poor Hope ;
 Or good, or bad, the same to me,
 I tell it all, yet nothing fee :
 The Mole's not half so blind as I am,
 Yet all from *London* e'en to *Siam*,
 To me apply when seeking Knowledge ;
 I Learning teach in ev'ry College.
 To set down all I do, or may do,
 Were endless, so, for this Time, Adieu.

V. ALL.

V.

ALL-ruling Tyrant of the Earth,
 To vilest Slaves I owe my Birth.
 How is the greatest Monarch blest,
 When in my gaudy Liv'ry dress'd!
 No haughty Nymph had Pow'r to run
 From me; or my Embraces shun.
 Stabb'd to the Heart, condemn'd to Flame,
 My Constancy is still the same.
 The fav'rite Messenger of *Jove*,
 And *Lemnian* God consulting *Arove*,
 To make me glorious to the Sight
 Of Mortals, and the Gods Delight.
 Soon would their Altars Flame expire,
 If I refus'd to lend them Fire.

VI.

A Thing more strange all Men will say
 No Mortal ever knew,
 A Thing of so great Use as I,
 Yet less than Nothing too.
 Yet at my Name some break their Hearts,
 And others do run mad,
 I'm worse to some than fiery Darts,
 While others I make glad.
 In seeking what I am, no doubt,
 You'll often hear me nam'd,
 And if you chance to find me out,
 You're worthy to be fam'd.
 I frequent am in most Discourse,
 In Truth and Falshood too,
 In Work and Play, both Night and Day,
 But chiefly when Men woo.
 Now seek and find me if you can,
 Explain my Name and what I am.

VII. E'RE

VII.

E'RE Time, or Place, or Forms were usher'd in,
 I am of ancient sacred Origin.
 O'th'empty Space, once an unquestion'd King,
 'Till half my native Lot I did resign
 To a bright Rival, who to me must owe
 His glorious Lustre, and Dominion too :
 'Twas from my pregnant undiscerned Womb,
 That all existent Forms at first did come.
 To me the Stars above their Brightness owe,
 And Mortals their Repose below :
 To my Protection the Distressed flee,
 Under my Shade the conscious Lovers free.
 I bear alternate Rule, one half of Time,
 By undisturbed Right I justly claim.
 Then of my silent Reign the Advantage take,
 And try what of the Myst'ry you can make.

VIII.

TWIN-BORN into the World I come,
 Tho' not apparent from the Womb.
 I mostly am produc'd in Pairs,
 Which Male as well as Female bears.
 I first of all defend my Parents
 From noisy Mobs, and their Adherents.
 And tho' I boldly fight and wound,
 I'm destitute of Voice and Sound.
 Oft, as my Parents I survive,
 I wond'rous Use from Art derive :
 I then am plainly heard from far,
 Loud as an Instrument of War.
 And oft I'm in the public Station
 Of general Negotiation :
 By me all Matters circulate
 Of City, Country, Church and State.
 I in my Travels bear great Sway,
 Scarce any dare obstruct my Way.

To my Persuasion Numbers yield,
 And at my Summons take the Field ;
 Where chear'd by me they best sustain
 The Toils and Dangers of the Plain :
 This done I silent Service give,
 And Troops fatigu'd thro' me revive,
 When I Refreshment kind impart,
 And with long Draughts regale the Heart.

When sinking *Phæbus* yields to Night,
 And Stars diffuse their feeble Light,
 I then transmit a borrow'd Ray,
 And kindle Darkness into Day.
 All I shall add is, Ladies, ye
 Contribute to the making me.

IX.

LADIES, I'm often under Hedges seen,
 Near the Bank-side I often lay,
 Oft' near your Walks or near a Style,
 But oft'ner in the publick Way.

Strange is my Fate : Forlorn I seem,
 Unvisited in Wintry Weather ;
 But when bright *Phæbus* burns the Plains,
 Thousands dance round me altogether :

Yet still I like my Winter's Life,
 Less damag'd when alone I lay :
 I'm kiss'd, 'tis true, all Summer Time,
 But kiss'd and spt, 'till spt away.

There's not a Creature wings the Air,
 That swims the Sea, or moves on Earth ;
 Kings, Princes, Dukes, the meanest Slaves,
 Women and Fools, but give me Birth.

Sometimes, when born, I cause no Pain,
 Sometimes distort the sweetest Faces ;
 Its seldom I confine the Fair,
 Or lessen their distinguish'd Graces.

The

The Dame at Fourſcore bears me well ;
 No Male's concern'd in my Production :
 Sometimes I'm ſtill-born, oft ner not :
 The Hind's enrich'd by my Deſtruction.

What tho' my Parents diff'rent are,
 Some mean and low, ſome high and great ;
 Like are my Features, like my Form ;
 I'm not improv'd by Wealth or State.

My Shape is conical, ſometimes
 Cylindrical, or ſomewhat broader ;
 Sometimes all Surface I appear,
 But then my Parent's out of Order.

The Rich and Great, for ſelfiſh Ends,
 Build ſtately Receptacles for me ;
 The Peaſant Drops me in a Hole :
 Yet Rich and Poor alike abhor me.

Of me you may read oft in *Marſial* ;
 I much aſſiſt the witty Joker :
 Yet out of every Room I'm thruſt,
 With Bruſh and Shovel, Tongs and Poker.

The Artiſt forms me of ſoft Wax,
 To raiſe in Company loud Laughter ;
 Dropt near a Chair, *Tim* burſts his Sides,
 Ane *Chloe* ſcarce can hold her Water.

I pay no Clerks, yet wond'rous ſtrange !
 Of Offices I have great Plenty,
 Well ſtock'd with Papers of all Sorts ;
 You'll find my Warehouse ſeldom empty.

Hither fair *Chloe* oft reſorts,
 Not hinder'd by the fouleſt Weather ;
 If ſeen, the bluſhing Nymph returns,
 Stoops, and picks up a Straw or Feather.

Old *Galen* handled me with Glee,
Sanctorius weigh'd me very nicely ;
 And if Philoſophers ſay true,
 Sage *Helmont* knew my Worth preciſely.

Now Ladies, if by all these Marks
 You find it difficult to tell me,
 Trust to your ——— : Now I've done ;
 For sure you must begin to smell me.

X.

I N shaping me both Sexes join,
 Who must in fit Embraces twine,
 And grow with mutual Motions warm,
 Ere they compleat my mystic Form ;
 I please (tho' from the Country sprung)
 The City and the Courtly Throng ;
 I oft promote the balmy Kifs,
 And Music heightens much the Blifs.
 By me engag'd you ne'er can dose,
 Yet I procure the soft Repose,
 And (which increas'es more your Mirth,)
 Both Sexes labour at my Birth.

XI.

LADIES,

SAY, by what charming Turn of Mind,
 Of late you've been to me so kind ;
 Say, Ladies, what could you excite,
 In me to take so much Delight,
 That seem'd by Nature first design'd
 To help the Impotent and Blind !
 The Fop's Concomitant I'm chose,
 To guard him wheresoe'er he goes ;
 Tho' I, like him, in Wisdom's Stead,
 Have Front of Brass, and Beams of Lead.
 The simple Peasant I protect,
 And in a Trice his Foes correct.
 When *Sylvia* walks to take the Air,
 My Business is to go with her.
 In diff'rent Faces I appear,
 A Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear.

An human Form I oft assume,
 In wither'd Age, or Youth of Bloom.
 In short, would you my Virtues trace,
 In sacred Writ I've gain'd a Place
 With *Israel's* Champion, there you'll view,
 When he the great *Goliath* slew,
 Me, with the undaunted Hero stand,
 Obedient to his strict Command.
 But hold——should I at length repeat
 Each Virtue, each peculiar Feat
 Recorded in the Lists of Fame,
 You then too soon would know my Name.

XII.

AH, *Strephon*, how can you despise
 Her, who without thy Pity dies?
 To *Strephon* I have still been true,
 And of as noble Blood as you;
 Fair Issue of the genial Bed,
 A Virgin in thy Bosom bred;
 Embrac'd thee closer than a Wife;
 When thee I leave, I leave my Life.
 Why should my Shepherd take amiss
 That oft I wake thee with a Kiss?
 Yet you of ev'ry Kiss complain,
 Ah! is not Love a pleasing Pain?
 A Pain which ev'ry happy Night
 You cure with Ease and with Delight;
 With Pleasure, as the Poet sings,
 Too great for Mortals less than Kings.

CHLOE, when on thy Breast I lie,
 Observes me with revengeful Eye;
 If *Chloe* o'er thy Heart prevails,
 She'll tear me with her desp'rate Nails;
 And with relentless Hands destroy
 The tender Pledges of our Joy.
 Nor have I bred a spurious Race;
 They all were born from thy Embrace.

Consider, *Strephon*, what you do ;
 For, should I die, for Love of you,
 I'll haunt thy Dreams, a bloodless Ghost ;
 And all my Kin, a num'rous Host,
 Who down direct our Lineage bring
 From Victors o'er the *Memphian* King ;
 Renown'd in Sieges and Campaigns,
 Who never fled the bloody Plains ;
 Who in tempestuous Seas can sport,
 And scorn the Pleasures of a Court ;
 From whom great *Sylla* found his Doom ;
 Who scourg'd to Death that Scourge of *Rome*,
 Shall on thee take a Vengeance dire ;
 Thou, like *Alcides*, shalt expire,
 When his envenom'd Shirt he wore,
 And Skin and Flesh in Pieces tore ;
 Nor less that Shirt my Rival's Gift ;
 Cut from the Piece that made her Shift ;
 Shall in thy dearest Blood be dy'd
 And make thee tear thy tainted Hide.

XIII.

I Have not to boast of much Humour or Wit ;
 The Thing that I'm priz'd for is mostly a *Slit*,
 I'm black at the Bottom ; but if you look higher,
 I'm as *white* and as *smooth* as a *Man* can desire.
 To the Lovers soft Passion I often give Ease,
 Who wriggle me up and down just as they please.
 By Turns I every *Man's* Humour can suit,
 The *King*, *Lords* and *Commons*, and *Bishops* to boot,
 Who *finger* me stoutly whene'er they come to it. }
 At first though perhaps for One's Use I was made ;
 Yet if more should try me, they'd find me no Jaded.
 I cut a great Figure throughout the whole Nation,
 And give all your Hearts in their Turns, Palpitation.

XIV.

THO' I never was born, yet came I by smocking,
 And like all Mankind was engendred by Knocking.
 I'm

I'm the Emblem of Chastity, yet in all Nations;
 I'm sometimes employ'd to promote Fornications.
 The Nuns of *New Rome*, as the Vestals of old,
 (Though Snow is not whiter than me to behold)
 As a Proof of that Capitol's great Dissolution,
 Lend their Hands without Shame, to procure my Pollution.
 But with Fingers alone I can't be contented;
 An Instrument longer by Nature's invented,
 Which opens at one End and's frizzled at t'other;
 With Matter and Motion oft makes me a Mother.
 For when thus compress'd, I'm sure to be pregnant,
 And my Offspring exceeds that of *Muly**, late Regnant.
 All Places alike I've explor'd; and have been
 At once in a Bog-house and Hands of a Queen.
 I visit Folks often, when least they're expecting
 What a strange Thing I am, I've encreas'd your Vex-
 ation,
 And perplex'd by my Presence, your deep Contempla-
 tion,

XV.

WITHOUT my Aid no Mortal can survive,
 And yet unknown to those I keep alive.
 By me they move and speak, and Challenge Fame,
 Yet none of them did ever see my Frame.
 I am the greatest Friend that Mortals know;
 At other Times I am a potent Foe.
 Yet while you read the vast Immensity,
 Vain is your greatest Art if turn'd to me.
 Most Authors term me of the Female Kind,
 For they're the brightest Works by Heav'n design'd;
 Yet one Advantage does to me belong,
 Their Beauties fade, but I am ever young.

* *MULY MOLOCH, Emperor of MOROCCO, who is
 said to have sixty-five Children.*



KEY

TO THE

RIDDLES.

RIDDLE

- 1 A Fire-ship
- 2 A Snow
- 3 A Bell
- 4 Ink
- 5 Gold
- 6 The Word No
- 7 Night
- 8 Horns

RIDDLE

- 9 A T—d
- 10 Country Dancing
- 11 A Walking-Stick
- 12 A Louse
- 13 A Pen
- 14 Paper
- 15 The Soul



2